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\* Volume: II \*

◊ JULY—DECEMBER ◊

◊ 1883 ◊



Published at the Life Office - 1155 Broadway -  
New York.

Entered at NY Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

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COLUMBIA'S FROLIC.





VOL. II. JULY 5TH, 1883. NO. 27.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

Subscribers leaving town for the summer may have their copies forwarded by sending their summer address in full to this office.

WITH this number, LIFE enters upon its second volume. The critical period of its history has been passed. From the time of its ushering forth, to the present, it has met with a more than cordial welcome and recognition at the hands of its seniors, and to them it owes more of gratitude than it can repay. To the public which has accorded it most generous and flattering patronage, LIFE promises a future which shall excel the past. Its mission is that of a sunbeam, not less to gladden the innocent than to expose the guilty, and its shafts of the humor which makes merry and of the satire which cuts, shall still be impartially loosed, whatsoever the consequence be.

AFTER a careful study of that new Parisian word, we are convinced that it is about time for Mr. Tilden to put up or pschutt up.

THE Board of Aldermen of New York, not content with their brilliant success in running their private saloons, ward primaries and the City's simple affairs, have kindly resolved to take in charge our diplomatic relations with England and then to assume the management of the British Parliament and the control of Irish troubles. In these new enterprises they will have our heartiest support and best wishes, and we confidently predict that the result of their labors will be large and speedy. When the Board of Aldermen takes a stand, something is bound to give way.

THOSE people who are so seldom invited out that when they do go they insist upon having the event chronicled in printer's ink, can be easily tickled at the low price of \$3 by buying THE SEASON, which contains a list of all those who were present at the various dinners, teas, cotillions and funerals given in New York and Brooklyn during the past twelve months. It is a rose-brindle volume, just issued, which may be read with as much delight and profit backwards as forwards.

THE invasion of Europe by Cholera is an event of great importance. In these days of steam navigation the progress of the scourge is rapid, and it is already time for the Health authorities to begin sanitary preparations in view of its approach. The City is ripe for infection now, and should the disease gain a foothold it is probable that no effort at its suppression would be successful.

IT is certain that Governor Butler has but few admirers, but his recent conduct at Harvard must certainly win for him the respect of even his most bitter enemy.

CLUB scandals have been unusually numerous and malignant during the past year. When publicity is given to the domestic troubles of individuals, organizations can hardly hope to escape, however stringent the rules of secrecy imposed upon their members. These affairs, however unpleasant they may be to the gentlemen whom they affect, are not without a wholesome consequence. By reason of the free discussion of club troubles in public print, gambling has practically been killed in nearly every social organization in this City, and that guardian of harmony, the black-ball, has been more liberally and judiciously used. It still behooves the governing committees of many clubs, however, to take more decisive action in the cases of members whose pranks have merited disgrace, and to show that the organization repudiates the offender as well as the offence. If the constitution does not admit of summary procedure, it should be changed.

CIGARETTE smokers will be pleased to learn that the mildest cigarettes are benevolently made from fine-cut tobacco, out of which the injurious strength has been already chewed by gentlemen of leisure.

THIS is about the time of year when the yellow dog makes a mile in 1:09, just managing to come in a length ahead of the tin can choked with Celestial crackers; the time when the hay-rick, the barn and the stable take unto themselves sudden and fiery wings; the time when the pin-wheel splutters on the newly-painted gate and the rocket riotously rushes to glorious altitudes and thence drops malignantly on the granger's head; the time when patriotism and pic-nics and drum-majors break out with irrepressible violence, and small boys swinge off their eye-brows and deprive themselves of superfluous eyes, ears, fingers and trousers; the time for the ex-judge and the professor and other ineffably grand persons to fly the oratorical kite; a time to remember that it is the duty of every citizen to array himself in purple and fine linen, and discourse with large gestures of Liberty; a time to bring forth and read in a strident and proud voice, that musty but precious old yard of bombast, the Declaration of American Independence, and then to feel how great and glorious it is to be enfranchised under the brightest and best flag that ever man died to save or stood to protect.

THE trade dollar, like the Chinaman it was intended for, must go. It is hard to say goodbye to this noble but emaciated coin, but when the elevated road and Western Union refuse it admission, the fiat has gone forth, and is irrevocable.





*Miss Clara (to Mr. Fearing, who has a loathing for dogs): OH, MR. FEARING, DO PLEASE TAKE LITTLE GYP AND GIVE HER A BATH. THE DOCTOR SAYS SHE HAS INCIPIENT HYDROPHOBIA, WHATSOEVER THAT IS; BUT I BELIEVE THE SALT WATER WILL DO HER GOOD. N. B.—Mr. F. hopes to be engaged to Clara before the season is over.*

It was the bold policeman who rudely prodded from the slatted bench beneath the park's umbrageous groves the all-recumbent tramp of leafy June. "What, ho," cried he who wore the awful badge to him who bore the humble can that erstwhile held the new tomatoes of the boarding-house. "What, ho; awake, arise; this is no time for sleep!" "No time, i' fackins?" quoth the slumbrous tramp. "Tell me, then, true, an' is not this sleep here?" Long time pondered the arm of law and order, idly swaying his listless club, and when at last he caught upon he wept, he, bowed his head, low crowned with felted helm, and turned, with faltering steps and many tears, away. But

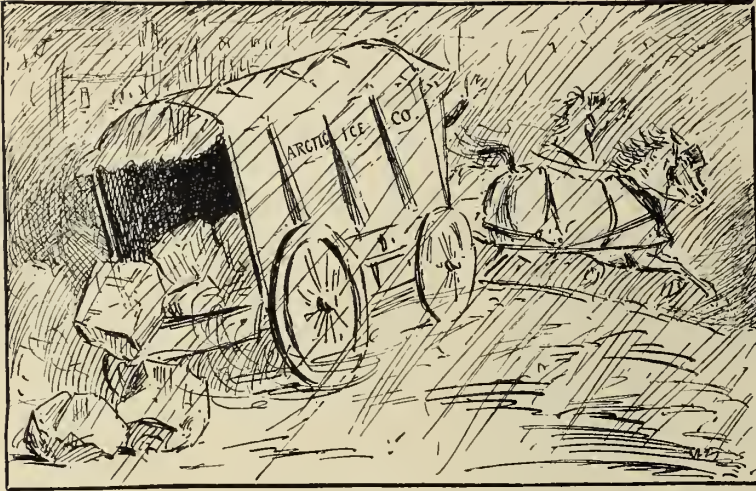
the tramp made for the shrine of Bacchus, and kneeling low where the rude cromlech of rejected kegs was piled, he poured unto himself libations stale but copious.

A SOUTHERN DUEL.

*Beirne:* Whoop! Where's Elam!  
*Elam:* Whoop! Where's Beirne!  
 (Each takes good care not to see the other.)

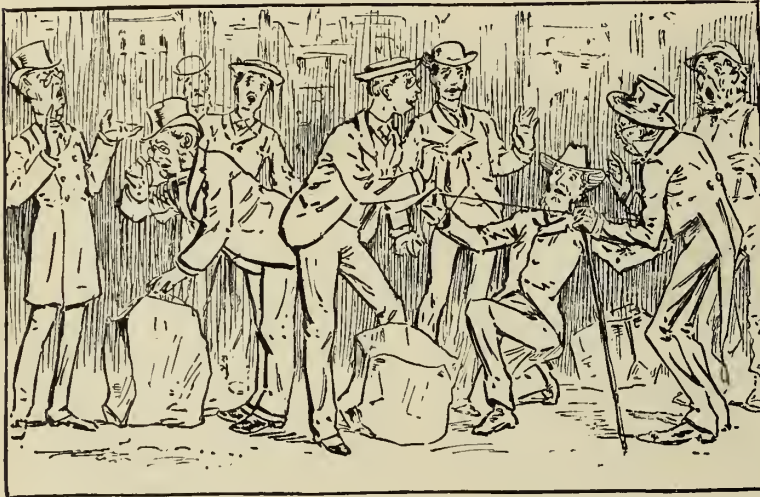
The lady who was bathed in tears now uses a tub.





[Dispatch from Western city.]

A FEARFUL hail storm visited this place to-day, doing great damage.



When the storm was over, some citizens of undoubted integrity measured several of the hail stones and found them three feet in circumference.

### THE NEW ARISTIDES.

A MODERN Athenian, from among the people, who had just visited the Place of Election for the purpose of casting in his vote for the Governor of the Commonwealth, was thus accosted by an aged politician :

"Sir," said he, "is it possible that you have a second time cast your Vote in favor of a Magistrate whose Corruption is only equalled by his Corpulence! Know you not that such as you are the thews and sinews of the State?"

"Yes," returned the other, "but we are tired of hearing him continually called 'The Unjust.'"

[*Boston Advertiser* please copy.]

### A RETROSPECT.

A GOOD six years ago it was  
That first I knew Christine,  
When I was in the Junior class,  
And she was just eighteen.  
Her eyes were large, and brown, and clear,  
Her hair was golden bright ;  
We met at Narragansett Pier,  
And I was gone at sight.

I dangled at my charmer's feet,  
And dreamt of marriage bells,  
I furnished sweets unto the sweet  
In shape of caramels.  
The likeness that within them lay  
To me, I did not spy,  
For "every hour" fresh were they,  
And so, alas! was I.

That summer time of long ago,  
How fast it slipped away !  
And I adored her more, I know,  
With each succeeding day.  
I had to tell her so, at last.  
How sweet she looked, and fair !  
The little breezes, sweeping past,  
Were playing with her hair.

I said if she were not my wife  
I knew that I should die ;  
I swore I loved her more than life—  
And this was her reply :  
"I like, you, Jack"—her voice was low,  
Her eyes were downward bent—  
"But, Jack, it wouldn't do, you know ;  
You haven't got a cent !"

\* \* \* \* \*

### ECCLESIASTIC.

WE cheerfully recommend to our brother evangelists the noble example recently set by the Rev. Dr. Everts, South Baptist, and the Rev. Mr. Parker, Congregationalist, of Hartford, of a vigor and zeal certain to bring about excellent results. Mr. Parker, it seems, desired to baptize about 40 children in the holy tank used for that purpose in the South Baptist Church, and having mustered his followers marched thither to the exciting strains of a hand-organ. The news quickly spread, and before the sacred cistern was half-filled with the pious water, the Rev. Dr. Everts arrived on the scene, with war in his eye and about a



hundred rancid elders at his back. It was a decisive moment. The antagonists glared upon each other with that deadly glare which admits of no quarter. A few volleys of scattering hymn books and Sunday-school inkstands were exchanged by the backers of each, and then the two sainted antagonists gripped in deadly struggle. After a moment's wild strife they parted. Then the Rev. Dr. Elder launched viciously out with his left eye and countered with terrific violence on Dr. Parker's right knuckles. Simultaneously the latter dealt Dr. Elder a tremendous blow on the foot with his stomach, giving vent to a loud and aggressive "Ha!" as he did so. Both combatants then lay down awhile, and were sponged off with ink spilled during the preliminary skirmish. "Time" being called Dr. Parker hurled himself underneath Dr. Elder and inserted his nose between that gentleman's teeth, while Dr. Elder retaliated by twining his hair around Dr. Parker's fingers and working it in paroxysms of great violence.

In the third round Dr. Elder forced the fighting by ramming his left ear down Parker's throat, while the latter inflicted severe punishment by pressing his right eye against Dr. Elder's thumb, and howling like a Comanche with delirium tremens. Dr. Elder freed his thumb, artfully slipped into the tank, and drew Mr. Parker in on top of him, holding him in that position until Mrs. Elder could render noble assistance by combing his hair with the legs of a chair. Meanwhile the elders made free with bench slats and prayer stools, and hammered more religion into each other's heads than had been there before in a year.

This affair naturally has succeeded in concentrating popular interest in Hartford to a purely religious focus, and secular pugilism may as well take a back seat.



AS RICH AS MINUS.

WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT, OLD MAN?

*Gilded youth (from the top of the table):* O, I WAS AT A GRAND DINNER AT MR. VANDERDAM'S. NEVER SAW SO MANY RICH PEOPLE TOGETHER BEFORE. THE AGGREGATE WEALTH AT TABLE, NOT COUNTING ME, WAS AT LEAST \$100,000,000. COUNTING ME, IT WAS ABOUT \$99,992,452.37 1/2!



ANTICIPATION.

REALIZATION.

THE zealots who suppressed Salmi Morse would do well to turn vigorous attention to that gang of dissolute tramps known as the "Salvation Army." But perhaps there is no money in the venture.

\* \* \*

WE are authorized to deny the statement that Mr. John L. Sullivan, of Boston, has abandoned his intention to spar with Mr. Samuel Tilden, of Greystone, for \$5000 gate money and the championship of America.



decid



JULY FO

THE LITTLE EVENT



The British Government  
is to allow the American  
Colonies to govern  
themselves.



TH.

CELEBRATE.



## TEN LITTLE CANDIDATES.

I.

TEN little candidates standing in a line;  
One wrote a private letter—then there were nine.

II.

Nine little candidates, each making up a slate;  
One spoke about the Tariff—then there were eight.

III.

Eight little candidates; the Presidential levin  
Struck one prematurely—then there were seven.

IV.

Seven little candidates setting up the sticks;  
One pulled the wrong wire—then there were six.

V.

Six little candidates, good men all and live;  
One's war record was looked up—then there were five.

VI.

Five little candidates on a scrub-race tore;  
One's wheel-horse made a bolt—then there were four.

VII.

Four little candidates, active as could be;  
One's little boom collapsed—then there were three.

VIII.

Three little candidates; to an interview  
One of them submitted—then there were two.

IX.

Two little candidates made a red-hot run;  
One's managers sold out—then there was one.

X.

One little candidate standing all alone;  
A dark horse kicked him—then there was none.





POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON V.—District Telegraph Boy.



*HAT is this?*

This is a District Telegraph boy.

*But what is a District Telegraph boy?*

He is a boy who appears at your door twenty minutes after you fool with a little box which says "br-r-r-r."

*Oh! he is the boy who takes messages?*

Yes, darling; he takes messages.

*But this boy has no message?*

Yes, he has, dear.

*What is it?*

It is an urgent appeal for the doctor to come right away to a man who is dying.

*My! but why doesn't the boy hurry?*

He is hurrying.

*To do what?*

To count the marbles exhibited in that window.

*And when he has counted the marbles, will he go?*

Certainly, dear.

*Where?*

To the next window.

*And then?*

To the next.

*Gracious! how far is it to the doctor's?*

Seven blocks.

*How long will it take the boy to get there?*

About three hours.

*Goodness! the poor sick man may die before the doctor comes.*

He probably will, sweet.

*Well, is not the poor District Messenger boy to blame?*

No, precious.

*Who are to blame, then?*

The sick man's friends.

*How?*

They should have gone for the doctor themselves.

*And what will they do now?*

They will go for the boy.

*And what will he do?*

He will say he was "detained."

*And what is that?*

A lie.

*My! but does not the poor boy also waste the time of his employers by idling in this way?*

No.

*But how does he avoid it?*

He charges the sender of the message 15 cents for coming from the office, 10 cents car fare, 30 cents an hour for looking in the windows, and 5 cents for the answer—total \$1.20.

*How much of this money does he give his poor employers?*

84 cents.

*And what does he do with the rest?*

He collars it.

*But is 34 cents all the poor boy makes?*

Oh, no! If he is really smart he will make \$1.54.

*How?*

By collecting at both ends.

*Oh! but what does the poor boy do with all that money?*

He invests it.

*In what?*

Real estate, bonds and cigarettes.

*But suppose you are in a very great hurry?*

Yes, dear.

*And you ring for a boy.*

Certainly, darling.

*And he comes.*

Exactly, my precious.

*And it is dreadfully important that your message should go to its destination on time.*

Of course, sweet.

*Is there no means by which you can be certain of its prompt delivery?*

Oh, yes!

*I'm so glad! How?*

Take it yourself.

C.

SELECTED TALES.

FOOTE, meeting Quin on the Strand one day, thus accosted him:

"Good morning!" cried Foote.

"How are you?" answered Quin and passed on.

Foote smiled at the wit, but never forgave the sarcasm.

WASHINGTON, who afterwards became the father of his country, was one day dining at an old manor house on the Hudson with several heroes of the Revolution.

Lafayette, who was present, turned to Washington and said pleasantly:

"General, try a potato."

"Sir!" replied the father of his country, fixing a look on Lafayette which those present never forgot, "I never eat potatoes." There was not a dry eye at the table.

CORNUCOPIA.—Plenty of corns.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. A. C.—Please send your address to this office.

"HERMAN H."—Do likewise.

HOAR.—Oh, yes, certainly! you distinguished yourself by "maintaining a dignified, cold, austere reserve towards Governor Butler on Commencement Day." But who are you?

DORSEY.—No, dear man! you are too sensitive. His refusal to shake hands with you was probably on account of your poverty. 2d. Under the circumstances you would enjoy it more abroad.

EX-SECRETARY OF STATE.—*Garrison's*.—Yes, you were wise in not accepting for the Icthyophagous.

ELAM.—*Virginia*.—1. Yes, the powder is put in first. 2. No; a bullet through a Southern Editor's head does not always "pierce the brain."

BEIRNE.—*Virginia*.—1. Do n't forget the caps. 2. Yes, as you say, 200 yards is a very good distance, but 200 miles is super.

CHANDLER.—*Washington*.—Ask your friend, Mr. Dana.

CHILDS.—*Philadelphia*.—1. We have put it on ice, ready for Roscoe, as you requested. 2. Yes, it is "up to your average."

## A WARNING TO THE DUDE.

THE monkey, which is the next link above dogs in the Darwinian chain, was the other day the hero of a stirring episode at the College de France. M. Brown-Séguard, the eminent physiologist, in the presence of a highly fashionable and attentive audience, was about to proceed with the vivisection of a young monkey.—*Alleged Paris despatch to Herald*.

I know a city fair to see  
—Ah me!  
A town in Yurrupe, called Parree.  
  
The gentles of Amerikee  
—Ah me!  
Pronounce it *ung vrai paradis*.  
  
Thither they fare across the sea  
—Ah me!  
So soon as June bedecks the lea.  
  
Lunnon itself beside Parree  
Ah me!  
Lacks the er—ah—the donchersee?  
  
But ah! no more that town shall be  
—Ah me!  
Sought by the inexpressive he.  
  
No more he'll quaff his *eau-de-vie*  
—Ah me!  
Beneath the *caffy's* spreading tree.  
  
No more the *gar song* shall his fee  
—Ah me!  
*Pourbwah*—pouch with polite *mercis*.  
  
Parree the gentle youth shall flee  
—Ah me!  
As there were the p-e-s-t.  
  
Because (in horror lifts each hair!)  
—Beware!  
They're vivisecting monkeys there.

## THE UNION CITY REVIVAL.



HE external appearance of the Rev. James Lafayette Jones would never have led one to suspect his holy profession. His object, he said, was to strip from religion its awful and repelling features, and to show it to be, as in truth it really is, something agreeable and inviting.

"To make religion popular," this learned divine is reported to have said, "you must make it attractive." It was from such a consideration that the Rev. Jones wore a white plug hat, jauntily inclined from the perpendicular, tooth-pick shoes, and had the intermediate regions harmoniously clad. It was for this reason that he

heroically abstained from awful, clerical, sanctified port wine, and confined his libations to open-hearted, sociable old Scotch whiskey. For this reason, too, he never smoked any of your right reverend, twenty-five cent Havana cigars, but puffed familiarly and heartily at a confidential thirteen-for-a-quarter brand.

He proposed, said the Rev. James Lafayette Jones, to make religion an every-day affair; people had an idea that religion went and came with the parson. That was because the parson was so unworldly, so unlike themselves. He proposed to show that the parson was nothing more than one of the people.

On Sundays the Rev. James Lafayette Jones practically demonstrated that his method was successful, if attendance at church be a token of success. It was an extremely stormy day when the sexton was not obliged to swing out the legend "Standing room only" before a quarter-past ten.

The Rev. Jones's manner of securing a congregation was original, simple, and unquestionably successful. At precisely ten o'clock of a Sunday morning he made his appearance on the church porch, tastily clad in black spangled tights and a pink Jersey. With a generous, seductive smile to the neighboring loafers, he would then begin to toss three knives in the air with much boldness and skill. A crowd soon gathered, and finally the Rev. James Lafayette Jones, after announcing that the performance inside would presently begin, repaired to his pulpit.



When the congregation had become seated, the Rev. Jones would offer up a brief prayer, which, instead of ending with the hackneyed *Amen*, concluded with—"Very sincerely yours, Rev. James Lafayette Jones." Then the dear man, as the ladies called him, would read the latest quotations from the New York Stock Exchange, and after an interesting discourse on some such subject as the prospects of the base-ball championship, or a probability of a failure of the cranberry crop, interspersed with scriptural comments, he would solicit contributions. He would say that the church needed money; that they ought to have a soda fountain in the basement, and other modern improvements. He promised, moreover, that whoever should give twenty-five cents or more should receive a chromo and a good cigar—similar to those which he was in the habit of smoking himself.

It is needless to say that religious enthusiasm in Onion City soon reached an unprecedented height, and pervaded all ranks. Everybody got religion, and got it bad. The townspeople thought more of going to church than of going to the circus. This is the right way to feel about religious matters—to prefer them to mere casual gratifications. The Rev. James Lafayette Jones was doing a good work.

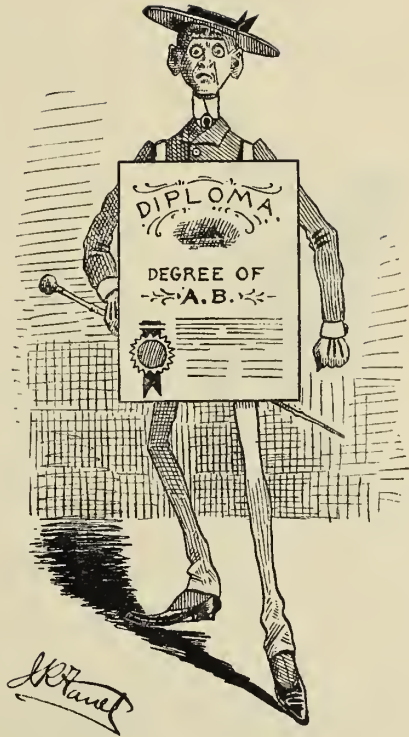
It was at the Sunday School picnics that the Rev. Lafayette Jones won all hearts. He was not one of those killjoy divines who interrupt the children's innocent sport every few minutes with a "Now let us all unite in a hymn of praise." No; not at all. Nor was he continually exhorting his charges to keep away from the water, and to beware of eating unknown berries. He would merely say, in his frank, genial manner, "If any one is drowned, boys and girls, you will find the drags under the back seat of my wagon; and if any one is poisoned, the emetics are to be found in that blue band-box with the sponge-cake."

Then he would say, "Now, boys and girls, who would like to go on a little excursion with me?" and everybody would cry out, "I, I, I." "Ah, but I can't take you all; so I must pick from you as I best may." Then he would select, with excellent taste, the four prettiest young ladies in the whole Sunday School; and they were never seen again till the dew began to fall.

The Rev. James Lafayette Jones had fully succeeded in making religion attractive at Onion City, when he received a call elsewhere. He gave no notice of his departure. He had often said, in a sad, distraught manner, while conversing with his parishioners, that the pain of parting was only aggravated by leave-taking, farewells and embraces. So Onion City lost him; and had it not been for the rapid decline of religious enthusiasm in Onion City, the waning popularity of Sunday morning services, and a deficit of three thousand dollars in the church treasury, no one would have supposed that the Rev. James Lafayette Jones had left by the midnight train.

E. L. THAYER.

NOTICE TO BOYS.—Patriotic surgeons are also making *their* arrangements for the Fourth.



*Hist! It Comes!!*

### HIS FIRST STEP IN CRIME.

GEORGE WASHINGTON MURCH was born on the bleak and unpromising coast of New England. His earliest lesson was that he must get on in the world. Honestly if he could, but—he must get on. He did. Like other boys, he had a longing for things unattainable and far-off. What he wanted most, he could not get.

When he was at the tender age of six years, the village storekeeper received a lot of cocoa-nuts. The intelligence was wafted through the town, and George immediately wanted one. But the price of cocoa-nuts was fourpence each. In those days, and on the bleak and inhospitable coasts of New England, a fourpence was represented by a Spanish coin valued at six-and-a-quarter cents. George Washington scratched his head in perplexity. To him, six-and-a-quarter cents was an immense sum of money.

Then to him entered the tempter. The tempter's name was Bill Booden. Taking the innocent George Washington to the rear of the village tinsmith's shop, Bill, who was maturely wicked and reprobate at the age of seven, showed his immature victim quantities of round bits of tin which had been punched out of sheets used in making strainers and colanders. George Washington, being no fool, at once caught on.

A WARNING TO

YOUNG PATRIOTS.



JULY 3D—PREPARATION.



JULY 4TH—CELEBRATION.



JULY 5TH—MEDITATION.

The mother of George was accustomed to send him to the store to buy small articles, snuff, needles, or even infrequent sticks of candy. On such occasions she wrapped the needed coin in a bit of paper for safety's sake. The scheme of villainy begins to unfold.

The youthful counterfeiters selected a round, smooth bit of tin. They polished and scoured it, until, as they thought, in their youth and inexperience, it would deceive even so smart a man as a bank cashier. This, being duly wrapped in a piece of paper, they took to the storekeeper.

Raising themselves on tiptoe before the counter, they asked the storekeeper how much he wanted for one cocoa-nut; not that they did not know, but it might disarm suspicion if they made a little conversation before attempting the robbery. The surly storekeeper replied, "Fourpence!" Whereupon, George, as if surprised at the high price of the coveted fruit, asked if he would take no less. Failing to get an abatement, he handed up the tin fourpence, seized the cocoa-nut. Then the two malefactors fled.

The storekeeper, marvelling at the precipitate exit of the youngsters, opened the paper, and when he saw what was within, he uttered a howl. He had been done by two children.

The young gentlemen, in their wild flight to the nearest hay-mow, had crossed the street and were turning the corner out of sight, when George felt something crawl into the collar of his jacket. It was a man's hand. Just then, the awful voice of the storekeeper roared, "Here, you little puppy, what kind of a dog are you!" It was an incomprehensible proposition; but it sufficed for George. He dropped the cocoa-nut, and, availing himself of his pursuer's stooping to pick it up, he cut up the hill and never stayed his flight until he was safe in his father's barn.

Meanwhile, Bill Booden, like a coward as he was, had fled in the opposite direction. The wrathful storekeeper picked up the cocoa-nut, wiped it with his sleeve, and, labelling it "Slightly damaged, six cents," put it in his window.

It is not necessary to trace all of the subsequent steps in crime which George Washington Murch took. In the course of human events, he came to New York. Now he is the president of a New Jersey Savings Bank, and, if he does n't get found out, he will go to Congress. Perhaps he may even hope to be Secretary of the Navy, or a star route contractor.

MORAL.—The moral of this story is obvious.

### SWAN-SONG.

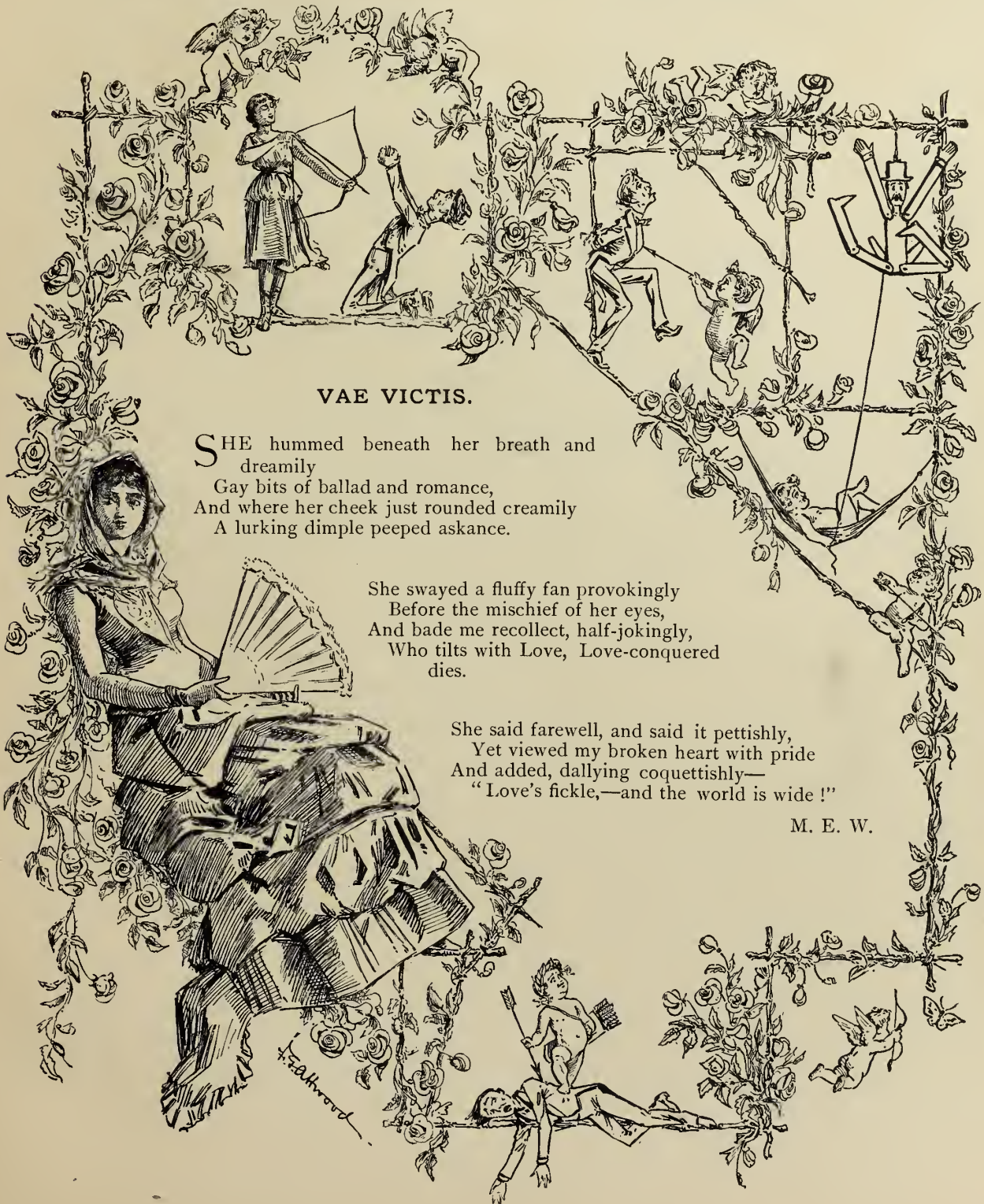
BY AN OLD BIRD.

BOY, dost thou hope to win her?  
 Cease thy sighing!  
 Eat a good hearty dinner,  
 Love defying!  
 Let all thy thought to-night of her go free,  
 To-morrow all her thoughts shall turn to thee!

Man, dost thou hope to hold her?  
 No more kneeling!  
 Shrug thy derisive shoulder,  
 Prove unfeeling!  
 So, as she deems thy passion doth decay,  
 Her love for thee shall strengthen day by day.

T. R. SULLIVAN.





VAE VICTIS.

SHE hummed beneath her breath and dreamily  
Gay bits of ballad and romance,  
And where her cheek just rounded creamily  
A lurking dimple peeped askance.

She swayed a fluffy fan provokingly  
Before the mischief of her eyes,  
And bade me recollect, half-jokingly,  
Who tilts with Love, Love-conquered dies.

She said farewell, and said it pettishly,  
Yet viewed my broken heart with pride  
And added, dallying coquettishly—  
"Love's fickle,—and the world is wide!"

M. E. W.

Feakwood



VOL. II. JULY 12TH, 1883. NO. 28.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

Subscribers leaving town for the summer may have their copies forwarded by sending their summer address in full to this office.

BY the death of Archbishop Purcell the world loses a man of great purity of character, exemplary habit and undoubted integrity, yet a man who was guilty of what, in a secular person, would rightfully be termed criminal carelessness. Undertaking a vast banking business for the benefit of his flock, he received deposits amounting to millions, kept no books, made rash investments and expenditures, and, as a matter of course, failed, leaving his creditors in the lurch to the extent of over three millions. There is no doubt that the dead prelate was merely guilty of an error in judgment and of ignorance of worldly matters in this proceeding. No one questions for a moment his intention to do good by this most singular ecclesiastical enterprise; but the fact remains that 10,000 people lost their savings by it; that the Mother Church, with millions upon millions, refused to come to the aid of her distressed prince; and that a life which contained much that was worthy of highest praise and but little deserving of censure, was ended under clouds of shame and sorrow.

\* \* \*

WE have had a really and truly duel at last—editors, seconds, surgeons, pistols, twenty paces and all. A Texan editor and an Italian sculptor were the principals. They took great care to advertise the affair well by elaborate replies to the excited reporters, by loud and continued pistol practice in public galleries, and by harangues upon the subject of their courage in the corridors of their respective hotels. Despite these broad hints, however, the police refused to interfere, and the belligerents were forced by their seconds into a meeting, where Editor Knox, who had been called a liar by Sculptor Sheahan, received calibre 45 amends from that gentleman through his arm. This establishes a precedent, of which amateur duellists of the future will no doubt take heed. The police do not always interfere, and duels are sometimes dangerous.

\* \* \*

THAT twenty-one members of the Thirteenth Regiment were prostrated by the heat Wednesday, while engaged in that brilliant piece of tomfoolery known as a "sham battle," is a fact which prominent and wise militia grandees would do well to consider. It is no doubt quite a frolic for doughty officers who never commanded at a real battle to charge raw men hither and thither over a peaceful field before a crowd of idle women, but when human life is imperilled, the seething ambition of the amateur general should be repressed.

ONE hundred and twelve persons were killed by the cholera at Damietta, on the Fourth. Honors were easy. We had the toy pistol.

\* \* \*

THERE seems to be a disposition on part of the long-suffering public to rebel against that barbarous jangling pandemonium known in church parlance as "Sabbath Chimes." Exactly how this metallic uproar tends to the welfare of pious souls has never been made quite clear, but it is certain that its effect upon the average sinner who lives within ear-shot of the steeple, is one which must make the prince of fiends caper with delight. To sufferers from nervous complaints the bells are a source of dangerous torture, and it is time now for the legislature, if it can get a lucid interval, to proscribe this ecclesiastical species of tomtom as a public nuisance.

\* \* \*

THE severity of Mayor Wasson's sentence for embezzling public moneys to pay debts incurred in draw poker, does not seem to stand much chance of mitigation, despite the earnest efforts of influential friends in the matter, and it is to be hoped that disbursing officers will take the lesson to heart when next tempted into a series of social jackpots.

\* \* \*

LIGHTNING having struck and demolished a Fourth of July orator at Goodland, Indiana, the people of that section are disposed to think there is a kind Providence governing the elements after all.

\* \* \*

THE Society for the Encouragement of Amateur Liars has decided to confer the Perkins Special Medal on the Moosehead City (N. C.) correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* for his story of how little Birdie Elliott was carried four miles by a bunch of toy balloons accidentally attached to her by an Alabama major, and rescued by two Georgia captains and a Virginia major, and brought back to her mamma, who was lying in a dead faint, attended by four Louisiana surgeons-general.

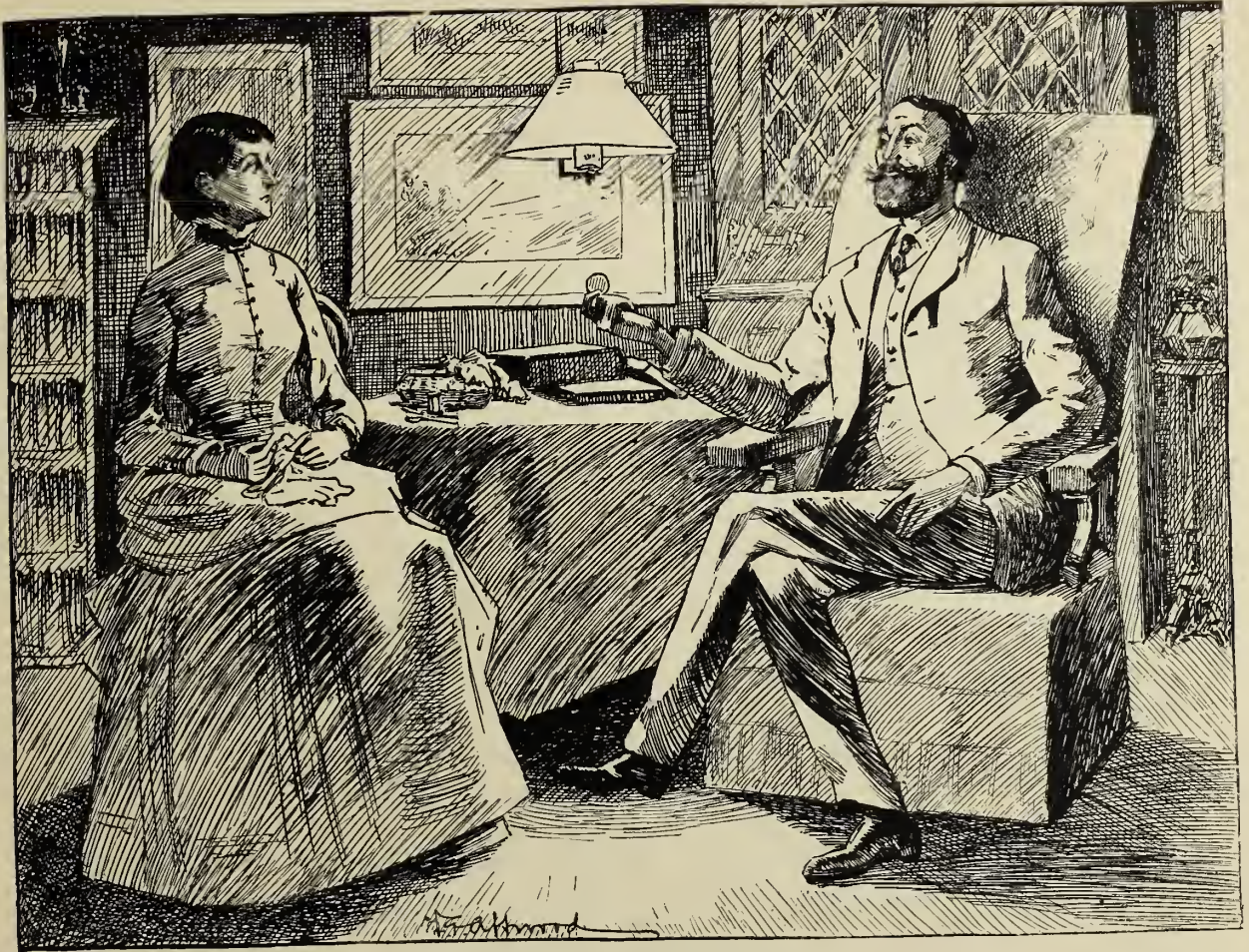
\* \* \*

THE humane example set by the captains of the Seventh Street Ferry-boats, allowing mothers to spend the day on the river with their little ones, without extra charge, is one eminently worthy of universal adoption.

\* \* \*

IOWA has just paid off the last dollar of her war indebtedness. She was one of the first to offer aid to the Union in the hour of peril, and one of the most generous in responding to subsequent appeals. Her enviable position to-day has been obtained by careful retrenchment and a judicious use of the ballot, which other states with large debts and small credit would do well to imitate.





A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

*Mr. Jones (handing a silver dollar to the joy of his household) :* MY DEAR, DO YOU KNOW THIS REMINDS ME OF YOU.

*Mrs. J. :* INDEED, WHY SO ?

*Mr. J. :* IT MAKES UP IN BEAUTY WHAT IT LACKS IN SENSE.

*(Mrs. J. does not know whether to be real mad or real glad.)*

KATE.

WHEN languid cattle low, and all  
The land is dim with evenfall,  
I know my Kate is waiting me  
Expectantly—Expectantly.

When chirping crickets faintly cry,  
And pale stars blossom in the sky,  
And twilight gloom has dimmed the bloom,  
And blurred the butterfly,—

When locust-blossoms fleck the walk,  
And up the tiger-lily-stalk  
The glowworm crawls and clings and falls  
And glimmers down the garden walls,—

When buzzing things, with double wings  
Of crisp and raspish flutterings,  
Go buzzing by so very nigh  
One thinks of fangs and stings,—

O then, within, is stilled the din  
Of crib she rocks the baby in,  
And at the gate the latch's weight  
Is lifted—and the lips of Kate !

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

DEALERS in old junk are, of course, delighted to know that Mr. Roach is to build our new men of war.



## SWEETS OF ARCADIA.

[From the Journal of a Summer-boarder.]



## THE OCEAN STEAMER.

THE WRONG MAN.

WILL YOU BE KIND ENOUGH, SIR, TO INFORM ME  
SIR, THE LOCATION OF NO. 418.

TAKE TWO TURNS AND A HALF HITCH, LET GO  
THE WEATHER MAIN BRACE, CLEW UP YER T' GALLANT  
STAY-SAIL, PORT YER HELM, AND ASK THE MAN AT  
THE WHEEL.

THANKS.

## VERY OBLIGING.

I LOVE you! Oh I love you true!"  
(With fervor spoke the youth),

"And yet I cannot marry you  
For many a month in sooth.

"For I am poor, ah! young and poor,  
With neither wealth nor fame;  
But when I fame and wealth secure,  
Then you, my bride, I'll claim.

"But though I cannot ask you now  
To share my humble fate;  
Pray give to me an answering vow,  
And tell me, Love, you'll wait."

"Oh, yes, I'll wait," the maiden said;  
"That's not so hard to do;  
For meantime I'll another wed  
While waiting, sir, for you."

JOHN P. LYONS.

HERE in this secluded vale of the Green Mountains am I enjoying perfect happiness and repose at the weekly expense of only three dollars and a half. Evidently the wicked extortion practiced at the popular summer resorts is here unknown. And what a cool, bracing air is here! What delightful scenery! What simple, amusing old-fashioned people!

My host is a man in a thousand—the beau-ideal of the open-hearted Yankee farmer; a man frugal in his pleasures, full of interest in his crops, and eager that I, his guest, should taste all the sweets of rural existence. A smile of good-will is always on his face when he meets me. Far from restricting the freedom of my enjoyment, far from constantly urging me to keep out of his standing grass, and not to walk through his fields of rye, he exclaims in his hearty way, "Go where you will." He is, in fact, so manifestly pleased when I go out and roll on his uncut hay, and trample down his rye, that I generally devote an hour before breakfast to this exercise. Did ever farmer good-humoredly permit such liberties? Whatever I do he says in his genial, hospitable manner, "That's right, that's right;" and remember, I am only paying three dollars and a half a week!

My kind entertainer owns a dog of which he is very fond; but for myself, I detest dogs, and when this brute comes nosing around I am in the habit of kicking him hard enough, it would seem, to discourage his curiosity. But the dog never gets put out. However much I kick him, he always returns to gather fresh caresses as soon as the pain subsides. A kind, forgiving creature. I did think that the farmer, when he saw the emphatic rebukes which the pacific overtures of his pet encountered, would lose temper, but he merely said pleasantly, "That's right, I like to see young people enjoying of themselves." Such being the case I cheerfully reserve half an hour on every afternoon except Sundays for kicking the farmer's dog. And to think I only pay three dollars and a half a week!

My dear old host has a daughter, a sweet, artless maiden. I sometimes think, Why not sever the ties which bind me to city and to care, marry this lovely girl, and end my days here in Arcadia? But as to this rural nymph. Never was woman less coquettish, more natural. Once, in a weak moment, I begged of her a kiss. Without blush or protest, frankly, fearlessly she turned her lips to mine. Sweeter than wild thyme, more delicate than molasses and water. I afterwards repeated the experiment, and established beyond a doubt the existence of a new chemical affinity. I felt sure that in kissing the old man's daughter I had reached the limit of his good nature. Even hospitality was not called upon to sanction such liberties. But the dear old boy said in his cheering tone, "That's right, that's right, have a good time." So I am falling into the habit of spending the time between dusk and dark in kissing the old man's daughter. And I'm only paying three dollars and a half a week!



Pleasure in this life, alas! is only to be had by snatches, and my leave of absence has drawn to a close. I told my host this morning that he need make out no bill, that I required no acknowledgment from him, but he is childishly eager to be business-like, and is even now, with a great show of mock gravity, scrawling a piece of paper.

By Jove, I've just received that bill! What a den of thieves have I got into! How shall I get away without paying it? O, here are six men with double-barrelled shot-guns stationed round the house. Let me inscribe it here as a future warning to trusting dispositions:

Bored and Logging fer fore weex at \$3.50 a week.. \$14.00

EXTRYS.

Comin thro' the ri patch at 75 cents a yard.....	37.50
Kikking my yeller pup at 37½ cents a kik.....	487.50
Kizzing my hired girl, at \$4.00 each.....	988.00
Sundries.....	400.00

Totle.....\$1,626.00

E. L. THAYER.

**W**ANTED. Some kind friend to explain to me how this dratted hole in my arm patches up my wounded honor. Address: *Knox, Texas Snifflings.*—*Adv.*

**W**HAT is the matter with Bishop McLaren that he wishes to force Rev. Mr. Ritchie into resignation?—*Herald and Presbyter.*

Probably an Embarras de Ritchie, as it were.

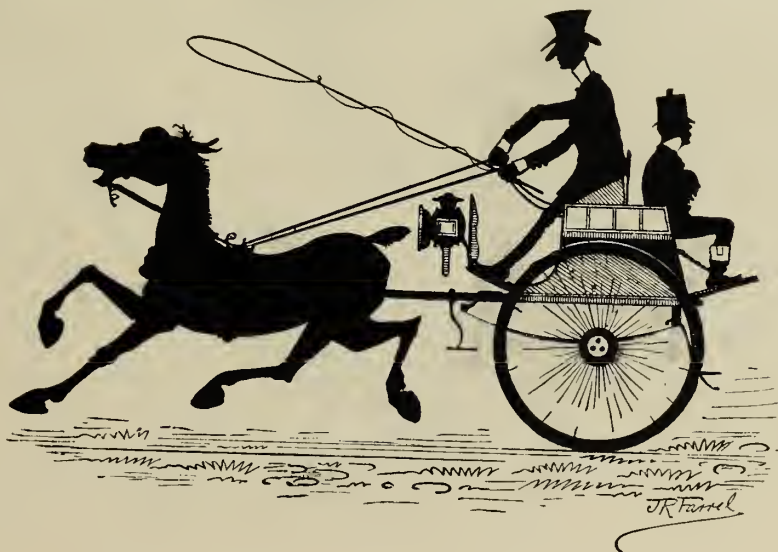
CRYPTOPHYLLUS CONCAVUS.

**W**HEN midsummer's tranquil evenings  
Hush the notes of every bird,  
Deep within the darkening forest,  
Shrilly sweet, a cry is heard.  
"Katy did!" "She did!" "She did n't!"  
Something calls from bush and tree.  
Ah my heart! This pain confesses  
Nature's reference to thee.

For, screenéd round by gathering shadows,  
Yestereve I sought the wood.  
There quoth I, "Assertive insect,  
Does Kate love me? If I could,  
I would ask herself the question;  
But my blushes silence bid.  
Be my oracle!" For answer,  
Came a mocking "Katy did."

Chafing at this flippant fiat,  
"Does she hate me then?" I cried.  
Quick as thought, the taunting creature  
"Katy did n't!" thrice replied.  
"Past is past. Unlock the present,  
Jealous witch," I called, heart-stirred.  
So, the wicked woodland sybil  
Would not say another word.

EDWARD J. STEVENSON.

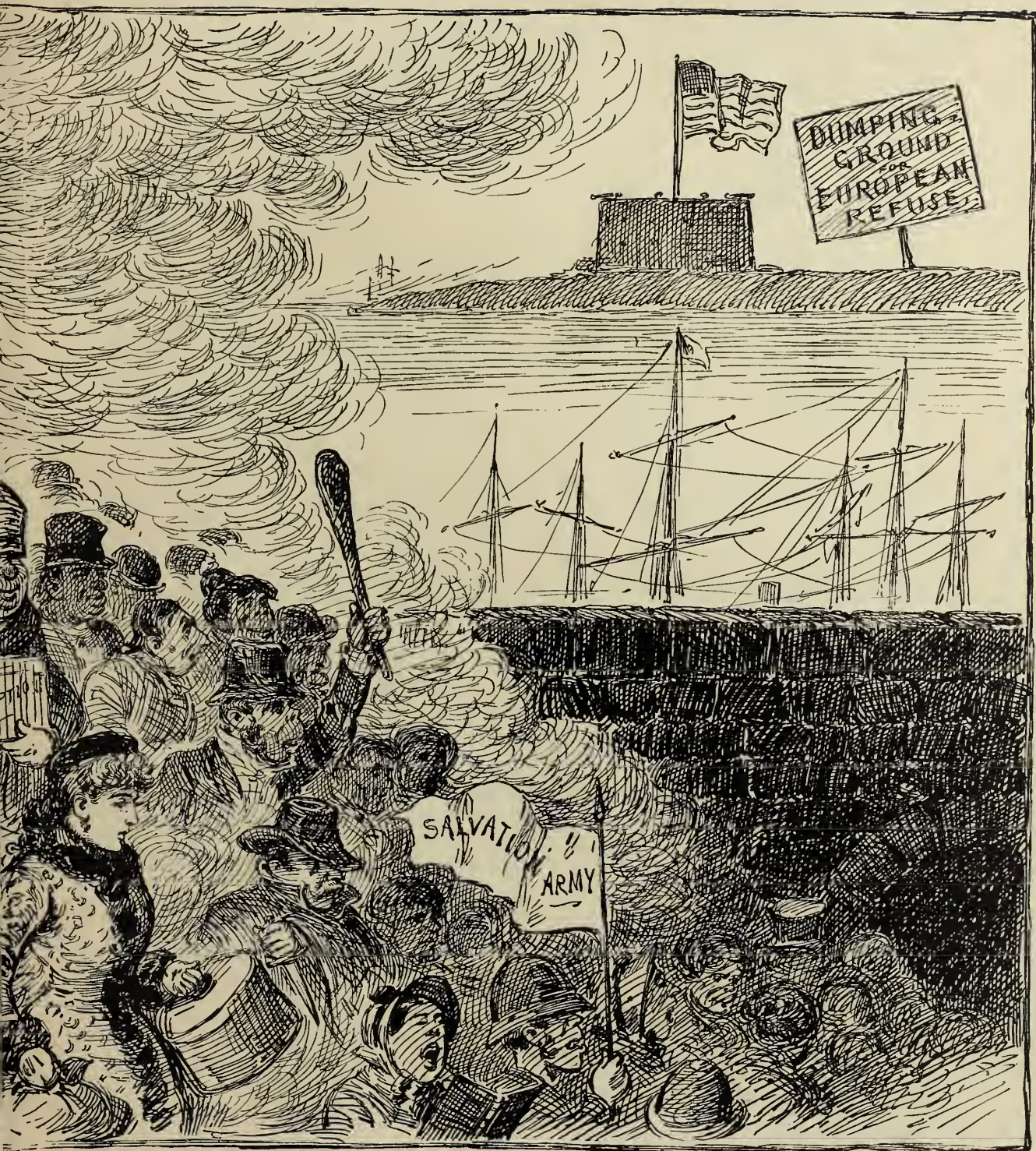


THE WHEELS OF THE DOG-CART ARE HEARD O'ER THE LAND.









ARMS TO THEM!





### SONG OF THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK.

WHEN I entered on my mission  
 As a city politician,  
 Then I studied the condition  
 Of the voters in the town ;  
 I discovered that to flatter  
 Wasn't half so great a matter  
 As to make their pockets flatter  
 With a little money down.

And of course I then expected  
 That when I had been elected,  
 I should find myself respected  
 By the mighty upper ten ;  
 You may judge of my condition  
 When I learned that my volition  
 Would be subject to permission  
 From the Board of Aldermen !

Every day the wise and witty  
 Came and sang to me a ditty  
 How I ruled a mighty city  
 With my own unaided hand ;  
 And they told me every hour  
 That I bubbled o'er with power,  
 And that guilty men would cower  
 At my dignity so grand.

Then my daily cogitation  
 Was the quick regeneration  
 Of a wicked population  
 So they'd never sin again ;  
 But my plan went to perdition  
 When I sought for its fruition,  
 For I couldn't get permission  
 Of the Board of Aldermen.

If I want to go to Funday,  
 Or to take a walk on Monday,  
 Or to go to church on Sunday,  
 Or indulge in oyster stew,—  
 If I want a secretary  
 Who has not a pet vagary,  
 And who isn't over chary  
 Of the work he ought to do,—

If I feel a little heady,  
 And my nerves are none too steady,  
 And I need a little ready  
 Cash to buy some seltzer then,—  
 In every single, sad condition,  
 What's the use of my position,  
 When I have to get permission  
 Of the Board of Aldermen ?

If I'm strongly actuated  
 To remove the antiquated  
 Custom of the elevated,  
 And reduce the ten-cent fare,—  
 If to industry I'm leaning,  
 And announce my settled meaning  
 All the streets to give a cleaning,  
 And to put them in repair,—

If it is my good intention  
 To look into the suspension  
 That to Brooklyn brings dissension,  
 Which you read of now and then,  
 My designs have no fruition,  
 For it dampens my ambition  
 When I have to get permission  
 Of the Board of Aldermen.

W. J. HENDERSON.





POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON VI.—The Jury.

*WHAT is this?*

An intelligent jury, darling.

*But these men who look like ignorant and vicious loafers?*

They are jurors, dear.

*And that wall-eyed chucklehead in the middle?*

Sh! he is the foreman.

*Why is he made foreman?*

Because he knows less than the others.

*My! But what is a jury for?*

A jury, my precious, is a body of men, good and true, who decide questions of justice for the people.

*How is the question submitted?*

Why, the lawyers talk and chew tobacco and abuse witnesses, while the judge and jurors take a nap, and then the judge is waked up by the clerk, and gives his charge.

*And what is that?*

As intelligent a summary of the laws bearing on the question as he can improvise.

*Well, after the poor judge has delivered his charge?*

Why then the jurors wake up, and go off to decide the case.

*But they have heard nothing of the evidence.*

No.

*Nor of the law.*

No.

*But is not that awful?*

No, it makes no difference.

*Gracious! why?*

Because they could understand neither if they did hear.

*Then what do they do when they go off?*

Play poker.

*My! but is that not a wicked game?*

Very.

*How long do they play poker?*

If no one has fixed them, they play until one man is fractured.

*How fractured?*

Broke.

*And then?*

He amuses himself by working out a verdict.

*And the rest?*

Sign it.

*Then this is the way the law is administered?*

Every time.

*But you said this was the way the jury did if no one had "fixed" them.*

Yes, sweet.

*How is a jury "fixed"?*

That is a secret.

*Well, when a jury is "fixed," how is the verdict?*

Immensely satisfactory.

*Always?*

Always.

*To whom?*

To the side that did the fixing.

*If I want further information on this subject, to whom shall I go?*

To Mr. Ingersoll, dear.

C.

CRUEL DIPLOMACY.

RELENTLESS WORK OF CHINESE PATRIOTS IN THEIR COUNTRY'S CAUSE.

*A great American Statesman laid low by a Blood Curdling Dinner in Mott Street.*

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

THE beautiful pictures, statuary, tapestry and glass ware in the Hoffman House barroom furnished a superb setting for a stout, florid man, who leaned upon the bar and regarded in a dreamy way a second man who was not so florid but who was several times as fat. The ascetic impressions awakened by Bouguerou's "Nymphs and Satyr" were relieved by the regular faint clicking from the oyster stand, where three haughty openers were at work. Through the door from the hotel, past the magnificent bronze statue of the Ionian woman wearing nothing in particular, came the languid figure of Mr. Stokes, with its rapturous trousers and foot gear and its chastened thatching of gray. The eye of the proprietor took in the seventeen or eighteen knots of frosty champagne bottles, each the centre of a prodigal and desirable group, and lighted upon the person of the florid man at the bar, who was taking brandy and soda. Mr. Stokes rushed to him and shook him warmly by the hand.

"How are things in Camden?" he asked, effusively.

"You mock me," replied Mr. Robeson—for he it was—smiling sadly. "Who," he continued, "is the

fat gentleman sitting at the table with the fifteen champagne bottles, the obsequious friends, and other tokens denoting that he is a successful public official?"

"That," replied Mr. Stokes, "is Hubert O. Thompson, Commissioner of Public Works, who has a \$20,000,000 aqueduct on hand."

An expression of mingled admiration and envy passed across Mr. Robeson's face. He repressed his feelings by an effort. Presently his eye lighted up with an ill-suppressed joy as the noiseless Twenty-fourth Street doors swung apart, admitting two Chinamen. One of these was young and jaunty; he carried a lead pencil behind his ear, and his pockets were stuffed with newspapers; he was Wong Chin Foo, editor of the *Chinese American*. The other was older; his brow was seamed with the lines of wisdom; his eye was muddy, and he had lost several of his teeth; he was Tom Lee, Boss of Mott Street, and ex-Deputy Sheriff. The two eagerly greeted Mr. Robeson. "Dinner all leddy," they cried in concert.

"Hang the dinner," returned Mr. Robeson. "Does Li Hung Chang desire me to furnish a navy for China?"

"Evlyting all light," replied Tom Lee. "Li Hung Chang says the Fader of the Melican navy is the only fit palent for the navy that China expects."



"NOW, THERE, YOUNG FELLER, ANY TIME TO-NIGHT AN' IT'S THE POST I'LL BE WANTIN' FUR THE NEXT STAIMER."

As Tom Lee said this he exchanged a quick glance with his young companion. Mr. Robeson did not observe it. If he had it might have suggested itself uncomfortably to him, as an omen that comes to one in the night. The editor at this moment discovered Mr. Thompson, and declared that he also must go to dinner.

Tom Lee looked queer. "What have we against him?" he said, in Chinese.

"That's all right," Wong Chin Foo replied in the same language. "He can stand it"—and the younger Chinaman with his hand described a bold parabola, beginning at his chin and ending just below his waist-band.

Mr. Robeson urged that he would like to meet the man with a \$20,000,000 aqueduct on hand, and Tom Lee nodded, Wong Chin Foo went over to the Commissioner and invited him to dinner. Mr. Thompson, who had eaten nothing since a lunch of Southdown chops and Welsh rarebit at Brown's as much as an hour and a half before, accepted with alacrity. "I am ravenous," he said. He was made acquainted with Mr. Robeson, and the four gentlemen were quickly seated in a hack that was waiting outside.

"To 4 Mott Street," cried Wong Chin Foo.

The hack glided smoothly away over the incomparable pavements that distinguish the American metropolis. Mr. Robeson endeavored to engage Mr. Thompson in conversation concerning the aqueduct, but the latter was too weak from the lack of food to converse much. When Mr. Robeson would say: "This aqueduct business seems to me to afford boundless opportunities for a man of genius," Mr. Thompson would vaguely reply, emitting the words much as a hasty pudding that is cooking emits bubbles, "I hope there will be plenty of solids"—referring probably to the dinner.

The party alighted in a wild waste of bright signs, lanterns, jabber, and other evidences of heathendom. They went up a flight into Tom Lee's restaurant, where they sat down to eat. It was a terrible meal. Mr. Thompson apparently liked it. When the thirty-eighth course was presented Mr. Robeson pushed his plate away. "I cannot eat any more," he said. He seemed much distressed. At this the Chinamen sat bolt upright; their faces were very grave; they ignored the dishes before them.

"Let's eat," said Mr. Thompson.

"We cannot," replied Tom Lee, in pure and exalted English. "Our guest refuses our hospitality."

"My God!" said Mr. Robeson, "I feel sick."

"It is exceedingly painful to us," said Wong Chin Foo, also in fair English, to Mr. Thompson, "that the Father of the 'Melican Navy should despise that which we have been at such pains to provide."

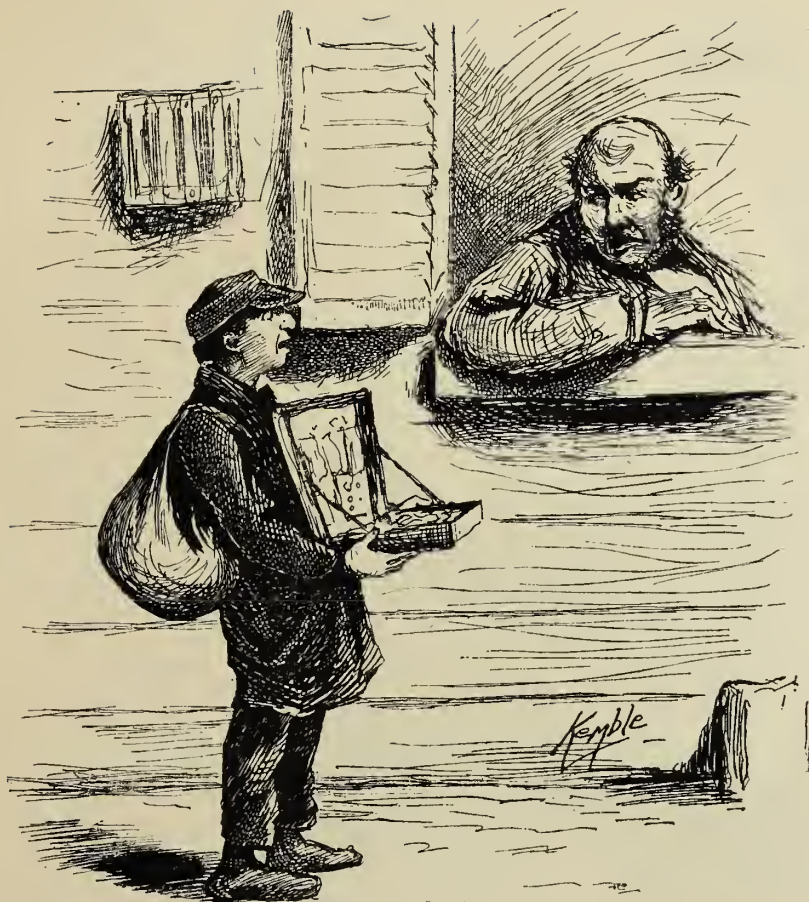
"Oh, eat, Robeson," said Mr. Thompson, setting a vigorous example.

"Gimme the dish," Mr. Robeson gasped.

When he had finished it he showed alarming symptoms. He was much distended. His body, from his armpits down, seemed incapable of motion. His



FIRST LOVE.



FALLING dew—  
 ("Twas rather dark)  
 Strolling through  
 Mount Morris park.

You were blushing,  
 But for why  
 I can't say, for  
 So was I.

Oh! the vows,  
 That then were spoken.  
 Made like all vows,  
 To be broken.

True love's course,  
 The rest you know—  
 Won't rehearse  
 The proverb now.

Your pa austere,  
 Raised a fuss;  
 Thought we were  
 Too previous.

Your mama,  
 With accents bland,  
 Showed me where  
 The door did stand.

Vanished, then,  
 My dreams of heaven—  
 I was too,  
 And you were seven.

CARLOS.

*Peddler* : WHERE IS DOT LADY WHAT LIVES HERE ?

*Friend at the Wake* : WHIST ! BE AISY ; SHE DIED TWO DAYS AGO.

*Peddler* : SO HELP ME GRACIOUS, I AM SORRY ! IF I HAD COME TWO DAYS SOONER I COULD HAVE SOLD HER DOSE TWO NAPKINS SHE BROMISED TO BUY LAST WEEK.

THAT the principals in the recent Virginia duel have not yet been arrested, speaks ill for public sentiment in that State. That two idiots should endeavor to kill each other is a commonplace affair, but that the deed should be openly countenanced by the authorities is disgraceful.

breathing was stertorous, and appeared to be accomplished altogether with his shoulders. His eyes were painfully wide open and bulging. His face was dark red, almost purple, dotted with large beads of perspiration. His expression was agonized.

"We have almost fetched him," said the editor, in Chinese.

Tom Lee made no reply. He beckoned to the servant, who brought course thirty-nine.

Mr. Robeson evidently was not able to speak. His eyes rolled feebly, as if endeavoring to escape the fascination of the Deputy Sheriff's gaze, which was never removed from him. With a spasmodic effort he disposed of the course. His arms then dropped, and his mouth fell apart.

The servant brought course forty.

"This is a bully dinner," said Mr. Thompson.

"Feed it to him," said Tom Lee to the servant, who stood by Mr. Robeson.

The servant did as he was ordered. As he finished Mr. Robeson died.

"My country," exclaimed the Deputy Sheriff, his voice trembling with emotion, "we have done this for thee!"

"China is delivered," said the editor. "The Mongolian navy is spared."

"Dinner is finished," said Tom Lee, rising. The editor rose also.

"Is n't there any cheese?" Mr. Thompson inquired.

"No cheese," the Deputy Sheriff replied.

Mr. Thompson rose reluctantly, and followed the patriots from the room.

E. D. BEACH.



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMISSIONER T.—1. Certainly, if you are not found out. 2. Which would we rather have—a million dollars or that aqueduct? Why—er—of course—well—but we must see the figures.

BEIRNE, *Virginia*.—1. Yes, near-sighted men are safe game. 2. Should not your "picture be hung in some public place?" It probably is already. Ask the chief of police.

KEELY STOCKHOLDER.—1. When the pigs begin to fly, you will be happy.

RANDALL, *Penn.*—1. What sort of a man is Watterson? A fair, fragile blonde, with a dewy, sensitive mouth, and peach-blossom cheeks, and Oh! Randall, you can't think how modest. 2. Does he really want you to give up hope of the speakership? Well, Watterson, you know, is self-sacrificing. He knows how many cares the speakership would entail upon you, and sooner than see you suffer, he would take it himself. That's the kind of a martyr Watterson is, and please remember it, Randall.

O. WILDE, *London*.—Yes, Sampson also once had his hair cut. But there the resemblance between you ceases.

KING CHOLERA, *Damietta*.—1. Yes, your Highness will find this city a most agreeable place to visit, and now ready to make you comfortable. 2. No, you have nothing to fear from the street cleaning brigade. They are waiting for your arrival, and then they will commence to begin to think it almost time to consider gently how your coming might have been prevented.

R. G. WHITE.—Yes, as you say, they are probably called "dog days" because nothing but a dog can take any comfort in them.

D. DAVIS.—No, it would not be indiscreet for you to leave off your heavy flannels from now until the first of September.

AMATEUR DRUGGIST.—No, your expertness with the soda spigot does not entitle you to a diploma for fizziology.

## PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Don't look for teeth in the mouth of a gift horse.  
Many hands make a heavy Jack-pot.  
The racing man makes the money go.  
A cremated child is beyond dreading the fire.  
One swallow does not make a bumper.  
A man is known by the cigars he keeps.\*

MORS-VIVENS.

\* Not those he gives away.

THE King of Spain kisses the Queen of Spain by telegraph. Why?—*Boston Post*. Do you know nothing of Spanish garlic, dear brother?

THE destruction of the world cannot be very far distant. France is preparing to invade China; the cholera is in Egypt; and Murat Halstead is making ready to write again on the subject of the silver dollar.

## A BALLADE OF WINE.

EYES lit with luminous drips;  
Mouth kinked with tremulous glee:  
Daintily poised finger-tips  
Clinking a goblet with me.  
Something said whisperingly,  
Which I but vaguely divine,  
Though I smile wisely, and she  
Laughingly winks at the wine.

Ho! how delightfully trips  
Each little *bon mot* that we  
Chase up and down, between sips—  
Dazzlingly dalliant and free.  
She has a wit, I can see,  
Almost the equal of mine!  
She—as though fain to agree—  
Laughingly winks at the wine.

Slowly the utterance slips  
Down a mysterious key—  
Falters and wavers and dips  
Into a strange lethargy:  
Hands limply drop to the knee—  
Fancies quite hard to define—  
Somebody—who can it be?—  
Laughingly winks at the wine.

'ENVOI.

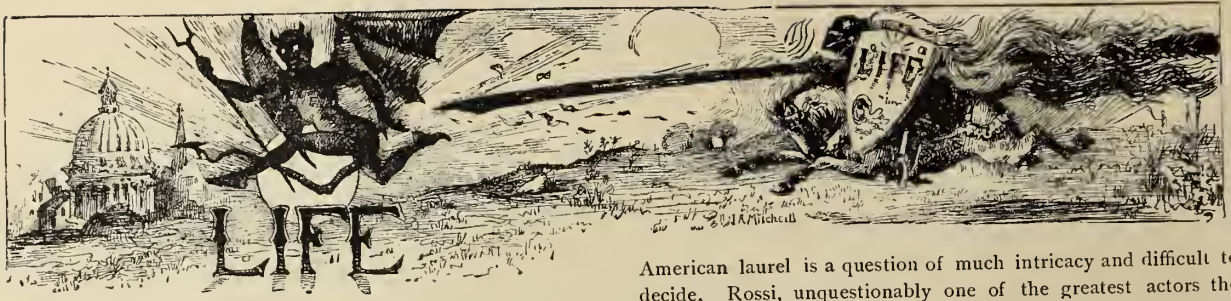
Vision, half lost in eclipse,  
Focusing waiter, with sign—  
Finger laid over his lips—  
Laughingly winks at the wine.

J. W. RILEY.





ANGLOMANIACS AT PRAYER.



VOL. II. JULY 19TH, 1883. NO. 29.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

Subscribers leaving town for the summer may have their copies forwarded by sending their summer address in full to this office.

THE record of Peekskill is rather remarkable already. This encampment is popularly supposed to be for the benefit of the enlisted men, that during it they may acquire a thorough knowledge of dress-parades, sham-battles and other strategetic movements upon which the safety of the nation depends. From recent correspondence in high and haughty military circles, however, it would appear that Peekskill is a kindergarten for colonels, adjutants-general and field officers to whose training that of the privates is secondary and quite unimportant.

The wild and impetuous career of a Secretary undoubtedly develops all those fierce and intractable qualities which ultimately convert men into militia colonels, and it was no matter of surprise to see the headlong Secretary Austen burgeon into the terribly gorgeous and ineffably important commander at Peekskill. Neither was it remarkable, all things considered, that when Private Brockleman so far forgot the starched proprieties as to get deliriously drunk under the Colonel's immediate eye, the regular safety valve of that magnate's wrath was insufficient to carry off the seething charge which the reckless act generated, or that the scandalous Brockleman was instantly and effectively drummed out of the camp without even the trivial formality of a court-martial. These facts accepted, it is somewhat sad to observe that General Jourdan is seriously complicating matters by calling Colonel Austen to account. General Jourdan's cruel conduct is upon that absurd basis known as the "custom of war." He forgets that militia service at Peekskill is and should be above all trivial considerations of justice and wholly ignores the important fact that had the drumming out not occurred, Colonel Austen's power would not have seemed so terrible and godlike in the eyes of the button-dazzled Peekskillers. But since he has taken this initial step it is to be hoped he will go further, and inquire into the support given the outrage by General Robbins. A colonel who does not know the articles of war is scarcely fit to command a regiment, and a staff officer who disgraces his commander by issuing orders in his name which are in open violation of all military law, should be deprived of his aiguillette forthwith.

\* \* \*

MR. HENRY IRVING will be a most welcome visitor to this country. His great reputation abroad will secure for him profound attention, but whether or not he will win the

American laurel is a question of much intricacy and difficult to decide. Rossi, unquestionably one of the greatest actors the world has ever seen, played to nearly empty benches, while Lotta, with a smirk and a kick, attracted tens of thousands. The play-going public is wilful, capricious and irrational. Mr. Irving may satisfy it—may not. But he is undoubtedly a man of extraordinary talent as an actor, and as a stage manager is a genius, and the American stage can learn from him a great deal, even if the public does not accord him its favor.

\* \* \*

THE Manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company would oblige many unfortunates at the seaside if he would kindly explain how it is that double rates are charged for messages sent to and from watering places in the neighborhood of this city. For example, a message was recently sent, prepaid, from Brooklyn to Far Rockaway. Arrived at its destination, it became a "collect" message, and 25 cents extra was demanded by the boy for delivering it, although the house was but a few blocks from the station. The following day a message was sent, prepaid, from Long Branch, and arrived "collect," with the same cheerful addition tagged on. From other places have come similar complaints. It may be an unreasonable antipathy, but it is true that Americans dislike petty swindles, whether by individuals or corporations.

\* \* \*

IT is reported by her tender counsel that genial and merry-hearted Miss Helyn Leonardé, the young and accomplished lady who languishes in the Tombs for having playfully attempted to murder one Mrs. Smith recently, will be liable to several aggravated canipion fits unless her bail be so reduced by Judge Gildersleeve as to allow of her going to the sea-side during the present heated term. That any judge should be willing to deprive so ingenuous a maiden of her liberty on so shallow a pretext, is an evidence of callous indifference to suffering which the public will be slow to understand. It is brutal and ungallant conduct to restrain this girlish gunpowder tendency of Miss Helyn, and the ruthless Gildersleeve must be made to feel that the community is aroused and has its glittering eye upon him.

\* \* \*

PROFESSOR REMSEN, of the Johns Hopkins Laboratory, says: "I believe that frequent practice in qualitative and quantitative analysis has a tendency to develop honesty." Before endorsing this statement, we would like to know whether Messrs. Brady, Dorsey and Robeson are fond of the sciences.

\* \* \*

NECKTIE surprise parties are the summer rage now in Kansas and Missouri. The requirements are very simple—a gentleman accused of some such breach of etiquette as horse-stealing or murder, a clothes-line and a party of enthusiastic citizens. The invitation committee draw the line very closely.





PASTORAL INNOCENCE.

*Harry Hunter (who has just brought matters to a point and whose creditors would be so happy if they could do likewise):* WHAT! WAIT SIX MONTHS BEFORE WE ARE MARRIED! OH! HOW CAN YOU ASK SUCH A THING? LOOK AT YOUR REFLECTION IN THIS POOL AND SEE WHAT AN IMPOSSIBILITY TO EXPECT OF ANY MAN.

IN THE GLOAMING.

WHEN the earth lies steeped in dreams,  
 And the glinting starlight beams  
 On the mist;  
 Mystic speech of elfin sprite,  
 Through the awesome hush of night,  
 Lips, "O list!"  
 And I hear the whisperous murmur,  
 As the lullabies of summer  
 Softly croon,  
 While the owl hoots his reflections,  
 In lugubrious inflections,  
 To the moon.  
 All the night creatures uncanny  
 Sally forth from nook and cranny,  
 Bosk and fen,  
 For their nightly reconnoiter,  
 Where the somber shadows loiter  
 In the glen.

Now a dusky bat flops thither,  
 And a beetle hies him hither  
 With a thump;  
 And a whippoorwill is singing  
 Where a woodbine's arms are clinging  
 Round a stump.  
 O, this night! Howe'er I crave it,  
 Though I try, I cannot save it,  
 Or bring back  
 Bat or beetle, owl or moon,  
 Unless in a grim cartoon  
 On a plaque.

ROSALINE E. JONES.

IF PATIENTS would tell their doctors the whole truth a great many druggists would be hard up.—*Grip.*

Yes, and if doctors told their patients the whole truth fifty per cent. of the druggists would shut up altogether.





*Scene: An humble country hotel.*

*Male Guest:* I'D LIKE TO BE CALLED AT FOUR TO-MORROW MORNING; I'M GOING FISHING.

*Female Domestic (stupidly):* EH?

*Male Guest (deliberately):* I'M GOING FISHING TO-MORROW MORNING AND I WISH TO BE CALLED EARLY—NOT LATER THAN FOUR.

*Female Domestic (stolidly):* WILL YOU RING?

### DIDN'T PAY ATTENTION TO THE GAME.

A FUNNY thing happened at the — Club in this city last winter. Our old friend, Dr. Bates, whom everybody knows and likes; who is a genial and hospitable gentleman, as he is a devoted and accomplished poker player, was having a little game with a party in one of the Club card-rooms. The Doctor has his peculiarities, like every one else, and among them is the habit of growing very critical and punctilious, though never disagreeably so, when luck goes against him. Winning, he is jovial, full of jokes, and spluttering with laughter. Losing, he is dignified, melancholy, polite, and bristling with an ostentatious resignation most edifying to behold. On the night in question the Doctor was in particularly bad luck. All his big hands were beaten, and his two pairs and bob-tail flushes were only so many devices of Satan for luring him to destruction. His profoundly conceived and brilliantly executed bluffs were promptly and ruthlessly squelched, and the Doctor's politeness had grown so

elaborate and so ornamental that it appalled the bravest heart. In a word, it was deadly.

Among the players was rollicking, devil-may-care Major Starr. The Major had come in late from a swell dinner up town. He was pretty well tanked up with extra dry Mumm and heady old Chambertin, and was drowsy and uproarious by turns. Starr always played a peculiar game. For a while he would indulge in the most palpable and transparent bluffs. Then he would throw away his money with a bull-headed folly almost past belief. Another time he would play as close as the paper on a parlor wall; have 'em every time, and take no chances. But through it all he was the same hell-roaring, seemingly inattentive and rollicking Starr. Nobody ever felt sure of him. Nobody knew how to take him. Like all players of his class, he was a perilous man in good luck, and a pigeon for everyone to pluck in bad. Tonight he was playing with great success, scooping everything before him, first with a tremendous hand, and then by a bewilderingly impudent bluff. The Doctor was his bright, particular victim. If the Doctor had a flush, Starr would have a full. If the Doctor felt a little tender-footed with a two-pair hand, Starr would fall upon him and bluff him off the field, showing his cards afterward, and pretending to have thought he had something.

It may be imagined that, under such circumstances, the Doctor stiffened in a manner quite beyond precedent. He beat the record. He became so gloomy and so formal that the other players shivered when he looked at them. And all the time he was meditating a terrible and bloody vengeance. At last his opportunity came. The final or consolation "pot" was put up to be played for as a termination of the game. It is a custom in New Orleans to play these "winding up" pots. They are something to look forward to. They give the losers a chance to recoup, and, generally, lend an excitement to the finish. The winner of the pot pays the bar-bill—the drinks, cigars, suppers, etc.—but there is always two or three hundred dollars left after settling every indebtedness, and this, especially if a man has been losing, is a very welcome remnant. This time the pot was unusually large. It counted up \$387 net, as it was poured upon the table, and the players braced up with more than common eagerness. The hands were dealt. First one passed, then another. Starr mumbled something to the effect that he could n't or would n't open it, but finally a fellow rather timorously shoved up a \$10 chip, and said, "I open it." In regular succession they followed suit, until it came to Starr. Starr had been very sleepy. They had to tell him it was his turn. He appeared to throw off his drowsiness by an effort. "Hello! What's this? Eh? Pot opened—\$10—Who did it? I make it \$20. I did n't know, you know, etc." Now was the Doctor's time. Nobody had an opening hand except the opening man, and he seemed not to have more than a pair of Jacks at best. The Doctor convulsed his features in a terrible smile, and made it \$30. Three men dropped out in consternation. Starr said the Doctor



seemed to be in bad luck, and to give him a chance he'd make it \$40. The opening man showed his pair of Jacks and fled. The Doctor went up to \$50. Everybody quit except Starr, who said, "All right, Doctor; you're a good man," and stood the raise. Starr drew three cards. The Doctor stood pat, and, with a blighting smile, bet \$10. Starr looked at his hand, grinned sleepily, and said, "Well, Doctor, this will put you even. Never mind, though, 'I'll call!'" The Doctor could n't restrain himself any longer. He threw down his cards with a yell that curdled the blood of every listener—"What have you got?" "I?" says Starr, innocently. "Oh, I have n't got anything. Pair of fours, maybe. Yes, a pair of fours." The Doctor had nothing at all—he had been bluffing for even. "You called me on a pair of fours? Did n't you see I stood pat?" "Why, no!" says Starr, "I did n't notice." "Then," shrieked the Doctor, "I wish you'd pay some attention to the game!"

RICHARD WEIGHTMAN.

New Orleans, July 6th, 1883.

A COLORED Press Association in St. Louis is now wrestling with the question "How to make the Editorial Page Efficient," and editors all over the country are anxiously waiting to hear the answer.



THE OCEAN STEAMER. NO. 2.

ODE TO OLD ENGLAND.

SUNG BY A DUDE'S BETROTHED.

WE love our sweet Manhattan Isle,  
 We love our proud Fifth Avenue,  
 We have a special *penchant* for  
 The springs of Saratoga, too;  
 We find great comfort in the thought  
 That we were once of no account;  
 We view with rapture families  
 That quick to wealth and fashion mount;  
 But foreign goods and foreign men  
 We prize all other things above;  
 Though born in young America,  
 Our mother country best we love.

England, think what thou hast sent us  
 From thy treasures to content us;  
 Pettit's plays and Turner's pictures,  
 Whistler's dreams and Ruskin's mixtures,  
 Froude's account of all thy quarrels,  
 Tupper's wit and Swinburne's morals;  
*Punch's* jokes and "Ginx's Baby,"  
 Davitt's speeches—finished, maybe;  
 Boucicault with dramas frisky,  
 Flavored well with Irish whiskey;  
 "Pinafore," the sempiternal,  
 And the *Times*, the great diurnal;  
 Cheap reprints of all thy novels,  
 Fit for banquet halls or hovels;  
 Generous hats and scanty trousers,  
 Terriers Skye, the best of mousers;  
 Ulsters lengthy, single glasses,  
 Mutton for the higher classes;  
 Oscar Wilde, the exegetic,  
 Priest of all that *was* æsthetic;  
 Collars high from Piccadilly,  
 And the fragrant Jersey Lily;  
 Bass's beer in pewter mug,  
 And the soft, sonorous pug.

We love thy legends bare and worn,  
 Thy long debates we read with tears,  
 No poet moves our fond young hearts  
 To such emotion as thy peers.  
 With even more than Oxford ties  
 Our souls to thee are closely bound;  
 And though we love the dollar well,  
 We'd rather have an English pound.  
 But still thy single-eye-glass'd men  
 We prize all other things above;  
 And, born in young America,  
 Our mother country best we love.

W. J. HENDERSON.







GENTLY, JUDGE HOADLY, GENTLY!





### THE MISERABLE MAN'S LAMENT.

I AM heart-broken, sin-sick and weary,  
And have neither a friend nor a foe ;  
My life is sad, lonely and dreary,  
And I wish I had died long ago.

While others recline upon roses  
I have sat all my life upon thorns ;  
I have rivalled the meekness of Moses,  
But the world only treads on my corns.

My fortune is gone and my pride, too ;  
Each gain has prefigured a loss.  
Lean Poverty lingers, my bride—O  
I fear I can't get a divorce.

I'm a pessimist born, a man-hater,  
My nerves have stood many a shock,  
When the ax-man, grim Death, comes on later  
I'll lay my old head on the block.

Yes, I'm Destiny's foot-ball, God bless me,—  
A shuttlecock tossed in the air ;  
Women shun me and never caress me,  
And my agony Job could not bear.

If life were worth living I'd live it,  
If death were worth dying I'd die ;  
But if life I could gain I'd not give it  
A thought, were I dead, nor a sigh.

What is life but a treadmill, a prison,  
A galley, a desert forlorn ?  
Oh, from chaos I wish I'd ne'er risen,  
But had died long before I was born !

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FREDDIE.—Well, if you can't get on those trousers with a shoe-horn and a glove-buttoner, try cold cream and French chalk.

R. B. H., *Ohio*.—Yes, Irish whiskey may be taken straight, although, as you say, it is naturally a Mick's drink.

CHILDS, *Philadelphia*.—1. No ; the Elliot to whom you refer is not the Elliot recently killed in Chicago, but is living and still connected with Harvard College. 2. No ; the Elliot killed in Chicago was not the author of the Elliot Bible.

QUEEN, *Windsor*.—1. Yes, it is every one's duty to economize. 2. No, "John Brown's Body" was not written in memory of your deceased friend.

LORNE, *Ottawa*.—No ; "The Camels Are Coming" is not an Arabian song. A *p* and a *b* would make the spelling right.

REV. P. BR—KS, *Boston*.—No ; your friend Al Watts is not the author of your favorite hymn, "Let dogs delight," etc.

### RELIGIOUS GLEE.

OUR BURNSOUL by his stringent orthodoxy  
Preached all his flock to hell and burnt by proxy,  
And when he saw his muttuns nicely frying,  
Rubbed his fat hands and scarcely kept from crying.

P.

### HIS EX-NESS JOKETH !

"H M" said his Honor the Mayor to his ex-cellyncy  
Roscoe. "I see that there is a cholera epi-  
demie in the East !"

"Yes, sir, so I perceive. A sort of—ha—ha !—  
collar—ah—epidemic has—he—he—reached here too,  
do n't you—er—ah—think so !" responded the quon-  
dam Senator as he toyed with the wilted flap of his  
piccadilly.

And as nobody laughed the joker left the room with  
an expression of resignation on his countenance.

J. K. B.

NEVER propose to a girl in writing. It is "present  
company" that is "always accepted."

WHEN you read on the bulletins of the evening  
papers of "yellow fever on a bark" you may know  
that the dog-days have come.

### LONG ISLAND RAILROAD RULES.

1. CAPTAINS of the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry  
boats will see that the 4.20 boat will arrive  
in Long Island City in time for the 5.30 train.

2. Train boys must never leave less than four  
packages of candy, seven novels, two balls of pop-corn  
and six bananas on the lap of each passenger. They  
will serve oranges and cigars every four minutes dur-  
ing the trip.

3. Engineers must whistle before and after passing  
each cross-road, whistle between cross-roads and  
whistle between whistles. Neglect of this rule will  
insure an immediate discharge.





POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON VII.—The Affair of Honor.

**WHAT** is this?

An affair of honor, dear.

*But that fierce pirate with the deadly toy pistol?*  
He is a Southron editor, my love.

*And that poor lunatic who appears to have the colic?*  
Is also a Southron editor, sweet.

*What is he doing?*

He is getting satisfaction.

*For what?*

Why the other gentleman called him a liar, gave him a black eye, and made him swallow four front teeth against his will.

*Is he satisfied now?*

Oh, yes.

*How?*

Well, the bullet has perforated four vital organs and his stomach.

*My! but how does he feel over that?*  
Somewhat uncomfortable.

*But I do not see how that hole in his stomach satisfies him.*

Do you suppose he wants two holes in his stomach?

*Oh! But would he not be happier without any hole in his stomach?*

Ask him.

*How is an affair of honor conducted?*

Well, a big gentleman insults a small gentleman.

*And then?*

The small gentleman invites the big gentleman out.

*And then?*

The big gentleman's friends accept the invitation.

*For themselves?*

No; for him.

*Gracious! but is that friendship?*

Certainly.

*How?*

It gives the big gentleman a chance to add injury to insult.

*Well, after the poor big gentleman has accepted, how does the poor little gentleman feel?*

He is scared nearly to death.

*And how does the poor big gentleman feel?*

He is scared, too.

*But if they both are so frightened, why do not they back out?*

Their friends will not let them.

*Goodness! Why not?*

Because they want to see the fun.

*But when one poor gentleman gets killed in an affair of honor, does not the community feel very badly?*

Very.

*Because it feels sorry for the poor gentleman who was killed?*

No.

*Then why?*

Because both gentlemen were not killed.

ÆSOP REVISED.

**T**HE great Phrygian Munchausen, as a fable, shows himself possessed of a long head; but he often fails to catch on to the true ideal of human nature. For instance, his fable on the Widow Woman and the Hen, as it is written, applies very well to River and Harbor Bill estimates when it deduces the moral that "Figures are not always facts," and judging from what we hear of the average society damsel of to-day, the same moral is very *apropos*. But we fear that Æsop did not quite perceive the true business sentiment of the fable in question, for he neglects to give the poor widow woman a chance to recover her losses, as does the following rendering:

THE BEREAVED FEMALE AND THE BANTAM.

A Bereaved Female maintained upon her premises a bantam that laid an egg every morning. The B. F. not being well versed in political economy, and therefore not knowing that the rate of production does not increase proportionately with the increased amount of labor, thought to herself, "If I double that bantam's allowance of oatmeal she will doubtless lay twice a day."

She tried the scheme, and, much to her dismay, the bird gave up the manufacture of eggs entirely, but grew fat and did nothing but lay Down all day long.

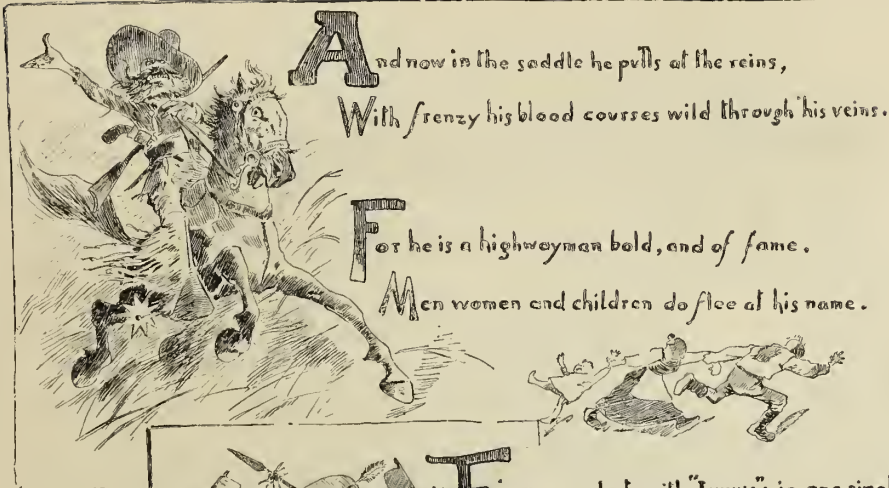
"Well," quoth the B. F., "for eating purposes I prefer Eggs to Down, but a mattress stuffed with eggs can't hold a candle to a Feather-bed. I think, after all, I have taken my exit through the larger extremity of the trombone."

MORAL.—Do n't study Political Economy.

J. K. BANGS.

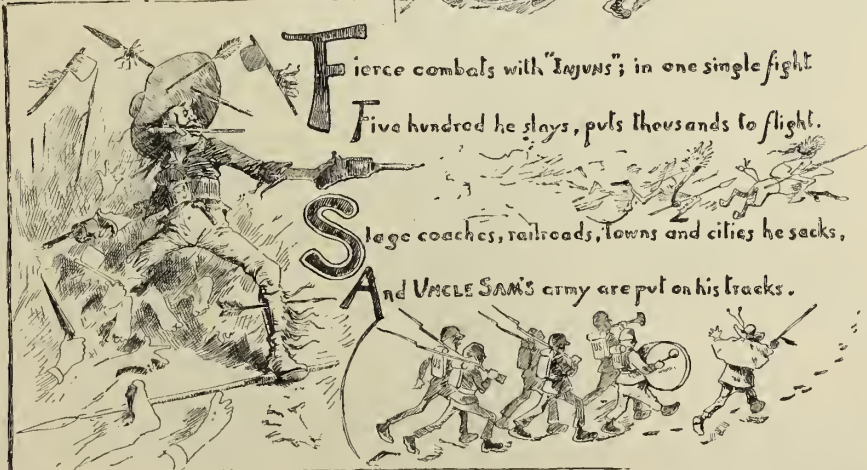






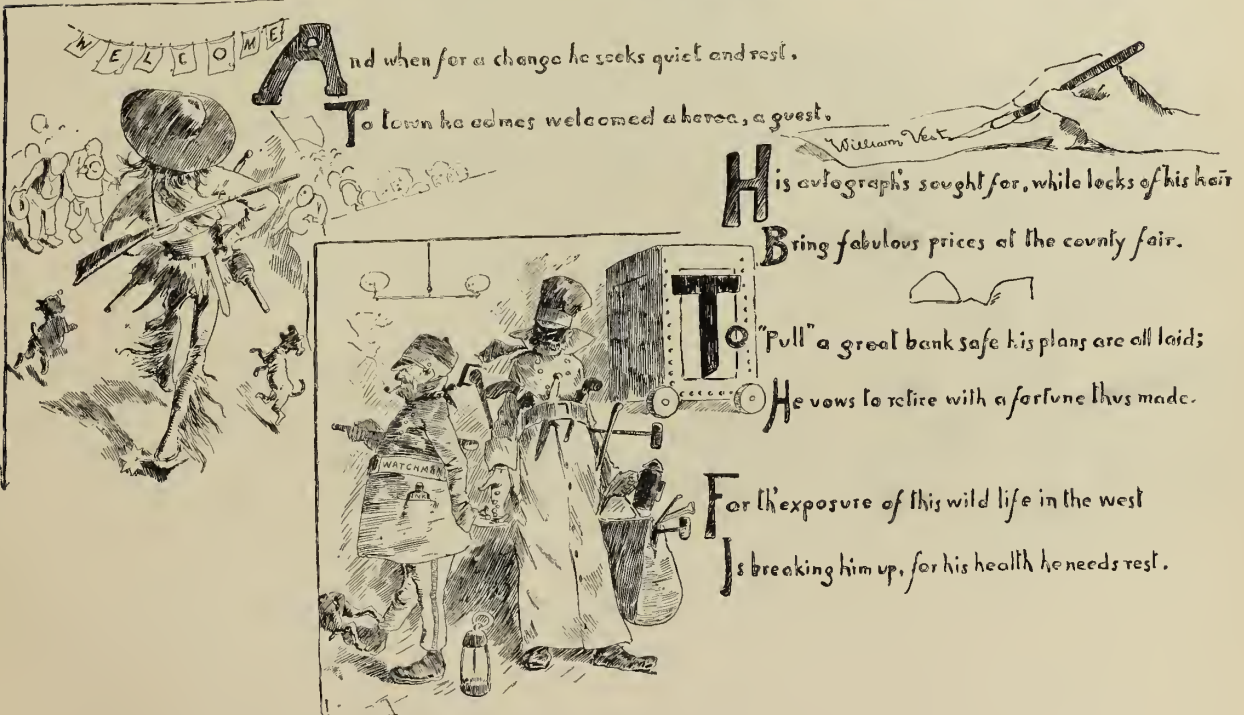
**A**nd now in the saddle he pulls at the reins,  
With frenzy his blood courses wild through his veins.

**F**or he is a highwayman bold, and of fame.  
**M**en women and children do flee at his name.



**F**ierce combats with "Injuns"; in one single fight  
**F**ive hundred he slays, puts thousands to flight.

**S**tage coaches, railroads, towns and cities he sacks,  
**A**nd UNCLE SAM'S army are put on his tracks.



**A**nd when for a change he seeks quiet and rest,  
**T**o town he comes welcomed a hero, a guest.

**H**is autographs sought for, while locks of his hair  
**B**ring fabulous prices at the county fair.

**T**o "pull" a great bank safe his plans are all laid;  
**H**e vows to retire with a fortune thus made.

**F**or the exposure of this wild life in the west  
**J**s breaking him up, for his health he needs rest.



**B**ANG!!! whack, whack, whack, down the little boy rolled,  
 O'er bundle and sidewalk, midst visions of gold.

**T**were stars, and gold buttons that greeted his eyes.  
 A red-handed billy that caused him surprise.



**F**or a \*Cop stood near him, who said with a leer,  
 "Wake up ye rapscallion, an' get out o' here."

**H**alf awake, for his pistols the little boy felt,  
 But looking up, quickly his courage did melt.



(\* \*Cop, an abbreviation for POLICEMAN.  
 term used by small boys, and violators of the law.)



**T**he little boy picked up his bundle and cap,  
 And rubbing his eyes as well as his back —

**A**way he did skip, out of sight he did hop.

**A**nd RED HANDED BILL was thus bounced by a  
 Cop.







SOME STUDIES OF HAMMOCKS.





VOL II. JULY 26TH, 1883. NO. 30.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

Subscribers leaving town for the summer may have their copies forwarded by sending their summer address in full to this office.

THE Western Union forwards its despatches by mail during the strike, and Brooklyn persons are thus enabled to get their New York telegrams seven hours sooner. In many of the Western Union offices the sign "No Tick" is now significantly posted.

\* \* \*

THE majority of the operators now doing Western Union work are something like rolling stones. They gather very little Morse, as it were.

\* \* \*

MISS LEGAL DOLLAR: "I am worth more than you are anyhow."

MISS TRADE DOLLAR: "I do n't care. I weigh more."

[And each thinks the other fibs.]

\* \* \*

THE cats comprising the Back-fence Opera Company of Brooklyn, Unlimited, are about to abandon their concerts, not being able to compete with the Salvation Army.

\* \* \*

GEORGE WASHINGTON may have been the Father of his country, but of the Democratic party Mr. Tilden is undoubtedly the Mummy.

\* \* \*

THE cloak-makers now out on a strike will not be interfered with by the pelisse.

\* \* \*

MR. ABRAHAM JEWETT, of Selina, Mo., went down with yellow fever in New Orleans in 1878; wrestled with small-pox that same winter in St. Louis; quarrelled with a buzz-saw in Louisville in 1880, and lost a leg; indulged in a runaway in Chicago in '81, to the detriment of his collar-bone; was blown up on the Ohio River two months later, and figured conspicuously in a rough-and-tumble with a cyclone near his old home last year. Now he turns up smiling, after having been struck by lightning in Canton, Mississippi, and is running for office on the Democratic ticket. Some persons are hard to satisfy.

THE good work done by Judge Hoadly in Ohio entitles him to the thanks of every true Republican in the country.

\* \* \*

MR. DANA still believes in going for Hayes while the *Sun* shines.

\* \* \*

ABOUT 42,000 persons were killed in India by snakes during the past twelve months, and yet it is claimed that the Hindoos are a temperate people.

\* \* \*

WE are pleased to learn that Mr. Hubert O'Thompson has no sympathy with the strike among the Chicago workers in steel, but is rapidly finishing his plans for the aqueduct.

\* \* \*

THAT our highly-esteemed contemporary, the *New York Times*, places Messrs. Roscoe Conkling, Rutherford B. Hayes and Carter H. Harrison among the possible candidates in '84, proves that it is a casuist of the infinitesimal school. Where do Denis Kearney and Robeson come in?

\* \* \*

THE cigarette makers have struck and the cigarette smokers have not. This proves that not always does the man who has the worst of it howl first.

\* \* \*

THE local papers are trying to prove that the mastodon now being unearthed at Syracuse, N. Y., is only 1730 years old, but Mr. Tilden says the last mastodon he remembers to have seen in that section died when he first entered into politics. As Josephus and Herodotus are silent on the subject, Mr. Tilden's testimony is of considerable value.

\* \* \*

POPE LEO has recently dropped into poetry and a volume of the infallible drivel has just been issued. With better sense and more real humanity than most poets exhibit, however, his Holiness has written his verses in Latin which nobody but Charles Francis Adams can read. We therefore hail the volume as a step in the right direction.

\* \* \*

THAT Bishop Knudson of Salt Lake should have attempted to slay two of his wives by clandestinely exploding five pounds of dynamite under their bed, is a noteworthy example of scientific progress in episcopal circles, but at the same time a proof that the Bishop was most criminally, recklessly and uselessly extravagant. Five pounds of dynamite will render unserviceable the best bed ever made, and besides prussic acid would have been cheaper and less likely to disturb the neighbors.





A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHT.

*He (tenderly):* AND YOU WERE THINKING OF ME?

*She (more tenderly):* YES.

*He (most tenderly):* AND WHY DID NOT YOUR EYES FOLLOW YOUR THOUGHT?

*She (dreamily):* THEY DID.

*He (rapturously):* HOW? WHERE?

*She (sighing):* THAT LONG, LOW, LAZY, QUITE TOO SPLENDID SWELL.

[*He tumbles, so to speak.*]

TO MATILDA AT THIRTY.

HIS looks, I agree, can't allure you;  
 He's bald as the palm of your hand,—  
 His years—forty-one, I assure you;  
 His figure—inclined to expand.  
 Time was, when such lovers you might have rejected!  
 Time is, when you'll take him, or linger dejected!

His prosing, no doubt, will perplex you;  
 His love for the poets is *nil*;  
 He'll seem to live only to vex you,  
 When once he recovers his will.  
 No spark of the hero in his composition,  
 But get him—be thankful—and bless your condition!

At breakfast he's sure to be surly;  
 Thus heroes are, too, I am told.  
 Converse not, when forced to rise early!  
 (N. B.—He won't eat mutton cold.)  
 Rococo and rare are the oaths that he uses—  
 Consider his coffee, and cut the nine Muses!

And when, his brief idyl well over,  
 Your evenings you have to yourself,  
 You'll say, as you sit there in clover:  
 "Alone, yes, but not on the shelf!"  
 Good fish in the sea, we have all of us seen them,—  
 But few fish that bite, and a long way between them.

T. R. SULLIVAN.

## GRADUS AD PARNASSUM.

[Dedicated with feelings of great respect to C.....s F.....s A.....s, to relieve his confessed ignorance of the Classics.]

- CARPE DIEM.** [Latin.] Put down the carpet.  
*Tempus fugit.* [Latin.] Almost fly time.  
*Fulmen brutum.* A play recently produced at the Union Square Theatre, New York.  
*Pis aller.* [French.] Canned peas.  
*Punica fides.* [L.] Politicians' promises.  
*Resurgam.* [L.] See Baking Powder Ad.  
*Jet d'eau.* [F.] Shut the door.  
*Jeu de mot.* [F.] Shut your mouth.  
*Labor ipse voluptas.* [L.] An outrageous lie.  
*L'avenir.* [F.] Lend me your ears.  
*Rechauffé.* [F.] Hash.  
*Poste restante.* [F.] Buried.  
*Revenons a nos moutons.* [F.] Ravenous as sheep.  
*Per conto.* [Italian.] Put it on the slate.  
*Noli me tangere.* [L.] Hands Off.  
*Mise en scene.* [F.] Forgetting one's lines on the stage.  
*Lex talionis.* [L.] In the claws of the law.  
*Virtus semper viridiso.* [L.] Virtue is always too fresh.  
*Vade mecum.* [L.] The policeman to the one he arrests.  
*Otium cum dignitate.* [L.] Dig with others.  
*Custos rutulorum.* [L.] The baker.  
*Ab ovo.* [L.] Spring chicken.  
*Festina lente.* [L.] No feasting in Lent.

T. B. MAYNADIER.

“TELL YOUR FORTUNE, DAINTY MAID?”

TELL your fortune, dainty maid?  
 Hard to please—I'm much afraid—  
 Snowy petals—finger-tips—  
 Sparkling eyes and pouting lips—  
 Golden daisy, bright arrayed.

“One, I love,” is first betrayed;  
 “Two, he loves”—are you dismayed?  
 Can that word which from you slips  
 Tell your fortune?

Care and sorrow, long delayed,  
 Joy and mirth—the saucy jade—  
 Every god that nectar sips,  
 Every grace that dainty trips—  
 Yours. Could I—then thrice repaid—  
 Tell your fortune?

HERVEY VAN ALLEN ANDERSON.

## ÆSOP REVISED.

HOW THE CANINE AND THE ROOSTER SECURED THE BULGE ON REYNARD.

A DOG and a Rooster who worked the Damon and Pythias racket were travelling together one summer, and finding no Wayside Inn *en route* wherein to rest at night, took up their abode on the soft side of a tree. The Fowl flew readily to a leafy branch near the tree top, but the Dog remarking that “it was a Heathen clime up there,” laid down *en root*, and slept the sleep of the Democrat.

At early dawn the Rooster waked, and tooted his calliope as only a Rooster can. By his noise, which indeed was louder than the bark of the Dog—or the tree for that matter—he attracted the attention of a Fox who was in search of his morning meal, and who viewed with delight the prospect of Rooster on toast.

“Ah, my pretty bird,” said he, “how useful you are. Will you not come down and live with me, and be my own little alarm clock? Come down; it is raining—you'll get wet!”

“Does it, Rain-hard?” smiled the Fowl.

“Don't move,” said the Fox. A bird that will make such tough puns must, according to the proverb ‘toughs from the tough,’ be unfit for my purposes. Why, I believe you're so tough that if you were a hen you'd lay hard-boiled eggs. You're a—”

Just then the Dog awoke, and striking the Fox on the collar button, sent him to his halo, thereby deducing the moral that it don't pay to Vituperate a Rooster.

J. K. BANGS.



A “PUT.”

THIS is a scene in a “bucket shop.” The bucket is not seen in the shop. (If we could see the bucket, it would be well.) It is the only original old oaken bucket shop, thus named because the Great American Tiger may be bucked within. Any one you know who has been bucked there, and the gentleman with the all-wool head is one of the buckers. He is known as the Lamb. You Marymember the story of his attachment to a young person, and the style of his turn-out while keeping company with her has been celebrated



in rhyme. This, however, was when he was younger and more tender. Now he is confident that the wool cannot be pulled over his eyes. Ah, dear reader, what troubles are eyes from misplaced confidence!

But to return to our mutton in the bucket shop. The Lamb has come to put his money where he thinks it will do the most good. The man he puts it with, thinks it will do the most good there, too. This puts them on a friendly basis at once. The man puts out his hand, and says, "Put it there!" It is his cordial way. You might think he would be a little put out, but he keeps cheerful, for he knows it will be a poorly cold day all round when he loses anything. He will 'put' himself when it comes to that.



A "CALL."

THIS is a "call." The Lamb has called to see how his money is getting along. It has got a long way off—too far for him to catch the first glimpse of it. He may have second sight, but he must have been born with a caul for that. There is no call for it here. The bucket master thinks he has borne with this call long enough, too, and he begins to be short with the Lamb. He explains that the long and short of it is, the money has been lost in a "corner," and he says, "You might have corner darned sight further, and fared worse." He shows how everything has been wiped out, but without finding any trace of it around the margins. Still the Lamb lingers near, a sneer lingering on his usually seven benign countenance. He hints that it is a "put up job;" hints his discontent. He says, "You make all that all right, but I don't."

But naught avails. Dear reader, we can do naught but bear the ails we 'ave. Naughty thing, believe me. And out into the genial air of Spring Lamb goes forth boiling (so it 'scald).



A "PRIVILEGE."

THIS is what the Lamb considers a "privilege." It is one that he does not often enjoy, but it is sometimes given to him. In that case, he gives it to the man, and then *he* does not often enjoy it, either. This is called "putting a head" on the man. You will observe that it all comes from his getting ahead of the Lamb on the "put."

Let us leave the Lamb lamming the Man, and be thankful that we are not as other men are, or even as this man will be when the Lamb gets through with him.

Such, dear reader, is the strange jargon of "the street."

Whostreet is next?

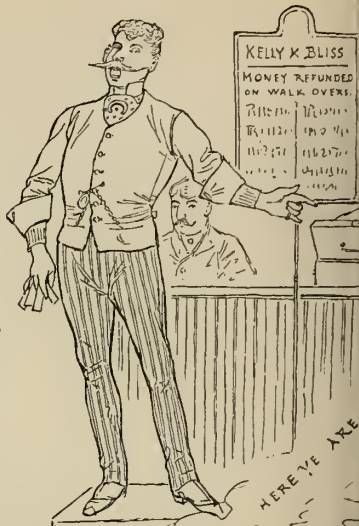
### NEW BOOKS.

MILKY WAYS ; or, The Routes of the Stars : the Mail Contractor's own guide and handbook.  
JOHN D'ORSAY.

ANNALS of a Quiet Neighborhood.  
JAY HUB . . . L.

THE Etiquette of the Dinner Table, by an habitual diner-out.  
BENJ. F. B . . . R.

AN Heaven-sent Stroke ; or, A Romance of New London Eel-grass.  
"YALE '83."

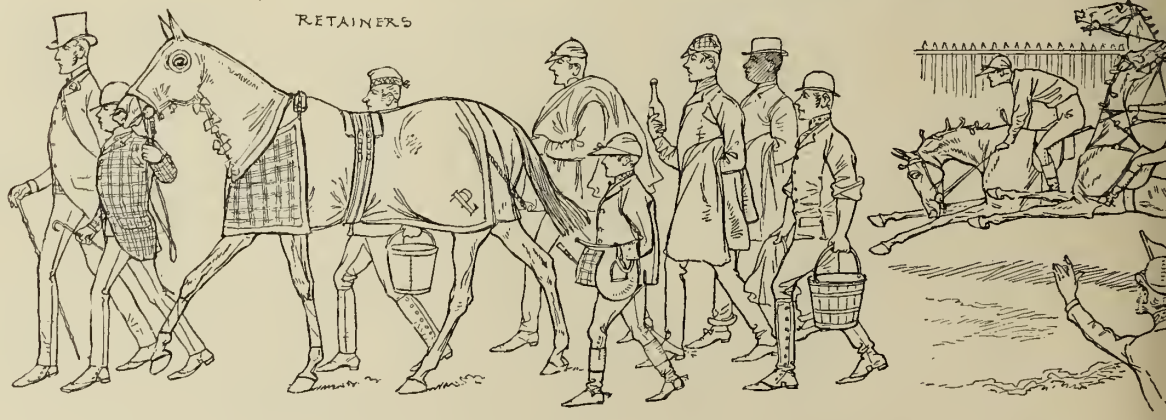


THE PRINCIPAL ROAD TO THE RACE COURSE WOULD BE A PRETTY FAIR ONE, WERE IT NOT FOR THE TERRIFIC DUST AND ITS DREADFUL PERSISTENCY IN STAYING WHERE RAISED. —



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AND HIS RETAINERS

A QUARTER OF A MILE FROM HOME



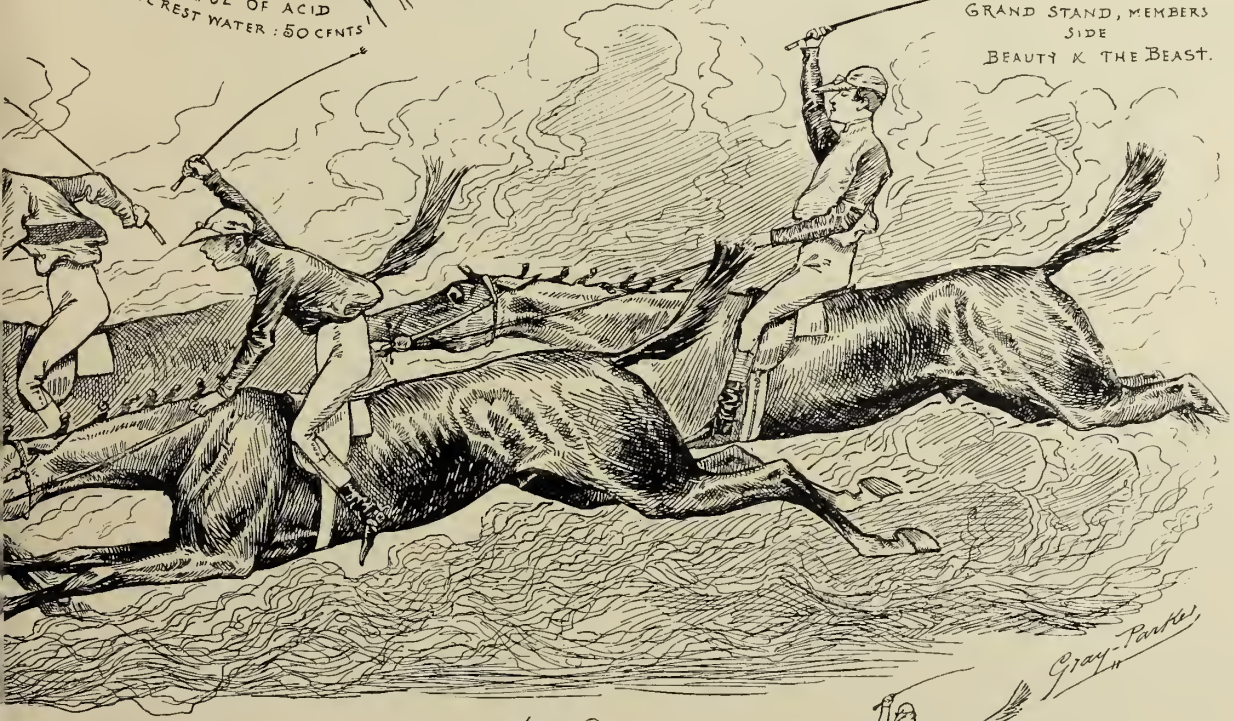


A GROUP OF RACING STABLE LADS



A TEASPOONFUL OF ACID JUICE, THE REST WATER : 50 CENTS

GRAND STAND, MEMBERS SIDE  
SIDE  
BEAUTY & THE BEAST.



*Gray Parker*



A HARD LOT TO SEND OFF.



THE OCEAN STEAMER—No. 3.

*A Slight Token.*

I SAY, MISTER, WHERE SHALL I SET THESE ?

BY THE SEA.

[Written not far from a fashionable seaside hotel. Time  
7:45 P.M.]

THE evening sun in vermeil dyes  
Of changing color, paints the skies  
In lighter tints, in darker shades,  
As daylight into twilight fades.  
And from afar the restless sea  
Sends in its throbbing waves to me,  
As lone I sit upon the shore,  
And hear them echo—"Evermore."  
Such waves they are as only sigh—  
Such waves as lately kissed the sky,  
Where sky and sea meet in the red  
Horizon's distance, and are led  
Like blushing brides, until they beat  
Upon the shore their cadence sweet  
In liquid music, whose soft strain  
Brings healing balm to hearts in pain.  
I sit here by the sea, and dream  
My days away, and yet I deem  
Them not all lost. The world must be  
A home for dreamers. Why not me?  
No life but has its hopes and fears;  
Our sweetest pleasures follow tears.  
Come waves, come dreams, I tribute pay—  
Four dollars and a half a day.

WILL LAMPTON.

THE COMMON LOT.

HOT day.	More beer
Kept cool	I got,
On beer.	More I
Darnphool!	Got hot.

Next day  
Swelled head.  
Wished I  
Was dead.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

A LITTLE STORY.

ONCE upon a time there was a certain Quack Politician, who depended entirely upon advertising to keep his name before the people; for it is well known that unless a Quack article, whether it be a medicine which is said to cure all physical ills or a politician, which is said to cure all political ills, is kept conspicuously before the public, the many-headed will have nothing to do with it.

And it so happened that those good men and true, who wished to see the public supplied with nice, safe milk-and-water politicians, who neither cheer nor inebriate, kept posting legends and inscriptions broad-

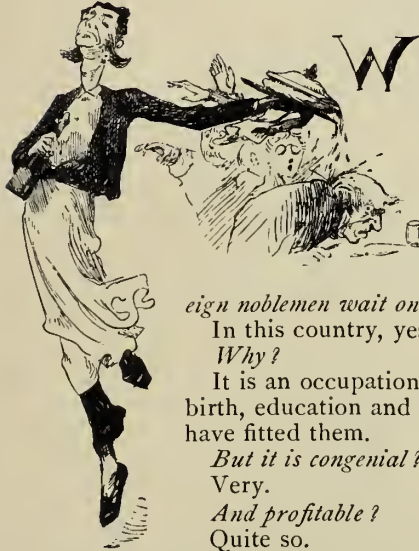
cast in the land over which the Quack Politician desired to rule; to this effect. "Do not use Butler's Bunkum Billingsgate. It will ruin your constitution, to say nothing of your by-laws."

"Do not vote for the Bold and the Bad." And even as the store-keeper who tried to ruin his neighbor's business by advising the public to shun his rival's shop, found that he had diverted all his own trade to his rival, so these Good and True men found that they had been gratuitously advertising the Quack Politician, until he had become such a Personality that the people said, "He may be Bold and Bad, but he is smarter than lightning, or all these men would not decry him and vituperate him.



POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON VIII.—The Waiter.



**W**HO is this haughty gentleman?

He is a foreign nobleman in disguise, dear.

Oh! I thought he was a waiter.

He is a waiter.

My! do foreign noblemen wait on tables?

In this country, yes.

Why?

It is an occupation for which their birth, education and accomplishments have fitted them.

But it is congenial?

Very.

And profitable?

Quite so.

But the poor proprietor of the café told me that he only paid his poor foreign noblemen twenty dollars a month.

Yes, dear.

That is not a large income for a nobleman?

No, darling.

Then how does the poor nobleman manage to keep up his establishment?

By his perquisites.

What are they?

The other revenues of his office.

From whom derived?

From the patrons of the place.

But are not these perquisites optional with the patrons?

Oh, yes!

Then suppose they forget to accord the poor nobleman his revenue?

He will make it pleasant for them.

How?

By forgetting to bring what has been ordered until an hour has passed.

And then how will he bring it?

Cold.

Well?

Then he will forget the bread, be oblivious to butter, and have no recollection of the necessity for red-pepper or finger bowls.

My! then he spoils the entire dinner!

As nearly as he can.

But suppose the poor patron accords him the revenue?

Well, then everything is lovely.

Will the poor patron get his dinner hot?

Oh, yes.

And get his bread and butter and fingerbowls and red pepper?

Certainly; even more.

More! How?

Why the nobleman will rob the bald-headed man in the corner of his paper, steal the pickles from the red-faced man by the window, and embezzle the only bottle of Chutney in the place.

All this for the patron who believes in revenue?

Even more.

Gracious! what?

Why, he will hover around like the shadow of death, smile like a May morning, execute all orders with a hop, skip and jump and back somersault, carve the fowl, pour out the wine, call out the patron's name at least twenty times, and make every other person in the place die of malignant envy complicated with slow starvation.

My! And how much is all this worth?

Well, with all the trimmings, it is worth about 50 cents.

And without trimmings?

From 10 to 25 cents, according to location.

Goodness! Then the nobleman really has a splendid income?

Oh, yes.

But is there no man who has ever resented this demand for revenue from these foreign noblemen?

Yes, dear.

Who was he?

Before taking the stand against the revenue he was known as the President of the Fatman's Association.

And now?

He is known as the Living Skeleton.

THE CONSEQUENCE.

**T**OM DUNTON? He's the best young man in town; At least so every body seems to think.

He's never known to swear, or smoke or drink; On cards and billiards he is said to frown; He never saw a horse-race, in his life;

He does n't dance, because he thinks it wrong, Immoral quite, for one to glide along, With arms about another fellow's wife; The theatre he shuns. He would n't go

Even Italian opera to hear, Because the ballet-dancers would appear In dresses which their lower limbs would show.

In short, his life in nothing can afford

Even the faint suspicion of a vice;

He truly is exceptionally nice.

But see! He cometh! Now we shall be bored!

C. H. HOYT.



### EMBARRASSING.

*De Payne (who has donned his Knickerbockers for a call at the neighboring hotel):* MY GOOD MAN, CAN YOU TELL ME IF I'M ON THE RIGHT ROAD TO THE SUNNYSIDE PAVILION?

*Native:* YES, STRANGER, YOU BE, BUT YE'D BETTER ROLL DOWN YER PANTS REFORE YE COME IN SIGHT OF THE HOUSE, 'COS YE MOUGHT SHOCK THE WIMIN FOLKS.

### THE SEASON AT NOODLEPORT.

(FROM OUR SOCIETY CORRESPONDENT.)

NOODLEPORT is the gayest of the gay this season in spite of the general exodus to Europe and tightness of the money market. When your correspondent arrived here a week ago he registered himself at the Oshun House as the Society Correspondent of LIFE and before twenty-four hours had elapsed he was the recipient of invitations to Mrs. Browne-Smythe's Ball, Hon. Percy Fitznoodle's Tennis Party, and a Clam Bake under the auspices of the Noodleport Dude Association.

The proprietors of the Hotels express themselves as satisfied with the number of unpaid bills at their disposal and seem to be resigned to receiving payment in the shape of dog-carts and bob-tailed overcoats at eighty cents on the dollar. It is stated on good authority that the Casino Corporation is backing a bill in the Rhode Island legislature making these articles legal tender in the State.

Tradesmen say that business is brisk and by next summer it is thought that Noodleport will be rich enough in outside debts to start a rival Casino, where any one can drink behind a bar without the disgrace of having his or her name put on a slate.

I of course accepted the very kind invitations of Mrs. Browne-Smythe, the Dude Association and Hon. Fitznoodle for his Lawn Tennis party. The latter, as a member of the British Aristocracy who is now here playing the butterfly to the nets of several anxious Mammams, remarked, "was quite—aw—a—

wacket, doncher know." The Clam Bake was amusing in the extreme as several Dudes were mixed up in the clams and could not be distinguished, giving rise to many laughable situations.

The affair *par excellence*, however, was Mrs. Browne-Smythe's Ball. It was one of the first of the season and as Mrs. Parvenu remarked "went off with great *éclaire*." I suppose this expression is synonymous with taking the cake, but of course this latter vulgarism is not extensively used by the upper ten, who, by the way, amount to several thousand in this delightful resort.

Tomkatti's orchestra furnished the music for Mrs. Smythe, and Grubbini informs me that he furnished "ze food for ze advertteezmong!"

Among the distinguished guests present were the Hon. Pelham George Pelham, M.P. of Come-off-Quick, England; Lord James-Augustus-Wayup-Moneybags; His Excellency Very-Starchy Bey; His Grace the Duke of Scape-grace and daughter, Lady Bandoline Grace-Scape-grace of Grace-Court, Devonshire; Mr. Freddie-Fredie Gabhard who has recently arrived with his Yacht Ontick; The Misses Babystare; Hon. Mr. and Mrs. McMackerel, of Front St., Cal.; Gen. Delivery and Lady; Countess Outré; the Marquis and Marchioness di Tuttifrutti-Vermicelli; Ex-Senator Whoopemup of Colorado; Mr. J. St. Clair Brown of New York; Commodore Farragut Nelson Tubbs of the N. Y. D.U.D.E. Y. C.; the Misses Thompkinsse of "the Heights," Brooklyn; Judge Sudden Lynch of Kansas City; Prof. Bighead Grinder who lately received the degree of P.D.Q. for expeditious work in stopping a rush at Yowl College; Mrs. Somebody from Somewheres-on-Sound; General Inglehart Boojum, who informs me that his rank was obtained by heroic conduct during the Pennsylvania Rail-Road riots in 1877, when, as a brakeman on a freight train he allowed his car to run over and instantly kill six strikers, for which performance he was made General Ticket Agent at Kalamazoo. His immense fortune was amassed during his six weeks term in Congress last winter. Here I must again digress to quote that estimable lady Mrs. Parvenu who says that "them Boojums is very autocratic, for they came over on the Cauliflower and landed at Plymouth Church," which remark caused your correspondent to suggest that to land their vessel the Pilgrims had to "Beecher." The beautiful Madame Gonez who was known at Keyport last summer as Mrs. Jones was also present with her magnificent collection of Koh-i-noors. Mrs. Grundy says that Count Grabem and the Marquis de Bowstreet who have been so attentive to the Madame of late are nothing but detectives hired to look after the lady's jewels, and acting on the principle that it "takes a thief to catch a thief" Madame G. has employed two Parisian Noblemen to look after her Parisian diamonds.

The Hostess looked charmingly in her shrimp pink satin coiffure with shad rose trimming. She wore Hunter's Point lace and a cirlet of pearls imported by her brother-in-law Mr. John Smith, from Oyster Bay.



The *débutante* of the occasion was the charming daughter of the no less charming Mrs. Tee-Cart, from Brewster's, N. Y. I was fortunate enough to obtain an introduction to both mother and daughter, who on hearing that I was your correspondent were all smiles. The young lady was conversational in the extreme and remarked that "this was her first real ball," but that when she was little "before Papa died" there were three of them "all gilded" hanging in front of the parental Mansion in Chatham Square. For some unexplained reason and much to my regret the young lady was at this point of the conversation very unceremoniously "russelled" away by her mother.

I very soon bade my hostess adieu and on my arrival at the hotel found the enclosed note awaiting me:

"Cliff Walk.  
Toosdy.

Dere Sur

Plese say that I have arrived at Noodleport with mi hansom teme of Noobeau ponys and yot for which 'stere' I will take you out on my yot tomorrow morning.

Yours Trooley

J. BILLBOARD FULLZAGOTE.

P. S. I'm a 3rd cuzen of 'Freddie.'

J. B. F."

The P. S. was unnecessary. I recognized him by the strawberry mark on his spelling and hasten to do as he bids me for the sake of the "yotting." Of course you will not print this letter or any of my remarks thereon.

Fox hunting will begin as soon as a fox can be obtained. The Hunters complain of riding over the fields, all day long, after a bag of aniseed and receiving nothing but a hair-brush as a reward for being in at the death.

Polo is in full blast and the Blues and Reds win alternately. Paradoxical as it may seem when the Reds win they get the blues.

There are no new engagements except that of Col. Jack Nocash to Minnie Moneybags. *On dit* that the lovely heiress Miss Vandergould will be taken from us by Lord Nosewhat.

J. K. B.

REAL ESTATE ITEM:—Pretty French lawns have gone down to 14c. per yard.



THE OCEAN STEAMER—No. 4.

I SHOULD LIKE THE LARGE ONE IN MY STATE-ROOM, THE SMALL ONE YOU CAN SEND DOWN STAIRS.

### BOOKISHNESS.

FROM the publishing house of A. Williams & Company, Boston, comes a dainty volume of poems, entitled "Sly Ballades in Harvard China," by E. S. Martin, a well-known writer of this city. Through some of these lyrics runs a cynical vein which will please the jilted lover and the disappointed politician, whilst others have been struck from the lighter chords of love and laughter. It is a collection worth having—polite, poetic, peppery and pointed.

FROM Houghton Mifflin & Co. we receive "A Fashionable Sufferer," by Augustus Hoppin, author of "Recollections of Anton House." Mr. Hoppin himself has evidently been a fashionable sufferer from the petty but exquisite tortures inflicted upon patient, adoring man by lovely but captious woman, for he dwells upon the practical methods of refined coquettish cruelty with a feeling and energy which could not have been born of observation alone. The language is crisp and keen, often savage and at times unconsciously funny.



BECAUSE THE DEAR CHILDREN ENJOY IT SO.



'COS IT'S BULLY FUN.



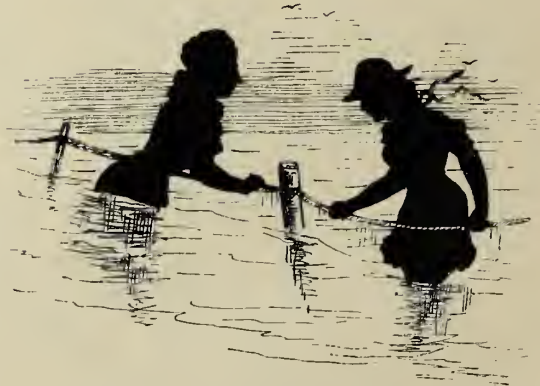
WHY DO THE THIN MEN GET THE LARGEST SUITS?



AND THE FAT MEN THE SMALL ONES?



BECAUSE ONE CAN ENJOY HIMSELF  
UNDISTURBED.



BECAUSE IT IS THE BEST CHANCE WE HAVE TO  
SHOW OUR FIGURES.

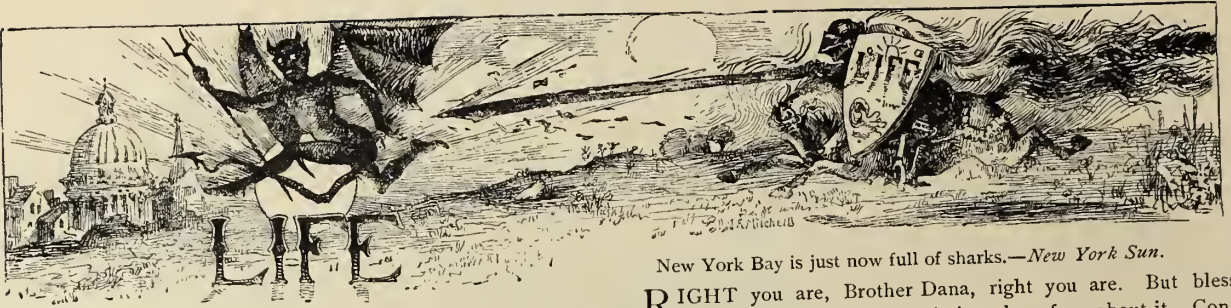
HOW AND WHY WE BATHE.





“BREAK, BREAK, BREAK,  
ON THY COLD, GRAY STONES, O, SEA!”  
BROKE, BROKE, BROKE—  
THAT’S WHAT’S THE MATTER WITH ME.





VOL. II. AUGUST 2D, 1883. NO. 31.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

Subscribers leaving town for the summer may have their copies forwarded by sending their summer address in full to this office.

AFTER carefully canvassing the situation, LIFE presents the following as probable candidates for 1884:

- |                |   |                                      |
|----------------|---|--------------------------------------|
| CALIFORNIA,    | { | President, Denis Kearney.            |
|                | { | Vice-President, Leland Stanford.     |
|                | { | Alternate, U. S. Grant.              |
| COLORADO,      | { | President, Bullion Tabor.            |
|                | { | Vice-President, William the Kid.     |
|                | { | Alternate, U. S. Grant.              |
| NEW YORK,      | { | President, Billy McGlory.            |
|                | { | Vice-President, Roscoe Conkling.     |
|                | { | Alternate, U. S. Grant.              |
| MISSOURI,      | { | President, Frank James.              |
|                | { | Vice-President, Joseph Pulitzer.     |
|                | { | Alternate, U. S. Grant.              |
| MASSACHUSETTS, | { | President, John L. Sullivan.         |
|                | { | Vice-President, Jesse Pomeroy.       |
|                | { | Alternate, U. S. Grant.              |
| OHIO,          | { | President, Mrs. and Mr. R. B. Hayes. |
|                | { | Vice-President, George Hoadly.       |
|                | { | Alternate, U. S. Grant.              |
| NEW JERSEY,    | { | President, Secor Robinson.           |
|                | { | Vice-President, John Roach.          |
|                | { | Alternate, U. S. Grant.              |
| ILLINOIS,      | { | President, Mike McDonald.            |
|                | { | Vice-President, Carter H. Harrison.  |
|                | { | Alternate, U. S. Grant.              |
| LOUISIANA,     | { | President, J. H. Acklen.             |
|                | { | Vice-President, William P. Kellogg.  |
|                | { | Alternate, U. S. Grant.              |

\* \* \*

THE failure of the proposal to raise a credit of 230,000,000 francs in the Paris Municipality has settled it. Neither Mr. Robeson nor Mr. Thompson will go abroad this season.

\* \* \*

SEVEN hundred and nineteen patents for fire-escapes have been issued to inventors, Messrs. Beecher and Ingersoll not included.

\* \* \*

FROM his inability to strike that keynote, we would be led to believe that either the Democratic fog-horn is out of tune, or that Judge Hoadly plays entirely by ear.

New York Bay is just now full of sharks.—*New York Sun.*

RIGHT you are, Brother Dana, right you are. But bless your genial soul, you need n't make a fuss about it. Congress is full of 'em; so are the Legislature and Wall Street; so are Temple Court and the Mills Building and the Western Union and the City Hall, and if a few of 'em have slopped over into the Bay it is rather a good thing. There are enough of them left to make things lively.

\* \* \*

THE superintendent of the Western Union reports that the condition of that estimable monopoly is "O. K." Does this stand for Orful Kolicky?

\* \* \*

WITH cholera, yellow fever and Murat Halstead's campaign threatening us at one time, the outlook is indeed gloomy.

\* \* \*

THE twelve jurors in the Dorsey case have been honorably added by the Royal College of Astronomers to the list of "fixed" stars.

\* \* \*

PERSONS who have seen how a plucked owl or a shaved poodle shrinks, will understand how cruel and inhuman is the edict now going forth against banged hair.

\* \* \*

RECENT facts embolden us to back George Hoadly of Ohio to swim against Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, through the Niagara Whirlpool, the winner to take two-thirds of the gate money. Competent Democratic authorities say that no vortex in the world can suck Hoadly's head under.

\* \* \*

AN article seriously reflecting upon Hell recently appeared in these columns, and an esteemed subscriber angrily withdrew his subscription. We regret his action, but are compelled to admire the patriotism which inspired it.

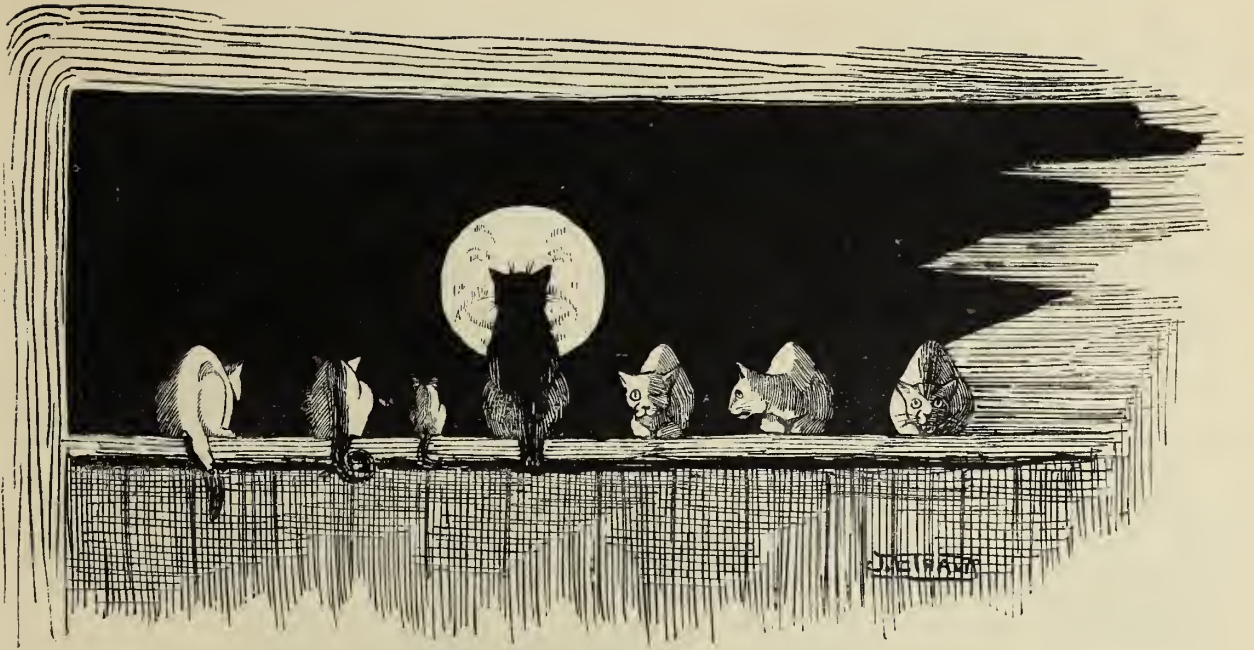
\* \* \*

HAS any calm-minded citizen yet paused to consider what would be the result if, in the noiseless depths of the desperate West, the two great junketing caravans of Arthur and Hatch should meet, mistake each the other for a party of savages, as they could easily do, and indulge in a mutual and rough-and-tumble massacre?

\* \* \*

THE pleasing intelligence came from Joliet, Indiana, last week, that one hundred persons were poisoned by eating ice cream, and every unmarried man in the country promptly pasted a copy of the dispatch in his hat.





A SYMPHONY.

LOCKERBIE STREET.

SUCH a rare little street it is! Nestled away  
From the noise of the city and heat of the day,  
In cool, shady coverts of whispering trees,  
With their leaves lifted up to shake hands with the breeze  
That in all its wide wanderings never may meet  
With a resting place fairer than Lockerbie Street.

There is such a relief from the clangor and din  
Of the heart of the town, to go loitering in  
Through the dim narrow walks, with the sheltering shade  
Of the trees, waving over the long promenade,  
And littering lightly the ways of your feet  
With the gold of the sunshine of Lockerbie Street!

And the Nights that come down the dark pathways of dusk  
With the stars in their tresses, and odors of musk  
In their moon-woven draperies, spangled with dews,  
And looped up with lilies for lovers to use  
In the songs that they sing to the tinkle and beat  
Of their sweet serenadings through Lockerbie Street.

O Lockerbie Street! You are fair to be seen!  
Be it noon of the day, or the calm and serene  
Afternoon, or the night, you are one to my heart;  
And I love you above all the phrases of Art;  
For no language may frame, and no lips may repeat  
My rhyme-haunted raptures o'er Lockerbie Street.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

ÆSOP REVISED.

THE HARE AND THE HOUND.

A HOUND while perambulating through the wilds of Jersey  
in company with a Hare-Hunter was scared half to death  
by a *real* rabbit which emerged from a bush by the road-side.

After the noble dog had been brought to, a Mosquito remarked,  
"You had a narrow escape, my friend." "Yes," replied the  
Hound, "you may say so. I have hunted for the past fifteen  
years in these regions. I have run with the Meadow Brook  
Hunt after aniseed bags, time and time again; I have had my  
tail shot off and my ears pierced by a crack shot from Murray  
Hill; I have met every kind of hirsute animal from a Welch  
Rarebit to a Missing Heir, but a real live Hare in Jersey,  
Heavens! I like to died. You were right in saying that I had  
a hare-breadth escape!"

After perpetrating the above the dog was so stung by remorse  
and mosquitos that he surrendered his apparition.

MORAL: Never be surprised at anything that happens in  
Jersey.

THE EXPONENT OF THE DARWINIAN THEORY AND THE TRANS-  
PORTER OF THE DESERT.

At a Base-Ball game between the Beasts—and the game is  
often played by beasts—the Monkey, who sat on first base,  
put in some pretty fine work, having practised with cocoanuts,  
in his native climb. The Camel who was supposed to be a dis-  
interested observer of the game thought he too would like to get  
his back on, and do a little showing off. As ill luck would have  
it, however, he missed an easy fly, whereat the Beasts waxed  
highly indignant as well as the camel and drew odious compar-  
isons betwixt the case in point and the Scriptural text about  
"straining at a gnat."

The Monkey gave him the last straw and after breaking his  
back remarked:

"You'd better stick to hump-iring."

This saying exasperated the assembled multitude even more  
than the Camel's muff, and Darwin's brother was promptly expired.

MORAL: 'T is better to be an Umpire in a Base-Ball match  
than a Funny Man.

J. K. BANGS.

## TALES OF TWO CITIES.

A VERY nice girl of Milwaukee  
Was always excessively talky,  
But when she was wed  
Was mum as the dead,  
And her husband declared she was balky.

A cruel old wretch in Chicago,  
Refusing to let his wife's jaw go,  
She got a divorce  
As a matter of course,  
And showed him how far could the law go.

EDWARD WILLETT.

THE SEASON AT NOODLE-  
PORT.

(FROM OUR SOCIETY CORRESPONDENT).

AS the season advances Noodleport becomes more and more attractive and gayety is ever on the increase. Invitations continue to pour in from all sides and for all sorts of entertainments, from "Guess Parties" to "Casino Hops" and "Tennis Balls."

The Guess Parties are the most amusing of the evening entertainments, this year. They were invented by the Noodleport Dude Association. The number of invitations is limited to one hundred persons, selected of course from the *crème-de-la-crème* of Noodleport Society. *En passant* it might be well to quote young Wittiebrains' last *bon-mot* that "it is not strange that there should be so many milk-sops among the *crème-de-la-crème*." The guests assemble and have a dance from nine until ten when a supper is served. Immediately after supper the humorous part of the *affaire* comes. A live Dude is placed on a table in the centre of the room and the assembled multitude try to guess what it is. The one who guesses correctly gets the Dude.

There are many handsome turnouts here, and every afternoon at five o'clock the Oshun Drive and Swellview Avenue present a very animated scene. The charming Mrs. William Kay drives a spanking team of chestnuts to her phaeton. Mrs. William Kay has introduced the English custom of having her footman stand on a small platform in the rear of her carriage. Rumor has it that when Mrs. William Kay first came here she had a small tiger to stand there, but the Madame drove so fast and the boy was so light that his feet were wafted in the air like a pennant on the foremast of a yacht. The boy complained that he had his top-boots blown off every afternoon and experienced much difficulty in hanging on to the carriage, with his body "unfurled to the breezes." I notice that a heavy Englishman with pig-iron weights on his feet stands there now.

While driving yesterday with Mme. Basnoir your correspondent noticed Lord Noland taking his *fiancée* Miss Bertie-Bart who is, *par richesse*, the heiress of the season, out for an airing on his drag. After dinner



THE BELLE OF THE WOODS.

I met his Lordship coming out of the Casino, and in course of my chat with him, remarked that I had seen him driving his coach, and as the evening wore on he became very confidential.

"Ya—y—ya—as! I—aw—saw you—dwiving s'—awftnoon. But ye know that—dwag—aw—ain't mine, doncher give it away—though. Ye—see, we fellows—ovah in—aw—London get blawsted 'ard up—aw—at times, ye know, so when we're in—aw—funds we—aw—subscribe ye see to the—aw—Amewican Club. Now the—aw—Amewican Club, ye know, owns all these—aw—dwags we fellows dwive. When we lose—aw—all of our—cash, the—aw—Club, doncher see, pays our—aw—expenses ovah heah and we—aw—use the dwags and the Club's money until we can—aw—mawwy an heirwess! Then, doncher see, we—aw—endow the er—aw—Club. Ya—as! Seen Black's 'Yolande'? Ya—as. Well—aw—that 'll explain how we Lawds—aw—are werged ovah theah. No 'count, ye know. Sowwy, but it's—aw so! Amewica is the—aw—place f'r us, doncher know. F'yer want to mawwy an—aw—heirwess ovah heah—aw—buy a—aw—title and it's—aw—all wight, ye know. G'devening."

Polo is in full blast. The game last Saturday was intensely exciting owing to an accident that happened to Jack Longpocket who was playing beautifully for the blues. He and young de Groom were running



for the ball when Jack Longpocket was thrown from his pony and landed heavily on his head. Every one thought he was killed, but he immediately arose and mounting his pony finished the game. Dr. Killern, who examined the young man's head after his fall, stated that the blow was hard enough to have knocked his brains out, but by a blessed dispensation of Providence the young man was born without any and a terrible accident was thus averted.

The Aristocracy introduced an innovation here a few days since by taking part in a circus performance. Lord Ganderbill and Mr. Isaacs, two very well known Society gentlemen, rode a pair of polo ponies around the rink bareback. The ponies were roller-skates. At a given signal a few imported Indians, with a strange brogue, attacked them with war-whoops. The riders heroically repulsed their assailants, but had it not been for the timely arrival of Biffalo Bull and Dr. Cutter with an extra allowance of hair and an assortment of yells there is no telling what would have happened. As it was the nobleman was hit hard by one of the war whoops and hurt about the head. Some people think the affair was a grand success, while Mrs. Grundy remarked "the gentlemen made geese of themselves, but what else could you expect from a Ganderbill?"

I met the lovely Lady Imogene, widow of the late Lord Deliverus, at the deBullpup's dinner last evening. Lady Imogene is said to be the handsomest woman in Noodleport to-day, but as for myself I should award the palm for beauty to the Hon. Mrs. Clifton Seabreeze. (Be sure and get this in. It is paid for!)

Mr. and Mrs. Van Dyke Thorndike, of Diketown, Dikota, are at the Lawn-Moore's Cottage on Gold St.

George Bonton and his lovely sister Miss Janet Bonton have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Finecut on the cliff.

Among those registered at the Notion House are John Talker, M. C.; J. Jams Jones; Judge Nolaw from Texas; Marquis of Cucumbri, who is reported engaged to Madame Greene; Signora Cholera Keepoffi; Constantine Orfulritch of St. Petersburg; and John Jenkins from Elm Cove.

J. K. B.

A PROPOSAL.

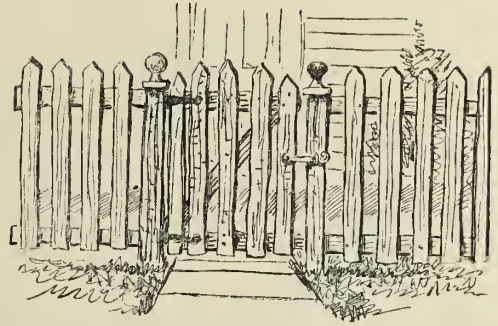
"PADDLE your own canoe,"  
They told me long ago;  
In mine there's room for two—  
Will you a-boating go?

P.

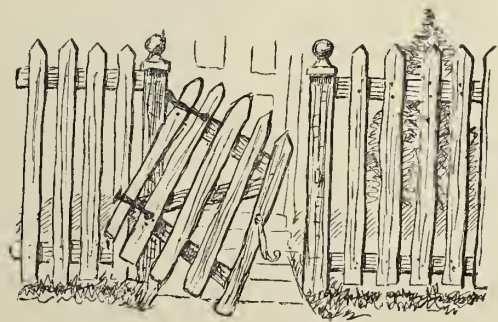
TEMPERANCE IN THE WEST.

It was recently stated that total abstinence had gained great victories in Michigan, but the report from Detroit that a serpent forty feet long and four feet thick was seen by seven eminent citizens would seem to indicate that the good work had met with a set back.

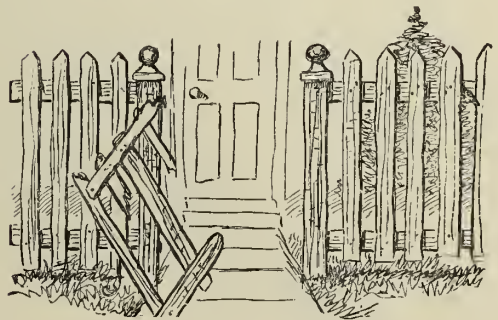
THE SEASONS.



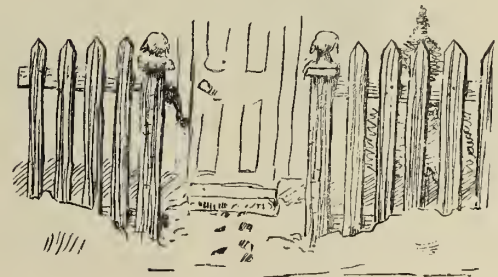
SPRING.



SUMMER.



AUTUMN.



WINTER.









IS THIS A TIME FOR SLEEP?



## THE SHARK'S SONNET.

## ARGUMENT.

A hopeless passion—Oh so mighty!  
For a maiden made of *lignum vita*.

I'VE traversed the Atlantic,  
I've skimmed the Carribee,  
The Good Hope shore I've passed before,  
I've ploughed the Arctic sea.

From port to port, from flood to flood,  
Wherever ship doth go,  
From India's strands to Norseman's lands,  
From Thames, to Hoang Ho.

The star fish asks me why I roam,  
The conger queries why,  
And mermaids fair, stop work and stare  
As I go rushing by.

The porpoise bids me stop and rest,  
The syrens call to me;  
But no! but no! I still must go,  
Nor linger in the sea.

My eyes wax dim, my tail grows lax,  
And feeble are my jaws,  
Yet I must roam, *sans* rest and home—  
For me, for me no pause.

There is a bark from Kennybunk,  
That sails, and sails away;  
And 'neath her sprit a maid doth sit  
That is more fair than day.

There is no blush on *her* cheek,  
Its hue is of the snow;  
Her chiseled nose, like laundried clo'es,  
Is purest white also.

One day—alas! a fatal day,  
That bark from Kennybunk,  
On starboard tack, ran 'cross my track,  
'T was then my heart was sunk.

For, looking up, I saw the maid  
Right there, beneath the bow;  
I felt the thing that poets sing,  
It came—I know not how.

And to be ever at her side,  
I've journeyed with the bark,  
From shore to shore, vast oceans o'er,  
A servile suitor shark.

No other fish that skims the main,  
No trout that leaps the rill,  
Can me excel—nor swim as well—  
I've wondrous grace and skill.



## THE OCEAN STEAMER—No. 5.

## WAITING FOR THE MALE.

But there she sits, that maiden cold,  
I cannot catch her eye,  
I wheel, I splash, I make a dash,  
In vain—she'll not espy.

Yes! There she sits, with eye intent  
Upon some distant spot.  
Oh, can it be, she looks to see  
A rival? Cruel lot!

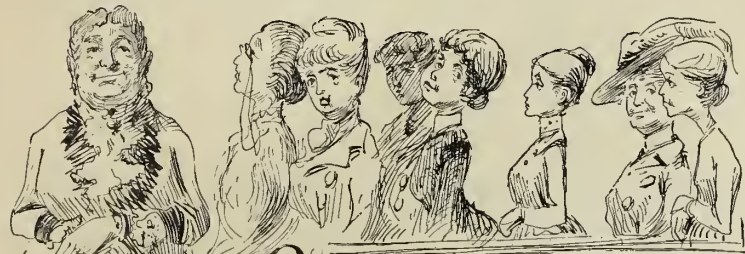
If she doth not relent, and gaze  
Upon me as I flit,  
I'll say, with moan, go heat a stone;  
Go heat it red—I'll swallow it!

W. P.



POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON IX.—The Managing Mama.



**W**HAT is this?  
 This is a managing mama, darling.  
 Why a "managing mama?"  
 Because she is managing or trying to manage.  
 To do what?  
 To marry off her daughters.  
 My! that is a huge undertaking?  
 Mountainous, my precious.  
 But those seven gawks lagging behind her?  
 Sh! Those, dear, are her charming and accomplished daughters.

*But that sallow old girl with the giglamps and stiff neck?*

That, my precious, is Mathilde, the literary light of the family.

*How "literary?"*

Well, Mathilde has read Swinburne and Herbert Spencer, knows two professors of the Concord School of Philosophy, has published four poems in the Philadelphia Ledger, and can write verse all night long. Besides, Mathilde knows four constellations, Mathilde does, acts in amateur theatricals, and is writing a play.

*Gracious! and how old is she?*  
 Just nineteen, sweet.

*And who is the wall-eyed young lady with freckles and fever blisters, walking with Mathilde?*

That, dear, is Angele, the beauty of the family.

*How the "beauty?"*

Well, whenever they get up tableaux at the Church, Angele is selected, and that proves it.

*How old is Angele?*  
 Just nineteen, love.

*And that one immediately behind Mathilde?—the young lady with crooked teeth and a nose like an india-rubber shoe run down at the heel?*

That, darling, is Therese.

*And what does she do?*

She is the good girl of the family—goes to church twice a day, says grace at meals, and works biblemarks for every man she meets.

*How old?*  
 Just nineteen.  
*Next?—the pudding-faced girl with twisted hair?*  
 That is Marie.

*Well?*  
 Marie is the flirt of the family. Marie uses slang, and purses up her mouth, smokes cigarettes and makes faces, and always says what an awful bad, naughty girl she has been, and is generally as playful as a kitten.

*Old?*  
 Just nineteen, dear.

*Next?—the meek little duncie with a figure like a shad?*

Madeleine.

*Well, what is the matter with her?*

She is the housekeeper of the family. Madeleine can cook right through four cook books; she makes her own dresses.

*I could have guessed as much myself.*

Sh!—and then Madeleine looks after everything, and sees that everything is right, and oh! well there 's no end to the comfort brought about by Madeleine.

*She is just nineteen too, I suppose?*

Nineteen, last week, darling.

*Next?—that bilious scarecrow in the hat?*

Sh! that, my precious, is Belle.

*Well, what is the chronic trouble with Belle.*

Why, Belle has travelled, and she is the wit of the family. When Lord Muffyn was telling a long story to Angele last evening, Belle told him to "saw it off" and "cheese it."

*That was very funny.*

Yes, dear.

*You say she has "travelled?"*

Yes, dear.

*Where?*

Well she has been in Colorado and Chicago and Milwaukee.

*Her age?*

Just nineteen, sweet.

*Well, now tell me about that poor little consumptive with gold teeth.*

That, dear, is Celeste.

*Nineteen?*

Just.

*Any miraculous talent?*

Yes, darling.

*What?*

A "voice."

*Cultivated?*

Well, Signor Tutti Frutti di Vermicelli says that he thinks about 200 lessons will "develope" it.



### THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

*Mr. Tralala (to Barber after enjoying a hair cut and his first shave and receiving his "check"):* I THINK YOU 'VE MADE A MISTAKE. IS N'T A SHAVE 20 CENTS?

*Barber (deprecatingly):* REALLY, I COULDN'T THINK OF CHARGING FOR THAT, SIR.

*How much does he charge a lesson?*

Six dollars.

*Has anybody ever heard Celeste sing?*

No, dear.

*Why?*

Well the Signor says she might injure her throat, if she sang much while yet so young.

*She is nineteen?*

Exactly.

*It is a remarkable family when you come to know their points?*

Very.

*You learn the points in confidence from mama?*

Yes, dear, in strict confidence.

*Otherwise you might think them a precious lot of muffs?*

Possibly.

*Do you think the managing mama will succeed?*

If she does not, it will not be her fault.

### WISDOM.

IN the clear strawberry weather,  
When the sun in splendor shone,  
Maud and I went out together,  
Roaming through a woodland zone;  
She was fair, and I was spoony,—  
She was wise, and I was not;  
For a fellow's always looney  
When soft hair with gold is shot.

Ah, her hands were white and slender,  
And her voice was like the song  
Of a bird, whose sleepy, tender  
Carol thrills the air along;  
And I thought her like the lily,  
Swaying with the restless tide;  
If the simile seem silly,  
Think that she was by your side,—

That the air was cool and fragrant,  
And your face was softly fanned  
By a tress, that breezes vagrant  
Loosed from out its azure band:  
Think the path was lone and narrow,  
And quite willing to eclipse  
All the world save some pert sparrow,  
When she turned to you her lips.

Think of this, and then remember  
That May's supple, winsome grace  
Makes short work of wise December,  
When backed by a pretty face;  
And then vow that I'm a softy,  
Just because the papers say  
That your servant and Maud Lofty  
Soon will travel Hymen's way.

Do I like my mess of pottage?

Maud is handsome as a peach,

And the owner of a cottage

At Nantasket on the beach,—

Is well-read, and shrewd, and witty,

And has all the points to match;

So I doubt if in the city

I could find a better catch.

Do n't be heavy on a fellow—

Wait till Love shall play his hand;  
Some fine day when skies are mellow,

You will bow to his command,—

Yes, and think, oh, scorning mortal,

That the acme of all bliss

Is to wait beside the portal

That you open with a kiss.

THOS. S. COLLIER.



# BOOKISHNESS



THE Messrs. Holt have Leisure Hours as well as Leisure Moments, the year round. They have recently added to their popular Series "Master Bieland and his Workman," by Berthold Auerbach. This story, the last that Auerbach wrote, is the romance of a "Company of United Shoemakers." It is not in the author's most imaginative vein—the title would indicate that—but it is thoroughly imbued with the German sentiment of Auerbach, with some American enterprise thrown in by way of coloring.

"THE Miseries of Fo Hi," says the preface, "comes to us straight from China like the vases and images with which we decorate our mantels." This at once creates a doubt in our minds as to the genuineness of Fo Hi's miseries, for are we not warned that a large part of the bric-a-brac we call Chinese and clutter our houses with is manufactured right here in New York, and not by the pig-tailed Celestials of Mott Street either, but by native born Yankees? Francisque Sarcey is responsible for the French version of this story and Messrs. Jansen, McClurg & Co. of Chicago for its appearance in America. Fo Hi was the weak son of a weak father. Instead of going into trade as his ancestors before him, he sought official position, hence his miseries. No alderman on his bench was more oppressed by the cares of office than Fo Hi, and he only learned when too late that happiness for him would have been found in selling "rice and pepper and spices," after the manner of his father, and other than reeling off red tape from an office chair.

THE fact that Mr. Ruskin has written the preface to "The Story of Ida" will be the attraction for people to buy the book, but when they once own it they will read it for the story's sake. Ruskin is something like Bachelor Bluff, he loves to growl and to make you think that he is a cross grained old fellow, but away down in his heart there is a spot as soft as the sunny side of a peach. He is just as much touched as the tenderest hearted woman by this story of the little Florentine sufferer, and he has gone over it with gentle hands and prepared it for the press. It is a true story written by a lady who nursed the child on her death bed. The etching that forms the frontispiece is a portrait of Ida and shows her to have possessed a rare and *spirituel* beauty. The lives in which the public are interested, says Mr. Ruskin with his usual illogic, are scarcely ever worth writing. Of course this is not true, nor is it true that the lives we need to have written for us "are of people whom the world has not thought of—far less heard of,—who are yet doing the most of its work, and of whom we may learn how it can best be done." This is thoroughly Ruskinian with the *sound*, but no more of common sense. (John Wiley & Sons.)

## THE REASON.

ON land and sea reposes  
The moonshine cold and white,  
The perfume of the roses  
Fills all the air of night.

The breeze is running riot  
O'er Ocean's distant blue ;  
No sounds disturb our quiet,  
Our solitude for two.

In one harmonious chorus  
Night's voices all seem blent,  
Night's charm is stealing o'er us,  
And yet,—we're not content.

'T is not that love has vanished  
'T is not that we forget,  
'T is not that hope is banished  
And leaves us but regret.

Our thoughts are far asunder  
As earth and Ocean's pearls,—  
It is n't any wonder,  
You see we *both* are girls !

SOPHIE ST. G. LAWRENCE.

## SHAKSPEARIAN NOTES.

SHYLOCK is a fair exemplification of how pound foolish a man may be.

"SEASON your admiration for a while" is rather a spicy way of putting it.

It is yet to be decided if Hanlan is "the noblest Rowman of them all."

WHEN Hamlet said "But I have that within, which passeth show," it is believed that he had in his pocket a complimentary ticket to the circus.

"AND he that stands upon a slippery place makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up" would be an appropriate motto for Mr. Dorsey's log cabin.

HAMLET was probably on a fishing excursion when he said "The air bites shrewdly" and the inference is that he was successful in "catching cold."

"FOR ever and for ever farewell, Cassius. If we do meet again, why we shall smile," said Brutus, and how pleasant it is to contemplate that "age does not wither nor custom stale" this delightful habit of "smiling" when friends meet.

PHILIP H. WELCH.



A FENIAN RAM.

MR. PATRICK MULCAHEY made a morning call upon the Widow O'Flaherty at her castle on the rocks in the upper part of this city. He was attired in his best, and the preliminaries of politeness between the distinguished guest and the superb *chataleine* were all that the occasion could call for.

"I kem to ax yez," then remarked the Mulcahey, "phwat ye're willin' to do for the cause this mornin'."

"Phwat cause is that, now, Mистер Mulcahey?"

"An' phwat should it be, mim, but the cause av ould Oireland."

"Sure an' I'm gittin toired, sor. Manny's the dime, an' manny's the dollar I've paid in till the cause; but still they do be shootin' an' hangin' the byes, an' the bloody Saxin gits fat on the best blood av ould Oireland."

"It won't be fur long now, Misthress O'Flaherty. We're raisin' a fund to pay fur a ram."

"A ram, is it? An' phwat wud yez be doin' wid a ram?"

"A ram, Misthress O'Flaherty, wud butt the shtuffin' out av the biggest ironclad that iver floated, an' sink the British navy quicker'n a thirsty man wud take a drink, an' shwape the bloody Saxin from the says."

"It's a quare notion intoirely, sor. Is it a ram that wud shwim in the say?"

"In the say, an' over the say, an' undher the say, Misthress O'Flaherty. An' thin, mim, it's so aisy to kape whin wance we git it. Only a coal oil can, as I may say."

"Thru fur yez, Mr. Mulcahey. Or a tematy can, or anny other kind av a can, wid a few yards av thayater bills fur lunch."

"Phwat will yez give, thin, Misthress O'Flaherty?"

"If it's a ram will do the wurruk, sor, I'll take the whole ixpinse on mesilf."

"The whole ixpinse? Do yez know phwat ye're sayin', mim?"

An  
An  
Old  
Man who  
was timid  
At night, as  
the clothes line  
hung right in his  
sight, in the yard  
thought he saw, of masked  
Burglars a score.  
And of course got a  
Terrible fright.

"Throth an' I do, sor. I'll give the last bit av propherty I've got to the cause av ould Oireland. I'll give yez Teddy, me own billygoat, the pride av Shantytown, an' I pity the Saxin that wud shtand fornenst him. Look at him, sor, as he climbs the rocks! By the same token, Mистер Mulcahey, ye'd better shlip quietly dune the back way, as Teddy has set his two eyes on yez, an' he'd butt the last board off the shanty but phwat he'd git at yez."

As Mr. Mulcahey tumbled down the cliff, the fair *chataleine* consoled him with a promise to keep the ram until he should call for it.

## THE TWO SISTERS.

### I.

DOWN in the lilacs one spring day  
I found Miss Nell, and with her  
The mischief Maud—they, in mad sport,  
Chased butterflies together.

### II.

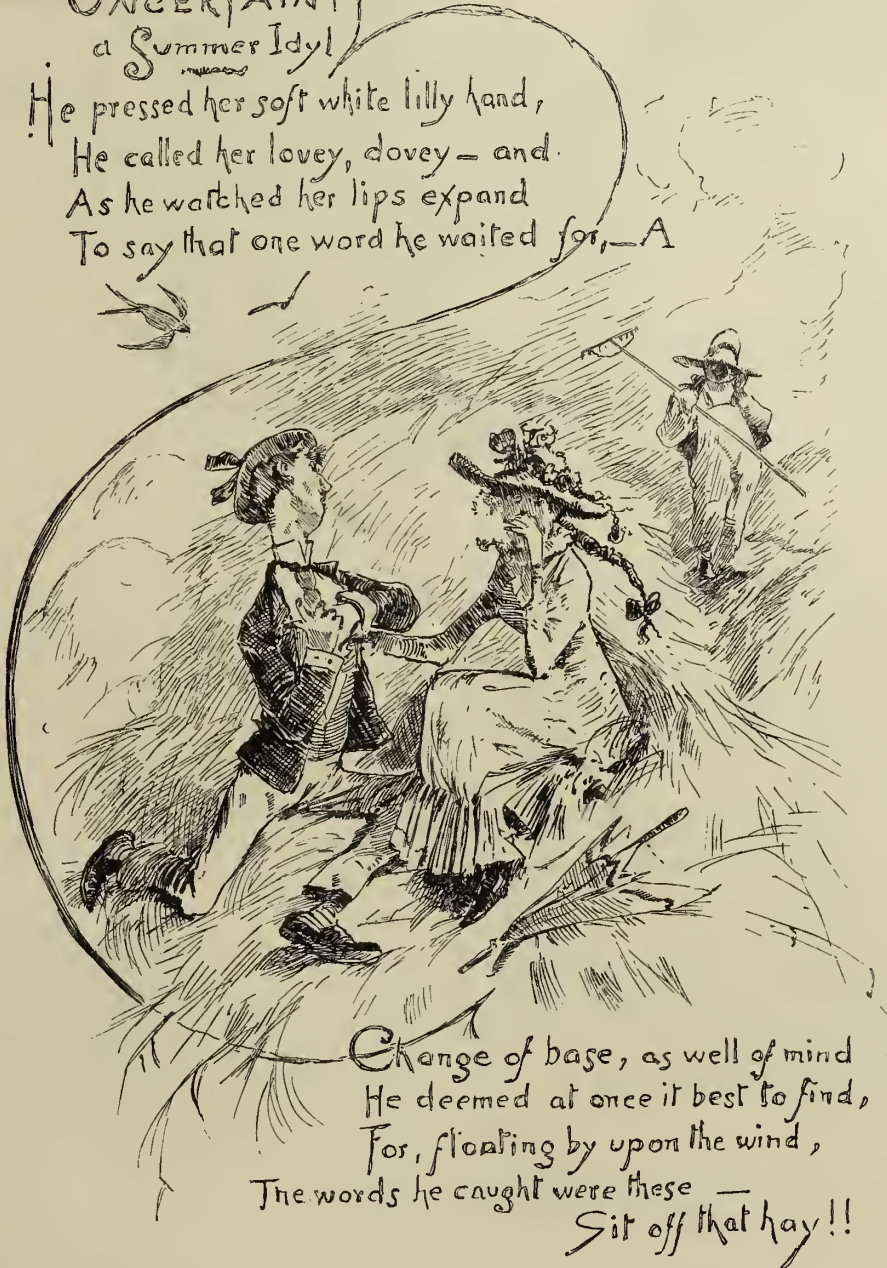
I caught a glorious yellow one,  
And begged a kiss in payment.  
The little witch refused point-blank,  
And laughed at my dismayment.

### III.

Green envy stung me to the quick;  
I quickly caught and kissed her.  
—'Twas very pleasant, but, I own,  
I'd rather kiss her sister.



UNCERTAINTY  
a Summer Idyl  
He pressed her soft white lilly hand,  
He called her lovey, dovey - and  
As he watched her lips expand  
To say that one word he waited for, - A



Change of base, as well of mind  
He deemed at once it best to find,  
For, floating by upon the wind,  
The words he caught were these -  
Sit off that hay!!



VOL. II. AUGUST 9TH, 1883. NO. 32.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

OUR misgivings about the sanity of the Star Route jury have been painfully confirmed. Mr. Dorsey has become a poet.

\* \* \*

AN umbrella, an ulster, a fan, a pair of overshoes, a life-preserver, two car muffs and a seersucker suit are included in every careful citizen's luggage during the present season.

\* \* \*

THAT the Brooklyn police succeeded in arresting a croquet player in the very act Thursday, proves that justice is not so blind as she is reported to be.

\* \* \*

IS George Hoadly mindful of the duties of an advanced picket in this important strife?—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Certainly he is, brother Watterson. George knows that a picket's duty is to stick to the fence.

\* \* \*

THE vacant sale of articles found by the police in this city during the past year, showed up the excellent proportion of four hundred and twenty revolvers to two Bibles. This shows how popular prejudice runs.

\* \* \*

LIGHTNING struck Mr. Henry M. Burt on Mt. Washington last week but inflicted no injury. Mr. Burt happened to be an editor.

\* \* \*

MISS CHRISTINE NILSSON told Mr. Henry Irving recently that if he desired to produce an impression in America he must learn the banjo. August 2nd the important news was cabled across that Mr. Irving had acted upon the advice. August 4th it was noticed on 'Change that there was a feverish demand for buckshot and breech-loading guns. These are singular coincidences.

\* \* \*

THE German Government has strictly prohibited the importation of American hogs. Mr. Hubert O'Thompson will make a brief tour through England, France and Italy.

\* \* \*

THE Western Union is offering great inducements to penniless French girls who are desirous of making dots. The Republican party must go.

THE accuracy with which our great daily contemporaries chronicle events in this city is among the wonders of the age. A man attacked a woman with a pistol at 3 o'clock last Thursday morning on Carmine street. Friday morning every journal in the city contained the thrilling news, with but these trifling variations. The *New York Times* narrated how "Joseph Dias," a "Cuban Negro," shot at "Marcia Marthona," but says her only wound was caused by a "blunt instrument." The *New York Sun* said that Joseph "Diaz" shot Mrs. "Marthone," a "mulato"; and she received "four bullets in her head." The *New York World* alleged that Diaz shot Mrs. "Monsonie," "two bullets inflicting serious wounds in her head." The *New York Herald* supported the two bullets statement but claimed that it was Mrs. "Marthoni" who was shot. Finally, the *New York Tribune* said that Mrs. Marthoni had received "four bullets through the head," and that one of the wounds was "dangerous."

\* \* \*

THE wily Mr. Gould has aborted the necessity for a postal telegraph by directing the Western Union to forward its dispatches by mail. The Democrats must go.

\* \* \*

MR. JOHN L. SULLIVAN and Mr. Herbert Slade announced by poster that they would spar with soft gloves "on their merits," but each tried Monday evening to spar on the other's nose. Mr. Dana must go.

\* \* \*

OUR highly esteemed contemporary the *New York Times* cruelly misjudges Mr. Gould's use of small boys in important Western Union offices. Mr. Gould is a philanthropist. He wants the boys to grow up with the business.

\* \* \*

IT was a poker party in Thompson Street and a big jack pot had been opened. There were evidently big hands out and the bets and excitement ran high. "Looker hyer, Gus, whuffer yo' rise dat pot?" exclaimed Mr. Tooter Williams. "Nebber yo' mine—yo' call, ef yo' is n't 'fraid—yes, yo' call—dat's all!" retorted Gus sullenly. "I won't call! I rise yo' back," said Mr. Williams, whose vertebræ were ascending. "I rise yo' ag'in," retorted Gus. And so they went at each other until chips, money and collateral were gone. Mr. Williams concluded to call: "What yo' got, nigger, dat yo' do all dat risin' on? What yo' got, nohow?" Gus laid down his hand—ace, king, queen, jack and ten of clubs. "Is dat good?" he inquired, beginning to size up the pot. "No, dat's not good?" said Mr. Williams, reaching down in his boot-leg. "What yo' got den?" queried Gus. Mr. Williams looked at him fixedly. "Ise jes' got two jacks an' a razzar." "Dat's good," said Gus. The game then proceeded.





*She :* YOU ARE SIMPLY A HATEFUL, STUPID, JEALOUS BRUTE !

*He :* AND NO HUMAN BEING COULD GET ON PEACEABLY WITH YOU !

*She :* THEN WHY DO YOU TRY IT ?

*He :* THAT 'S A HAPPY SUGGESTION !

*She :* IT IS LUCKY YOU THINK SO, FOR IT IS THE LAST ONE OF ANY KIND YOU WILL EVER RECEIVE FROM ME !

*And is this the end of the engagement ?*

*Oh ! no, for*

---

**FRUITS, SEASONABLE AND UNSEASONABLE.**

"World's cruelty is bitter pain,  
But pain is not the fruit of pain."

—BROWNING.

**A**PPLE green,  
Boy same,  
Eating seen,  
Walketh lame.

Curleth lower,  
Pain immense,  
On the floor,  
Prostrate, tense.

Papa cometh,  
Caneth boy,  
Mamma runneth  
For a toy.

Telephone call,  
For Doctor Screw,  
Doctor cometh  
P. D. Q.

Brisk confrication,  
Urchin hollers,  
Hot application,  
Fee, three dollars.

ENVOY.

For the children, Heaven sent thee,  
Fruits a kind of new Nepenthe.  
They 'll eschew unripened dummies,  
If you cater to their "tummies."  
Buy them ripe fruit as you "orter."  
"Peaches, all ripe, three quarts for  
a quarter."

D. W. H.



*here we see them a few hours later  
apparently "friends" again.*

---

THE Anty-card party point to the sad lack of Treasury funds in Tennessee as a pitiful example of the effects of Polk—er.

## IN THE PARK.

BENEATH a crown of blazing lights,  
 Like stars that pierce the gloomy dark,  
 All through the mellow summer nights  
 The lovers linger in the park.

Bathed in a ghostly silver glare,  
 The pavement shows with every breeze  
 Sly shadows slipping quickly where  
 The leaves are kissing in the trees.

Two faces close, while lips repeat  
 That love each heart with joy receives—  
 A moment—then they softly meet,  
 And learn the lesson of the leaves.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

## THE POMPOONIK SUMMER SCHOOL.

POMPOONIK, JULY, 1883.

POMPOONIK has a summer school of Transcendental Science and Ethical and Æsthetical Culture. Beneath the shady elms whose branches interlace over the broad avenue that leads to the University, and on the green pastures of the campus, Prof. Jimjaxon, Ph. D., the president of the school, and his able colleagues, discuss, bare-headed and in flowing togas and chlowys, leading questions in abstruse science and theology. Your correspondent sought the cool and umbrageous enclosure on Friday morning, and in an interview with the Dean, whom he found seated in a rustic chair on the side hill browsing on a copy of Humboldt's "Cosmos," it was ascertained that the idea of starting the school was first conceived by the Dean himself while visiting the Concord school of philosophy.

On Saturday the school opened. Prof. Jimjaxon reclined in the graceful posture of a Greek statue on a dais constructed out of a dry-goods box and a buggy cushion at the south-east end of the grove between a pair of stately pines. Over his head was a light awning of bunting. An open space in the enclosure in front of the platform contained rustic seats and nail-kegs covered with strips of carpet, for those who were not peripatetically inclined, and a bright carpet of green.

A notable feature of this primitive school-room is the absence of books. They who would taste of the Pierian spring that bubbles up to the surface wherever the cane, or Aaron's rod, of a Pompoonik *savant* prods the ground, cram their heads with a richer provender

than encyclopædias and commentaries afford. For it is a school of memory and not of books. Mnemosyne is its tutelary genius. When a student is admitted he is addressed in these words: "O thou purblind groper in the dark; if a ray of light is to penetrate thy skull, burn thy books, light the fires of memory, and search the Sibylline leaves of the soul. On the tablets of thy memory, as in the book that Logistilla presented Astolpho, are all facts from which theories may be inferred."

Saturday's exercises included debates on the following topics: "The Idea of an Idea in Process of Incubation;" "Laplace's Theory Concerning Gravity in the Light of Prof. Wm. Izikslumis's Anti-Newtonian Hypothesis;" "The Pristine Civilization of the Megalithic Age;" "The Fallacy of Euler's System of Calculation by the Calculus;" and "The Nervous System of the Grasshopper." After donning their togas, and affixing their badges, the school repaired to the campus, where Dr. Petekityl opened the debate.

"The idea of an idea," he said, "was inconceivable. What are ideas? He had never seen an idea, nor conceived an idea on any subject—in fact, had no idea what he was talking about." Prof. Izikslumis at once interposed, and, removing his spectacles from his nose, remarked in a high key that Dr. Petekityl was disqualified from taking part in the debate from his own voluntary confession. Ideas, evidently, were not a common property, and ideas of ideas were the secure possession of the diviner sort of men, whose minds were purged with hellebore and excited in the higher modes of thought. His idea of an idea would not tally with Berkeley's (who was a living personification of a false idea), nor with Hobbes' nor with Professor Bain's. An idea of an idea in incubation could be demonstrated to thinking men as easily as falling off the roof of a barn. Here Prof. Izikslumis proceeded to demonstrate the idea by means of a piece of chalk and blackboard, during which act Prof. Bilfinsh, F. P. U., fell asleep, and Ske-dadd-le, the Egyptologist, caught a black beetle and pressed it in a copy of Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics"—a book he had been using as a chin rest—to preserve for entomological investigation.

The following questions will be debated during the heated term:

Is it possible to light the dark side of the moon by means of electricity?

In what psychological position does a man find himself, and what are his material surroundings, when, as George Lunt wrote in the "Age of Gold," it may be said of him:

"Contented will thy easy moments fly,  
 Each thought a wing to light them to the sky!"

Have spiders a system of telegraphy, using an invisible battery concealed in the abdomen, and utilizing their webs as wires?

When a man differs with you, and you agree to disagree, and he, while agreeing with you so far as to disagree, does not agree to agree, does he, in fact, agree or disagree?





THE OCEAN STEAMER—No. 5.

SHE'S OFF—GOOD BYE.

Is beer-drinking at the rate of a day injurious?

Is love a psychological phenomenon, or has it a physical basis in chemical affinities?

If there is a dietetical significance in certain abnormal states of mind, what had Tennyson eaten when he wrote, "O, Sorrow, wilt thou dwell with me?"

What were Jonah's speculations in the whale's belly?

How long can a man stand on one leg without losing his reason?

Is domesticity a virtue with a married man addicted to sitting around a stove and smoking cheap tobacco?

How is a twin to establish his identity to the satisfaction of himself and his brother?

H. V. S.

FLOWERS FOR THE PRESS.

<i>Telegram,</i>	- - - - -	Pink.
<i>Truth,</i>	- - - - -	C. Hall-flower.
<i>Times,</i>	- - - - -	
<i>Tribune,</i>	- - - - -	Park Rose.
<i>Sun,</i>	- - - - -	
<i>Herald and Presbyter,</i>	- - - - -	
<i>Christian at Work</i>	- - - - -	Blooming Serious.
<i>New York Observer,</i>	- - - - -	
<i>World,</i>	- - - - -	Sweet P's.
<i>Journal,</i>	- - - - -	
<i>Undertakers' Gazette,</i>	- - - - -	Mourning Glories.
<i>Punch,</i>	- - - - -	
<i>Plumbers' Gazette,</i>	- - - - -	Leaks.
<i>Herald,</i>	- - - - -	Any full-blowin' flower.
<i>Wall St. News,</i>	- - - - -	"Call" a.
<i>Harper's Weekly,</i>	- - - - -	Sweet William.
		J. K. B.





THE CONCORD SCH

PROFESSOR SULLIVAN READING HIS E





SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

LECTURE ON "THE THINGNESS OF THE IS."

## MY LADY'S GLOVE.

'TIS a *gaut de Suede*, very long wristed,  
And the least little bit worse for wear.  
Oh, many a time I've assisted  
In fitting those eight-buttons there.

Here's a slight rip in one of the fingers,  
A rip! Such a commonplace thing;  
Yet 't is here that my fondest touch lingers,  
For I think it was made by—a ring.

Was it *my* ring which caused the frail stitches  
To part in so shameful a way?  
My ring, meant for life-wear, but which is  
Returned to the giver to-day.

"It was all a mistake," she asserted,  
As she gave me the trinket again;  
Perhaps so—my taste is perverted,  
For I love a mistake now and then.

Shall it end in this lover's slight quarrel?  
No, never—our love was too true.  
I will wear yet my crown of love's laurel,  
As now I am wearing the rue.

Come, courage, heart; don't be dejected,  
I will win back again all her love,  
And hold fast the hand it protected,  
As I hold now her dear little glove.

BESSIE CHANDLER.

## SHAKSPEARIAN NOTES.

NEWPORT is the local habitation and name of airy nothings.

"It is a wise father that knows his own child" after he has returned from Europe.

"God made him and therefore let him pass for a man" is supposed to refer to a seventeenth century dude.

A NEW brand of whiskey manufactured in New Jersey is labelled "The choice and master spirit of this age."

The remark "Out, damned spots! out I say!" inclines one to the belief that Macbeth must have mistaken a trey spot for an ace.

"AN' I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him" is the Bard's labored way of expressing the sentiment, "I have bit off more than I can chew."

"PUT out the light and then—put out the light" is conclusive enough evidence that Othello had acquired the habit of smoking in bed.

FROM Hamlet's remark "There's a divinity that shapes our rends" it is inferred that there must have been a pretty tailoress in the case whom Shakspeare overlooked.

PHILIP H. WELCH.

## HE SETTLED.

A TALL, thin man who appeared to be a cross between a "Kenuck" and a Maine wood-sawyer, boarded one of the sound steamers a few evenings since, and after wandering aimlessly about until the boat started, suddenly ran against the colored porter and asked:

"I say, dark, whar kin I git my ticket?"

"Ticket, sah! You jes' go up to the cap'n's office an' settle."

"Thanks," replied our friend. "My name is Josh Hornblower and I came from Niagry Falls, and thanks to that dummed nigger I know jist about as much as I knowed afore! Say, cap," addressing the second officer, whar kin I git a ticket fer Newport?"

"Step up to the captain's office over there and settle."

"Step up ter the cap'n's office and settle, eh? Why that's what that sun-burned cuss said. You're tarnal p'lite on board this year tub. Settle? Wal, I guess I will!"

Very soon, as is usual, a gong was sounded and the Porter was heard to sing, "All those not having tickets will step right up to the cap'n's office and settle!"

"Wal, by gosh!" said Josh, "they're mighty anxious about havin' me step up to the cap's room. Whar is it, anyhow? Oh, yes, I'm precious glad I ain't got no ticket, but how mighty 'commodatin' they are here!"

And so, gathering himself together, our hero walked into the dainty little room set apart for the captain's use, and taking off his coat and shoes he threw himself down on the comfortable lounge in which the captain takes such delight.

Very soon the commander stepped in and seeing the intruder stretched at full length and puffing away on one of his choice cheroots he waxed wroth and, using some Texas language, asked the countryman "who in Oshkosh he was and what in glory he was doing there."

"I'm Josh Hornblower, cap!"

"No! What are you doing here?"

"Doin' here?"

"Yes, doing there!"

"Why, I ain't got no ticket!"

"Well, why in blank do n't you get one? What are you lying there for?"

"I tell ye I ain't got no ticket!"

"What's that got to do with your walking in here as if you were Old Colony himself and helping yourself to my cigars? Perhaps you'd like to borrow my tooth brush?"

"Thanks, cap; mebbe I would. I'll—"

"Now look a here you, I want you to dust! How came you here?"

"Do you own that dark horse up there in the s'loon?"

"Yes!"

"Do you own that coon with a brass band around his hat with Second Ossifer painted onto it?"

"I do."

"Wall they told me to step up to the cap'n's office and settle!"

"Well?"

"I stepped up!"

"The deuce you did. What then?"

"Wal, cap, then I settled. Got any whuskey?"

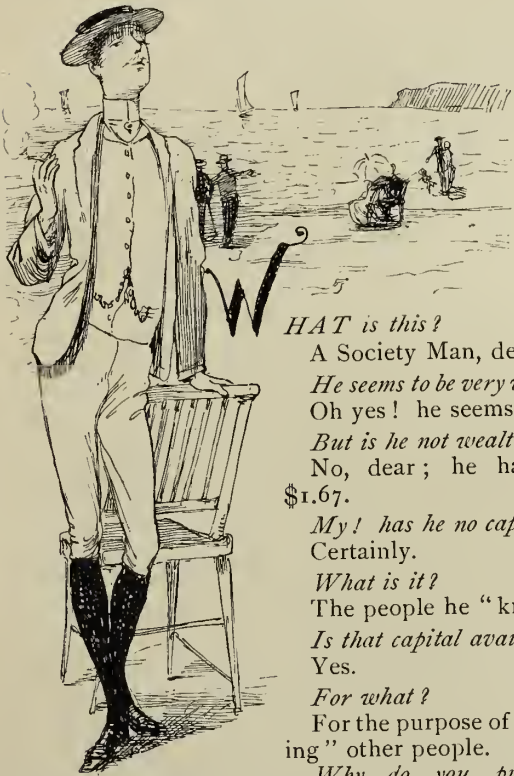
Three minutes later Josh was howling to be set on shore. He says something struck him kinder sudden, but just what, he can't say, there was so much of it. His physician says that the attack was a species of *Bouncervius Deckhandus*.

J. K. BANGS.



POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON X.—The Society Man.



*W*HAT is this?  
A Society Man, dear.  
*He seems to be very wealthy.*  
Oh yes! he seems so.  
*But is he not wealthy?*  
No, dear; he has only  
\$1.67.  
*My! has he no capital?*  
Certainly.  
*What is it?*  
The people he "knows."  
*Is that capital available?*  
Yes.

*For what?*  
For the purpose of "know-  
ing" other people.

*Why do you put those  
funny jiggermarigs before and after the word "know"?*  
To signify its peculiar use.

*Why "peculiar?"*

Because this society man "knows" people in a way  
which is "peculiar."

*How?*

Ask them.

*If this society man has no capital but \$1.67 and the  
people he "knows," how can he afford to dress so well?*

Ask his tailor.

*My! does n't the poor tailor get his pay?*

Oh, yes!

*How?*

Why he charges his next customer \$90 for a \$45  
suit.

*Gracious! but how did the society man manage to get  
the suit?*

By "knowing" Mr. Smith and Mr. Robinson.

*Who are they?*

Men who pay the tailor.

*Well?*

Well, last time Mr. Smith and Mr. Robinson ordered  
a suit, he accompanied them and ordered his.

*And the poor tailor thought he was an intimate friend  
of Mr. Smith and Mr. Robinson?*

Exactly.

*Ah! But has the society man no occupation?*

Yes.

*What?*

Trying to marry.

*Whom?*

The young girl who drives the English pug.

*But if he marries the young girl who drives the  
English pug, how will he support her?*

He will not support her.

*Then how will they get along?*

She will support him.

*Oh! then he will marry a girl with money?*

Every time.

*But will he contribute nothing towards the expenses of  
the family?*

Oh, yes.

*What?*

He will buy meat for the pug.

*Well! this life of swindling and expectancy is a rather  
singular life for a gentleman to lead?*

No gentleman leads it.

*But are not all gentlemen members of society?*

Yes.

*Then they are society men?*

Yes, but——

*But what?*

All society men are not gentlemen, darling.

RECIPES FOR POPULAR SERMONS.

I.

OPTIMISM A LA COLLIER.

TAKE a number of sunny smiles, carefully retain-  
ing the teeth. Wash them in living water; this  
should then be drained into a Yorkshire cullender and  
poured over them at frequent intervals. Salt well with  
personal allusions of as intimate a character as possi-  
ble. Dip them into a well beaten mixture of your  
wife and children. Fry in bubbling good humor deep  
enough to float them. They should be of a beautiful  
rose color in thirty-five minutes. Take them up and  
dry them in one or two pictorial stories from the Old  
Testament.

Garnish with a few witticisms and one broad joke,  
and serve with familiar injunctions to the choir or to  
any notables present in audience, in a separate dish.

II.

ORTHODOXY A LA PHILIPPE BROOX.

Take one carefully selected idea. Season with lib-  
eral thought and a few sprays of fresh feelings. Put  
the whole into a Unitarian Pudding bag, and sew it  
up carefully with the threads of the Athanasian Creed.  
Then immerse the bag in the boiling water of a min-  
ority report offered at the Episcopal Conference. On  
removing the bag be careful to catch the drippings in  
an Episcopal artifice used for this purpose, which may  
be served at Vespers in the afternoon. Then take the  
rapidly cooked mass from the bag, sprinkle with the  
spatterings of an overflowing heart, and serve with  
lady-fingers.

CLERICUS.



### A FUTURE STATESMAN.

*Mamma (trying to untangle a skein of silk that Charlie has tangled):* I WONDER WHERE THE END OF THIS SKEIN CAN BE.

*Charlie (innocently):* PERHAPS THE BABY CHAWED IT OFF.

### HINTS TO YOUNG DUELLISTS.

THE young man who is yearning to see his name in head lines, cannot yearn that proud distinction better, in these days, than by trying an appeal to the "Code of Honor." It is one of the easiest and safest avenues to glory. In no other way can he so avenue sense of his importance thrust upon him, and the following suggestions, duelly followed, will insure celebrity for years.

Having selected an eligible party, whose name shall accompany your own in history, you must first provoke a quarrel with him. There are several ways of effecting this. One is, to call your man a liar. The disadvantage of this plan is that he may know your remark to be true, and hence abstain from discussing it. Perhaps the most infallible method is to pull his nose for all it is worth. That may not be much, but then it is all the worth for him. You should take it between your thumb and forefinger, and, after giving it a gentle twist to the right, lean back with it in a graceful atti-

tude. It is not an easy mattitude do this properly. You cannot practise it on your own nose before a glass, and none but your dearest friends would allow you to experiment upon theirs. You should not surge back upon it as if you had hold of a night bell, neither should you toy with it in an ineffective, unmeaning manner. A little practice with a corkscrew and a brandy bottle will give you the spirit of the thing. A great deal depends on the size and shape of the organ, as well as the size and weight of the organ-blower. In some cases a pair of small gas tongs (No. 00) will be of service, and the true son of chivalry will never allow himself to be found unprovided with these. Attention to all these details is imperative, as it must be borne in mind that the fullest description of every incident will be demanded by an anxious public.

When you release his nose, and his head flies back to its proper position, your enemy, if he has the instincts of a gentleman, will tender you his card, observing that a friend of his will wait upon you at dinner. You should accept his card with all courtesy, even if you want nothing in his line, and should wait with proper dignity until your patronage is further solicited.

In the meantime, you must get a friend to act as "second" for you. Not a second should be lost in this matter. The seconds are so called because they are expected to be on hand to the minute. They attend to the really important work of the duel. They select the ground for the picnic, hire the cabs, and furnish the statements to the daily papers. In the old days, a couple of surgeons were also necessary, but modern progress has entirely done away with them.

The choice of weapons lies with you, but you need not hesitate a moment. Broadwords (X calibre) used to be the safest, but they are now considered bad form—bad for many reasons. Besides, they make the broadsword so absurdly narrow in these days that only a living skeleton would feel any degree of safety behind one. You should choose the greensward—and pistols. Pistols are the only proper things, and the "toy" variety is the deadliest of its kind. It's kind of dangerous, but if you wish to be considered in earnest, you must name the latter. You should take the opportunity to examine one carefully, so that you may be able to talk intelligently of it, afterward.

You have now nothing to do but write a few letters (leaving copies at home for the papers), pack a hand-bag, and set your alarm at 4:15. Your second, if he is a man of any resource, and the reporters, will do all the rest. In the morning, you have simply to jump into your cab with your friend, and slam the door. That is the way with evil doors.

Up to this point there is but one course to follow, but for a happy termination of the affair a certain latitude is allowed, provided you do n't go too far South, and you may exercise your own judgment somewhat. You may either get lost on the way, mistake the rendezvous, get arrested, be persuaded by your friends, in the interest of public morality, to desist from your bloody design, or be carried out to sea in a fog. Any of the fog going will be allowed.

Sometimes, however, by the stupidity of a second,



or some mischance, the hostile parties have stumbled upon one another at early morn. Morn one such instance has been known. Known should lose heart, however, should such an accident befall him. Shut your teeth firmly, to prevent chattering; let them measure off the distance, and prepare the deadly weapons. Take your pistol, and, after assuring yourself that it is not loaded, raise it, and saying playfully, "I will shoo-choo," pull the trigger. If it goes off, you will become doubly famous. If it does not, you can go off yourself, and read in the papers whether you do well, or do ill.

Of course, care should be taken to have your adversary follow the same directions, or a satisfactory settlement could not be assured, and he might shoot you dead at the first fire. In that case, you would deserve it, for allowing yourself to quarrel with such a pig-headed brute.

F. CROSBY.

IL BACIO.

HE held her rosy finger-tips  
And swaying nearer, bent his head,  
Then pursed his mouth to kiss her lips—  
"Ssh—not to-night," was all she said.

"One little kiss, come, Fanny, come,  
There is no harm for us, you know;  
Just kiss me once and I'll go home—  
One little kiss, and then I'll go."

She raised her eyes and looked around,  
Then bit her lip.—"No, no; I'll not  
Kiss you."—"You will, though, I'll be bound,"  
He said, and kissed her on the spot.

"Come, go along you horrid thing;  
Release my hand, be off, I say.  
If it were not so late I'd ring—  
You did n't do it, anyway!"

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.



OH, DO THEY?

BOOKISHNESS

"X. Y. Z." is not, as the reader might suppose before he cuts its leaves, the rival of a well-known guide-book. It is a detective story by Miss Green, the author of some good law stories. It fails to excite interest because of its evident improbability. There is an improbability that is delicious, but this is not the sort. Miss Green is not a success in the rôle of a female detective. (*Putnam's.*)

A PRETTY little volume has just been issued by George C. Hitt and Company, containing "The Old Swimmin'-Hole and 'Leven More Poems," by "Benj. F. Johnson," of Boone. The author is Mr. James Whitcombe Riley, many of whose dainty verses are familiar to the readers of LIFE. In the volume before us Mr. Riley has confined himself to dialect poetry, but the homely music thus struck from his lyre is fresh and quaint and full of sweetness.

AT a time when the opium dens of Mott Street are the subject of discussion in the daily prints, "YOLANDE" (*Harper's*) comes most opportunely. The story of an opium-eating mother and a daughter's expedients to cure her of the habit is not one to interest the average novel reader. We commend it, however, to Wong Chin Foo, the editor of the *Chinese American*.

"TWO DAYS" (*Fords, Howard & Hulbert*) are quite enough. Two more would have driven us crazy. When novels are made up of the loves of children in short clothes it is time for elderly persons of twenty and twenty-five to go on the retired list. The youthful lover divides his time between playing leap-frog, courting and reading Shakspeare, Boswell and Richelieu. Mother Goose would be much better suited to his capacity. The book, though not intended to be so, is a warning to parents to keep their children away from summer hotels. The hero and heroine of this story should have been spanked and sent supperless to their respective beds.

"BACHELOR BLUFF" has donned a summer suit of white with neat brown trimmings and has made himself look a particularly inviting companion for a warm day. The bark of this disputatious individual is worse than his bite. He would have you think that he is a restless iconoclast going about seeking what he may destroy. But he only knocks down for the sake of building up. He likes to air his arguments when he can get hold of a good listener, and if rumor is to be believed he has had so many good listeners that he has had to get out several editions of his "opinions, sentiments and disputations." Mr. O. B. Bunce, who masquerades as Bachelor Bluff, is a terse writer and as epigrammatic as a Frenchman.



THREE OF A KIND.

OUR highly esteemed contemporary, the *New York Times*, says that a number of the friends of John Devoy, editor of the *Irish Nation*, visited him in prison at Blackwell Island, and, on being shown through the institution expressed themselves as "highly pleased." The inference?

A SOUTHERN EX-CONGRESSMAN had his pocket picked on a Macon Train last week, losing \$5000 by the operation. The thief is said to be Macon tracks.

### THE QUEENS COUNTY FOX.

IT gives us great pleasure to acknowledge receipt of the drawings of Mr. Thos. A. Edison's automatic, reversible fox, for which letters patent have just been issued. The invention consists of the skin of a real fox, stuffed with anise and caramels, which, by aid of a powerful electro motor, concealed in the hindlegs, will lead the hounds a chase of exactly six miles and then lie down and curl up. A streamer of pulu, in imitation of a real tail, is serewed in appropriately and may be detached and given away as a trophy. The retail price of the animal is \$16, forty extra tails included. Four of these automatic foxes are now used by the Queens County Hunt.

### THE POETRY OF THE MILLENIUM.

THE thingness of which  
is the whereness of the who;  
An old woman lived  
with her kids in a shoe.  
Multum in parvo,  
vox populi Dei;  
Walt Whitman's fame  
was considered too fly.

Green apples, green peaches  
will make the boy sick—  
The Lily of Jersey  
Must learn how to kick.  
The boy who plays hookey  
too often at school,  
Will think his dad's brogan  
the hoof of a mule.

R for an oyster,  
all months for a clam,  
The day has gone by  
for Mary's dude lamb.  
In days of the vista  
a man was a fool,  
Who challenged a like one  
to fight him a duel.

A corner in pork  
Is a very bad thing,  
When the cornerer  
feels the relapse of the swing.  
Prize fighting eschew,  
let the past have its day  
Of fisticuffs brutal  
and breadbasket play.  
If you want to be wise,  
remember the adage—  
"The days of the old  
was considered a bad age."  
H. S. KELLER.

REGARDLESS of expense—the  
man who can "hang it up."

"Music by the band"—an  
organette's.

THIS paragraph is like certain  
convicts—"in for LIFE."

TO THE "bitter" end—the  
searcher for a cock-tail.

GENEROUS to a fault—the  
owner of said fault.

A STANDING "ad"—a cigar-  
store Indian.

A DARK horse—the night-  
mare.

A KNIGHT of the razor—Sat-  
urday night.

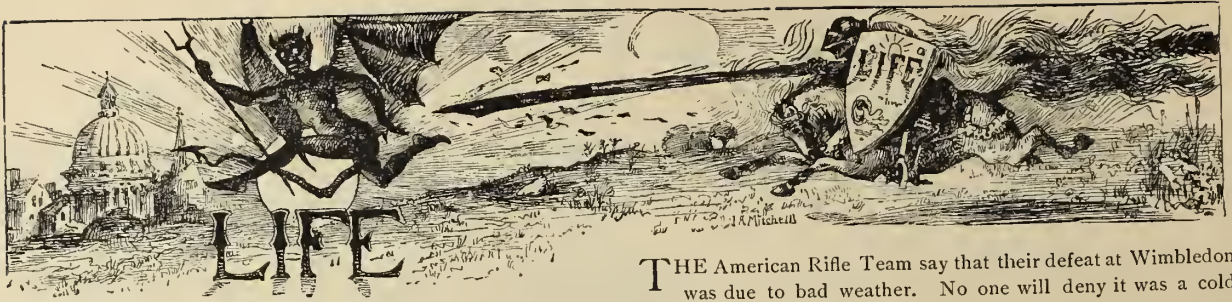
THE verge of death—die-  
verge.





OUR ANGLOMANIAC AT NEWPORT.

*Why does he wear his double-breasted coat and winter hat with the thermometer at 90°?*  
BECAUSE THEY DO IT IN ENGLAND WHEN THE THERMOMETER IS AT 60°.



VOL. II. AUGUST 16TH, 1883. NO. 33.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

MR. S. A. BINGHAM, a Connecticut editor, went to Red Dog, Arizona, to start a newspaper. He issued the first number, with a leading editorial bearing upon the obvious impropriety of church elders keeping their faro banks open during the hours of service. That same evening Mr. Bingham left town. He brought away with him an excellent sample of native bitumen, an extensive collection of feathers, and two small fragments of lead, which nothing but sweet oil and a surgeon could induce him to part with. Candid journalism has its drawbacks in Red Dog.

\* \* \*

(The following piece of "copy" was found in Printing-House Square.)

TO the Foreman: Keep the following leader standing. I will fill in the blank spaces from day to day.—C. A. D.

GARFIELD AND DORSEY.

President Garfield \* \* \* \* \* Mr. Dorsey \* \* \* \* \* President Garfield \* \* \* \* \* President Garfield \* \* \* \* \* Cabinet \* \* \* "soap" \* \* \* \* \* Mr. Dorsey \* \* \* \* \* Indiana \* \* \* President Garfield \* \* \* letters \* \* \* \* \* Mr. Dorsey \* \* \* \* \* Mr. Dorsey \* \* \* \* \* "soap" \* \* \* \* \* President Garfield \* \* \* \* \* Mr. Dorsey \* \* \* \* \* "soap" \* \* \* \* \* President Garfield \* \* \* \* \* Mr. Dorsey \* \* \* \* \* Turn the Rascals out! Whoop! The Republican party must go!

\* \* \*

THE idle scribbling of names on the Brooklyn Bridge is not without a precedent. Upon the worm-eaten bulwarks of Noah's newly discovered Ark have been traced the initials S. B. A. and S. J. T.

\* \* \*

THE U. S. S. *Yantic* is now almost ready to go in search of Lieut. Greely's Arctic Colony, and we would respectfully suggest, as a paster for Mr. Chandler's hat, that work be begun at once on the ship which shall go in search of the *Yantic*.

\* \* \*

THE Hon. John L. Sullivan will hereafter be mentioned as a distinguished member of the Boston bar.

\* \* \*

WITHIN two weeks every true sportsman in the country will rise to propose a toast to the great American quail.

\* \* \*

THE summer has been unusually cool on Long Island, considering the fact that Mr. Ingersoll is at Long Beach.

THE American Rifle Team say that their defeat at Wimbledon was due to bad weather. No one will deny it was a cold day.

\* \* \*

PRESIDENT ARTHUR has discovered that the mouth of a Yellowstone trout is like the question of 1884. It is open for debate.

\* \* \*

THE *Cincinnati Enquirer* thinks that "Judge Hoadly will have a walk-over on Election day." He will, he will. He won't have enough money left for car fare.

\* \* \*

IT is very evident that Noah's Ark was never repaired.

\* \* \*

MR. TOOTER WILLIAMS astonished the Thompson Street Poker Club Saturday night by raising Mr. Gus Johnson sixty-five cents when that gentleman opened the last jack-pot of the evening. Mr. Johnson showed up two small pair and precipitately fell out, but Mr. Canteloupe Smith stood the raise and drew four cards. Mr. Williams stood pat. After the draw Mr. Smith skinned his cards, breathed very hard and bet a postage stamp and a battered cent. Mr. Williams promptly raised him a dollar and forty cents. Mr. Smith hesitated, but finally drew forth his wallet. "Look hyar, yo' coon, what yo' got dat yo'se gittin' so brash?"

"Yo' fine out of yo' bet dat dollah fohty—jes' yo' see," retorted Mr. Williams, evidently getting excited.

"Yo'se done rise de tar outen me too offen. Now what yo' got?" said Mr. Smith, putting his money into the pot.

Mr. Williams looked disconcerted. "I—Ise jes' got a small king-full," he faltered.

"King full's good," said Mr. Smith.

"But I aint got it," said Mr. Williams.

"What has yo' got, den?" said Mr. Smith.

"I'se got three queens."

"Three queens is good," said Mr. Smith.

"But I haint got 'em," said Mr. Williams.

"What has yo' got, den?" queried Mr. Smith, growing a little impatient.

"I'se got two par," said Mr. Williams.

"Dat's good," said Mr. Smith.

"But I haint got 'em."

"Oh come, now, nigger, what has yo' got?"

"I'se got one par."

"Dat's good."

"But I haint got it," said Mr. Williams, whose situation was growing perilous.

"Lans' stars, nigger, quit yo' foolin! What has yo' got?"

Mr. Williams slowly skinned his cards. "I—I haint got nuffin."

"WELL, DAT'S GOOD!"





SAFE !

*La Fiancée* : OH DEAR ! I HAVE TO GO AND I SHALL BE AWAY TWO WHOLE YEARS AND I AM DREADFULLY AFRAID.

*Le Fiancé* : NOW, HOW SILLY YOU ARE, WHEN I HAVE PROMISED TO BE UTTERLY BORED UNTIL YOU COME BACK.

“ ONLY A SISTER TO HIM.”

HE lifted his face in the starlight dim,  
 And all that he saw was a round, dull sky ;  
 And the stars that twinkled, looked to him  
 Like the phosphor gleams of the fire-fly.  
 The new moon hung in an awkward shape  
 And was crooked and bent like the horn of a ram ;  
 The sombre maples seemed hung with crape  
 And the garden gate banged to with a slam.

The brook oozed over the slimy stones  
 From stagnant pools in the meadow marsh ;  
 Or it crooned along with plaintive moans,  
 And the song of the whip-poor-will was harsh.

He jabbed his ribs on the clumsy stile,  
 For dark as pitch was the dusty lane ;  
 And his thin lips curved in a bitter smile,  
 As he smote the weeds with a spiteful cane.

Rough and ugly and long was the way,  
 The skies were dull and the earth was cold ;  
 He hated the night and he dreaded the day,  
 And his heart seemed a hundred centuries old.  
 With the dirge of his sighs he timed his tread,  
 As one who pondereth bitter things ;  
 But he only whispered, with drooping head,  
 And a heart that wondered—“ Kicked, by jings !”

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.



MRS. Alexander's "LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP" (*Holt*) is not up to her best. We should suggest "Read before you Buy" as a better title to the book.

MR. ISAAC FLAGG does not believe in writing verses to his mistress's or any other woman's eye-brow. The inspirations of his muse are much more tangible things,— "A Revolving Book Case," "An Oil Stove," "A Stained Glass Window." These are the objects which stir his soul and cause his pulse to beat. Not so Mr. Hugh Farrar McDermott. It is a "Blind Canary," "The Last upon the Roll," "The River of Time" and such like themes that move his pen. The swing of Mr. McDermott's verse may be judged from the following lines :

"The dew of the evening came down  
On cottage, and village, and town :  
It came like a prayer on the sun-burdened air,  
And rested on rest as a crown."

There is no trouble about the rhyme in this stanza, but what is resting on rest? (Ginn & Heath, Boston, are guilty of the former, Ginn and—no, G. P. Putnam's Sons of the latter publication.)

MR. CHARLES DE KAY appears in the rôle of editor to a volume of "Love Poems by Louis Barnaval" (*Appleton's*). He devotes a lengthy introduction to the new poet, a young man of mixed Spanish, French and Indian blood, who loved a married woman standing high in New York's social circle and who when challenged to mortal combat by the husband slew him though he aimed at the ground. "Man holds the pistol, God directs the bullet" is a Spanish proverb, so Barnaval no doubt looked upon the murder as fate. He also was wounded but died in a wretched garret in Bleecker Street rather from want than from his wound. The guilty woman fled to Europe where Mr. de Kay tells us she is still wandering in all her beauty. If the poet's name really was Louis Barnaval de Kerlerrec, society will at once recognize the victim and the victimized, as the events are said to have occurred since 1872 and we cannot think that such goings-on are so common even in good society as to be altogether forgotten in ten years. The poetry of Barnaval is such as might be expected from a mad lover tinged with the blood of three passionate races, and we are not surprised to find him calling himself "a worm at the feet" of his love in one poem and in another telling her "I hate you with a slow and deadly hate." Barnaval has certainly modeled his style on that of his editor or is Mr. de Kay masquerading as the fiery, untamed Southron?

## TRIALS OF A MT. DESERTER.

INTERRUPTED LETTER NO. I.

BAR HARBOR, ME.,

August 10th 1883.

DEAR LURLIE : I have n't written before because I have been just too awfully busy for anything, and we only arrived at eleven o'clock this morning. The scenery here is just too lovely. Do you know, the first thing I saw when we landed was that hateful Carrie Van Salmon, with those same confluent freckles and that same pink hat she had at Narragansett. I just believe she came because she knew Archie was here, but I'd like to see *him* look at her—would n't you, Lurlie dear? You have no idea how splendid it all is. By the way, mama says she has n't had a warm cup of tea since she arrived, and papa fussed all morning because a man charged him 20 cents for changing a \$20 bill. I have n't seen Archie yet, but I know he is dying to know we are here. At twelve o'clock we went down on the "Rocks." They are just too fascinating for anything. I was sitting on a rock and a big wave came in and soused me, and then papa slipped on a bunch of sea-weed, trying to save me, and the watch-maker here says it will have to be sent to Tiffany's—papa's watch will, I mean. It is all full of water and is *awfully* dented. I have just changed my dress, and mama says we must go down to dinner. Good-bye, dear! Remember your promise. GWEN.

P. S.—I have n't seen Archie yet, but I heard Carrie Van Salmon say there was a picnic or some such horrid thing at Jordan's Pond, and I just *know* that Archie is there. Well, good-bye ! GWEN.

P. S.—You *know* we promised to write *every* day. I will if you will. G.

P. S.—I have just heard that Mamie Cuthbert is here, and that she and Harry Forbes have broken it off and do n't speak. Do n't forget to write *everything*, as I will to you. G.

P. S.—Maude Halcombe is here, and Mamie, who just ran in to see me, says she is flirting *awfully* with Harry. I caught a glimpse of Harry going off to play tennis. He did look too *killin'* in his knickerbockers for anything. I do n't think he misses Mamie much, but of course I would n't tell her so for *anything*. Do write me at once, dear Lurlie. I am *dying* to hear from you about—you know who. G.

P. S.—I just saw tears come into Mamie's eyes. Poor Mamie ! Write to me at once. G.

11:30 P.M.

DEAREST, DARLING LURLIE,—I have just come up from the hop, and I *cannot* help writing you that I have seen Archie. He came in from that horrid picnic just after dinner, and *who* do you think rushed up and spoke to him? Carrie Van Salmon—freckles and all!!! Of course Archie had to stop and speak to her—you know he is *so* polite, Lurlie,



and so I had to be satisfied with just a bow until over a half an hour had passed. I was just too furious for anything. After a half hour Archie came up, and I introduced him to papa and mama, and he *did* look too *sweet* for anything. He says he hopes to graduate next year, and he is centre field in the base-ball club, and he thinks he will be elected captain of the foot-ball eleven, if he can get ten more votes; and then he is in the Dickey and the Pudding Clubs, and has been trying to get in the Porcellian, or A. D., whatever *they* are. He told mama he had a canoe here, and asked me to go out with him to-morrow evening. He has the sweetest tan on his face now you ever saw, and the *cutest* little gold filling in that front tooth. He told me then that he was *so* sorry, but he had an engagement with Carrie Van Salmon—horrid thing!—and they went off to Bee's—I think he said that was the name—and they had not returned when mama made me come up stairs. Now *do* write, Lurlie, and tell me if you are coming. It is just the grandest place you ever saw, but papa says he'll have to charter a saw mill to cut his beef for him, and mama says the fog has brought back her neuralgia. In haste,

GWEN.

P. S.—Don't you remember that horrid little blonde, Gregory Jones, whom we met at Lillie Hasken's german last winter? Well, he is here with his private yacht, and Mamie says the girls are just wild about him. I would n't care if he had *fifty* yachts—would you, Lurlie?

G.

P. S.—I saw Harry Forbes just coming in from the West End Hop with Maude Halcombe, and do you know she had on that same white silk she wore at Zaidee Montgomery's wedding last winter, with just a little fresh trimming on it. I was just going down to mail this letter and I saw them talking on the stairs. Harry was whispering to her and playing with a Jacque which I am *sure* she gave him. Poor Mamie! If he goes on this way, it will be just awful.

G.

P. S.—I have been watching at the window *twenty* minutes, and Archie has n't come back yet. Mamie says Bee's is the place where they get peach ice-cream or something. I just know that horrid Van Salmon girl is keeping Archie on purpose to make me mad! Mamie says that if you come to Bar Harbor, be *sure* and engage your rooms here. All our set is either here or in cottages.

G.

P. S.—Mamie says that Charlie Hattan has the best canoe in the harbor, but I *know* Archie's is the best. She says Charlie Hattan is going to take that Van Salmon girl out to-morrow morning. I *do* hope he will spill her, and wash off some of those freckles—do n't you, Lurlie? Mamie says I will no doubt get an invitation to Mrs. Van Salmon's picnic to Somesville to-morrow afternoon. I shall decline with thanks—would n't you, Lurlie?

G.



*Elderly and obnoxious suitor who was the first to arrive and evidently means to be the last to go:* I HAVE FORGOTTEN MOST OF MY MATHEMATICS, BUT AT YOUR AGE, SIR, I WAS DEVOTED TO THEM.

*Impatient young lover:* AH! THEN YOU PROBABLY ARE FAMILIAR WITH THE "RULE OF THREE."

*E. S.:* THE RULE OF THREE?

*I. Y. L.:* YES, THAT TWO IS COMPANY AND THREE IS ——— ONE MORE.

P. S.—Mamie says she is *sure* Archie is going to that picnic. I guess I will go too. I understand everybody will pay her share of the buckboard, and that makes me independent does n't it, Lurlie? Mamie says that all Mrs. Van Salmon furnishes is the lunch, and I need n't eat any of that, and I won't—would you, Lurlie? I am going down now to mail this, and see if I can't see Archie.

G.

P. S.—What do you think! I just met Archie and that Van Salmon girl coming in, and oh! she was flirting awfully with him. I *will* go to-morrow. I am just too miserable for *anything*. He hardly *saw* me, and he said "good-night" just as carelessly, and then I saw Carrie Van Salmon half smile, and she came up and asked me to go on the picnic just as sweetly as if she were *you*. Oh! how I hate that girl. I accepted, of course.

G.









### THE STARS WON'T WANE AND THE MOON WON'T WAX.

O I am a poet weird and sad,  
And life for me holds nothing glad,  
Though I sing such songs as flame and flare,  
Over the wide world everywhere.  
Famous am I for my wan, wild eyes,  
And my woeful mien and my heaving sighs ;  
And lone, ah ! lone as a bard may be—  
For where is the woman that rhymes with me ?

I sing—and the lark is hushed and mute,  
And the dry-goods clerk forgets his flute ;  
And the night-operator at the telegraph stand  
Smothers his harp in his trembling hand,  
And rasps no longer the hip that halts,  
Red and raw from the last new waltz,  
While ever I wail in a minor key,  
O where is the woman that rhymes with me ?

The plumber's daughter, as she reads my song,  
Sighs all day and the whole night long  
For a love like mine and a passion warm  
As the pulsing heart of a thunder-storm ;  
And the new grass-widow, as vainly, too,  
Bangs her hair as she used to do.—  
But they can't catch on ! I wander free  
In search of the woman that rhymes with me.

And O my heart—Lie down ! Keep still ! !—  
If ever we meet, as I hope we will—  
If ever we meet, as I pray we'll do,—  
If ever we meet—O, we'll be true !  
All ideal things will become fixed facts,—  
The stars won't wane and the moon won't wax,  
And my soul will sing in a ceaseless glee  
When I find the woman that rhymes with me !

J. W. RILEY.

### THE PIRATE AND THE BOARDERS.

A SAD sea-dog who had once been a Barbary Pirate, dwelt in his old age on the coast, where by thrift he eked out a scanty living on the net proceeds of fishing, and passing the plate in the chapel of the village close by.

But it happened that in the days when the locust sings loudest and soda-water flows fastest, there came from the great Metropolis a score of Summer Boarders, who, reversing the fable of the cricket and the ant, having danced all winter must needs work all summer at clams and fresh fish.

And once of a Sunday, when the Boarders had assembled in the back pews of the chapel near the door, the erstwhile pirate passed the plate, as was the custom, much to the diversion of the Boarders who made sport of a game leg which it was his misfortune to possess.

And the Pirate said naught, but when the exercises were over he reflected, "Shall I, once the scourge of the seas—I who have in my day repelled thousands of Boarders and bribed hundreds of revenue cutters, endure quietly the derision of a score of social wrecks ? Never !" And he swore a private oath of his own composition, which he always employed for a nerver.

So, on the morrow, when, as usual, the Boarders, in all the phantasmagoria of ready-made bathing suits which gave them the appearance of a Polo Club afloat, had assembled in the surf with shrill hilarity, the sad sea-dog looked from one of the port-holes in his hut and saw that the hour was come.

And forthwith he called to his door divers of the children round about and said to them, "Behold in my traps hundreds of minute lobsters which it is not lawful for me to sell. Fill, then, your toy express-wagons, baskets and pails, and yonder on the beach restore them to their element."

And the children laughed, seeing sport ahead, and did as they were bidden, for they revered the gray hairs of the Pirate, knowing he had once been Bad. Then did the Sad Sea-Dog cast off his sadness, and, taking his telescope, he unbuttoned four buttons of his vest, and shook out two reefs in his waist-band. But the children filed along the beach in dozens, and selecting some other boy's parents, they tenderly placed the lobsters in the brine, and started for the hotel.

Then straightway arose from the Boarders sounds as of sharp pain, and many of them wallowed in the sand, but from the hut of the Sad Sea-Dog came sounds as of choking, which ceased only with the morrow's sun, for the Pirate knew that game legs were all the Rage, for the Boarders' toes had all been sacrificed to his shell-fish ends.

MORAL :

Though justice limps, she kicks hard.

THE crew-cial test—an eight-oared boat-race.

A DEVOTED head—Ben Butler's. But not a D.D.-voted head—alas ! no, sweet Benjamin !



POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON XI.—“O. K.”



WHAT is this? This is the condition of things.

And what is the “condition of things?”

O. K., my precious.

But I do not understand. Neither does the public, darling.

Why? Ask Mr. Gould, dear.

But who is that nice young gentlemen on the right who is so calmly at work?

He is an expert Western Union operator in Chicago.

What is he doing?

He is sending an important telegram.

What is it?

It reads thus: “To J. C. Bearem, Broad Street, New York: Close Lake Shore 106 1/2, N. Y. Central 116, Western Union 77, buy 10,000 C. P. 69 1/4. Signed, W. E. E. Lamb.”

Well, who is the gentleman on the left, who seems to be a little excited?

He is an expert Western Union operator in New York.

What is he doing?

He is trying to receive the message from Chicago.

Well? how is he getting it?

He gets it thus: “Dnnie tsurw Beiced vlot, New York: Cleez kke IpeeZ anlpeanl 2, N. Y. Iokrw 116, Anstern Union mimi, bidi anlill C. P. 6 dl aulht. Signed, W. O. Twms.”

My! isn't that funny?

Very, my darling.

What does the poor expert in New York think of it?

If you listen, you will hear him tell the expert in Chicago, as soon as he can get control of the wire.

But I thought you said the poor expert in Chicago was sending the message?

So he is.

Then what is the meaning of that pied type essay which the poor New York expert is receiving?

That is what he would like to know.

How will he find out?

By sending a message to the Chicago expert.

What will the message be?

It will be this: “—!!\*\*!?, \*\* [!!] \*!?\* \*\* (!!!) \*\*\*?:, !. —\*!!!!!!!”

Gracious! what will the poor Chicago expert think?

He will think it means that his message has been received “O. K.,” and that the New York expert is congratulating him on his rapid progress.

My! and what will he do then? Send another important message.

But at this rate the important messages will never reach their destination?

Oh, yes.

How?

Well, the General Manager in Chicago took the precaution of sending one copy by mail, one by registered letter, and one by slow freight.

But why cannot the experts send and receive the messages?

They have not been long enough in the business.

Have they had no previous practice?

Yes, darling.

Where?

At a “college.”

My! and are they not paid a large salary by the Western Union now?

Well, no; they take out their salary in “practice.”

But will not the Western Union do any thing for them in the future?

Certainly.

What?

Double their “practice.”

But does not the Western Union handle some very important business?

At certain intervals—yes.

How can it send the telegrams without operators?

By slightly increasing its tariff.

How?

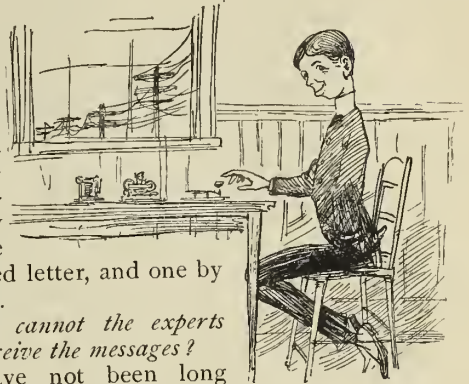
Well, it used to charge \$2.50 for a message to San Francisco.

Well?

Now it charges \$2.53.

But what is the extra 3 cents for?

The postage stamp, dear.



ETCHINGS.

I.

MISS FAIRY, to a hammock's joys resigned,  
Forgot to notice Charley's arm behind  
Till her wicked young sister  
Remarked, as he kissed her,  
“A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind.”

\* \* \* \* \*

II.

MELESHA MELCHIZEDEK MOSE,  
While dressed in her outréest clothes,  
Placed her lofty French heel  
On a fresh orange peel  
And reclined on her Israelite nose.

THE ERRAND.

I.

What she said at home :

“THE color of your moustache,” said she,  
 “Is just the same shade as my hair !  
 So, please go down to the store for me,  
 And purchase a net for me there.”

II.

What the shop girl said :

“You wanted a net like your moustache ?  
 Oh ! yes. Your idea I get.”  
 And then to the window she went with a dash  
 And brought—an *invisible* net ! H. L.

NEWPORT, R. I.

DR. N. W. HECRAT IN ACCOUNT WITH FISH & CO. CR.

1883.		1883.	
July 24.	To One Rod, etc.....\$30 00	July 24.	By One Flounder.....\$ 02
“ 24.	“ Bait..... 1 00	“ 25.	“ “ “ “..... 02
“ 24.	“ Horse, Wagon and Man..... 2 50		
“ 25.	“ Bait for Fish..... 1 00		
“ 25.	“ Bait for self (wet and dry)..... 8 00		
“ 25.	“ Horse, Wagon and Man..... 2 50		
“ 25.	“ Injury to Clothes, etc..... 11 50		
“ 25.	“ Cough Medicine, etc..... 1 50		
	\$58 00	Balance.....	57 96
			\$58 00

HEADQUARTERS CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8th, 1883.

THE Civil Service Reform Board of Examiners desires to make the public announcement that the number of candidates who attained to the required 13 per cent. at the last examination being larger than was expected, the next paper will be much more difficult ; and yet that candidates of the right character may be encouraged to apply, and that they may at the examination do credit to themselves and to the new Reform Movement, it has been deemed advisable to publish a list of the questions to be used at the next examination in all papers of a strictly Republican circulation. The Board also deems it conducive to general satisfaction not to take any arbitrary action in regard to time or place, but rather to allow each candidate to write out his answers at such time and place as shall suit his convenience, and forward them, together with a photograph of his grandfather on his mother's side, in a carefully sealed envelope to the Examiners.

The second regular examination of the Reformed Civil Service of the U. S. of America.

The paper is divided into four sections.

SECTION I.—The mental condition of the candidate. 1st. In regard to History:—(a) Compare Adam, George Washington, and E. H. Rollins, of New Hampshire. Which was the father of his country, which the father of the race, and which is likely to get

farther and farther from everything every day that he lives. (b) State one point of difference between John Kelly and John Milton. In whose favor is the point ? (c) If Abraham could have stood in Chatham Square, and looked up the Bowery, is it not probable that he would have left Isaac up on the mountain top, and thus nipped the whole thing in the bud ? Would not this have been a good move for Abraham ? (d) Who saved the country in 1860 ? (e) In point of chronological priority which takes the lead, Noah or S. J. Tilden ? and was it Samuel the Sage or Samuel the Prophet that waited till he was called for before he exclaimed “Here am I ?” (f) Do you love the Dear Old Party ?

SECTION II.—*Geography.* (a) Briefly describe Alaska and New Jersey, and state their relation to the United States. (b) Give a brief description of the volcanic, pulmonic, and other severe internal disturbances which occur annually at Discord, Mass.; also the rest, similar phenomena at Discord, N. H. Within what distance of these places is human life possible ? (c) In what direction does the North Pole point ? State and give two reasons for your answer. (d) Bound Boston, first as it is ; second, as it exists in the mind of the native resident. In answering the second half of the question, the region lying beyond space may be designated by a blank. (e) Mention, if possible, something homelier and more monotonous than a street in Philadelphia. Inability to answer this will not decrease your mark. (f) Is the Brooklyn Bridge the Bridge of Size alluded to by the late Mr. Hood ? and if asked what State it is in, would you answer properly to say in a state of suspense ? (g) Is it because of the breakers at Coney Island that one always comes away quite broke ? (h) Can you tell a mountain when you see one ; and would you know the Hoosac tunnel from a hole in the ground ? (i) Are you strongly attached to the Grand Old Party ?

SECTION III.—*Arithmetic and Algebra.*—(a) Subtract 10. (b) How much is 4 % ? Explain the process. (c) Given, 12 intelligent men, taken from the District of Columbia (this is a purely supposititious case), and given, 1 honest lawyer, taken from Chicago (even more supposititious than the first case), and given, 2 horse thieves, with the stolen property found concealed about their persons, what are the eternal ends of justice going to do about it ? (d) Given (or borrowed—it makes no difference which), 1 dozen lemons, 4 lbs. of sugar, a small quantity of sundry spices, 3 quarts of spring water, 3 lbs. of ice, and 3 bottles of claret. State, 1st, the immediate result ; 2d, the result next day. How do you know ? (e) State approximately in figures, carrying only as far as quadrillions, the probable rise in American morals if Troy should suddenly cease to be. (f) (Another problem in probabilities.) A certain person, whom we will designate by the letters S. J. T., can stand on his right foot six minutes, with the aid of two pairs of crutches and a cane ; with the aid of three pairs of crutches, a Holmes' Liver Pad, and Lydia Pinkham's Hair Restorer, he can stand on his left foot eight minutes ; suppose at this juncture he



loses both lungs, half his money, and all his friends, how much show will he stand for the Presidency? (g) Add 4 and 8 together, subtract 2, and divide by 1. Let each step be clearly defined, so that the examiners may readily follow. (h) Make a numerical statement in dollars per year of your affection for the Good Old Party.

SECTION IV.—*Penmanship*.—Compose and write, all inside of 10 minutes, seven poems like Walt Whitman's best, and eight chapters of a novel like E. P. Roe's. This is not a literary test, but is simply to indicate the rapidity with which you can move the pen. (b) Can you in one word write a comprehensive description of the Democratic party? Is that word "Dead?" (c) Could you, if you sat up all night, begin to write an adequate expression of your regard for the Old, Old Party? Who could?

SECTION V.—*Belles Lettres?*—(a) Is anything duller than an English editor, except his readers? (b) Who novelized Daisy Miller? Who dramatized Daisy Miller? Who had better hereafter let Daisy Miller alone? (c) Explain the double paradox:—A certain notorious ship-Chandler knows nothing about ships, cannot even tell a boat when he sees one, and yet is perfectly familiar with every species of craft known. (d) (A question in Grammar.) Have you ever been able to decline five dollars? (e) Name one thing that has given Boston a place among American cities—one thing besides baked beans. (Yes, brown bread is right.) (f) Does it prove that Robinson Crusoe was a strict churchman because he kept good Friday? (g) Is it true that when two Chicago girls meet in a narrow street that they both take off their shoes, and then finally go back around the block? (h) How about the Old Party?

SECTION VI.—*Biblical knowledge and general moral character*.—(a) Give, approximately, the number of the Ten Commandments; and state if the following are among them, as they are now generally understood: Do not let anybody catch you stealing? Do not covet; for if the thing can't be had it's a waste of time; and if it can be had, do n't covet, but just watch your chance, and help yourself. Do not work on the Sabbath Day; you won't get any increase of salary for it. Where you're at work by the job, of course it's a different matter. Honor your father; you may have to fall back on him yet. (b) Name numerically the verse that stands between the eighth and tenth verses in the shorter catechism. (c) The Benjamin of Scripture wore a coat of many colors. Mention a modern namesake who does the same. But the previous Benjamin, when it grew uncomfortable at home, packed off for Egypt; had not the namesake better begin to turn his eye (*i. e.*, the one that turns) in the same direction? (d) Of how many churches are you a member? (e) Have you ever been a Sunday-school superintendent, and if so would it be possible for you in the community where you are known to obtain a position of trust and responsibility? (f) Did you



THE OCEAN STEAMER—No. 7.

WHAT! TEN DAYS IN THAT NASTY LITTLE HOLE, HARRY? NEVER! THERE!

ever beat your mother? and if not state the circumstances that caused you to refrain. (g) Sing "Jerusalem the Golden" carefully, and state the result. (h) Is there any consideration born of Heaven, Earth, or the Lime-kiln below, that would for a moment stand between you and your duty to the Glorious Old Party?

Each candidate is expected to answer at least two questions on this paper; and he is held on his sacred honor to employ only such assistance as shall seem to be the most to his advantage.

Is a season "a son of Neptune?"







SUMMER FASHIONS.



VOL. II.            AUGUST 23D, 1883.            NO. 34.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

**N**EWPORT is a city about which no two authorities agree. It is claimed by one distinguished American writer that it is "the centre of refinement, fashion, intelligence and wealth." Another, equally eminent, declares it to be "shoddy, pinchbeck, and greasy, with newly acquired and vulgarly used wealth." One noted English critic, who was *fêted* there last year, says that "Newport is the heaven of the toady and the snob," while a Frenchman who had similar experience declares it to be "the Mecca of the rich who can be worshipped for nothing but their wealth." A correspondent of the *London Globe* says: "It is the paradise of two sets of fools—the gilded clique who spend tens of thousands in the effort to outshine their neighbors, and the obsequious clique that beggars itself for the privilege of witnessing the pitiful contest."

\* \* \*

**M**R. JOAQUIN MILLER says that he sighs for a city where "the cruel civilization of modern empires is unknown" and where there is "rest and quiet and peace to suit the hour of dreams;" a city "hedged in from bustle and feverish rush for gain," a city "placid as a moonlit lake and natural as a maiden's blush;" a city where "a poet may seek and find congenial ears and healthful hearts;" a city where "ambition slumbers and nature wields the sceptre over all." Mr. Miller is evidently truckling for a pass to Boston.

\* \* \*

**T**HE *Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle* says that "the Boss Fool was produced at the recent military re-union in Texas." The editor of the *Chronicle* must retract that statement. He has been sadly misinformed. We have facts in our possession which prove beyond the slightest doubt that Judge Hoadly has never been further South than Louisville.

\* \* \*

**W**ILL the fall in the price of quinine affect the shake which Mr. Conkling has given the Republican party?

\* \* \*

**A** WISE saw and a modern instance \*\*\* [will Mr. Courtney kindly fill out the rest of this paragraph? ED.]

\* \* \*

**T**HE annual grind of naval cadets at Annapolis must cease. There is n't steerage room now in the navy for even the Commodores.

**W**HILE every eye is strained eastward and every energy directed against an invasion by cholera, the news comes that King Kalakaua's Royal Sandwich Island Brass Band has arrived in San Francisco. This shows how hopeless it is to oppose fate.

\* \* \*

**A** CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., dispatch says: "A bolt of lightning killed 27 hogs simultaneously at Blue Springs in this county." Democracy may be all right, but this looks like a warning.

\* \* \*

**O**UR highly esteemed contemporaries of Philadelphia and Chicago are cackling over the fact that telegraph wires in their respective cities have been successfully worked under ground. That is nothing new. Mr. Gould has worked the entire Western Union in that way ever since he first took hold of it.

\* \* \*

**T**HE *London Athenaeum* says that "Chicago is a hideous city," and further remarks that "the people think the sight of killing pigs the finest in the world, and the visitor is taken to see it as the greatest of treats." That settles it. Mr. Gladstone will have to be very careful hereafter how he plunges England into war, for the support of Mr. Carter Harrison cannot now be counted upon.

\* \* \*

**M**R. CEPHAS F. ROBERTSON recently came to this country from England. He carried eleven hat boxes and a valet and was full of brandy and soda and enthusiasm. Three days after he arrived in New York he met an old friend in the usual way on the Bowery. The meeting cost Mr. Robertson \$1,100. He left the following day for Chicago. The morning of his arrival in that porcine city he met another old friend who obtained from him a loan of \$650.00 on \$1.95 worth of glass diamonds and a certified cheque on a Canadian bank which failed two years ago. Mr. Robertson then undertook to do St. Louis, and it cost him \$20 to have a lawyer explain to a Judge why one glass of pale sherry, which he had taken with a casual acquaintance, should have so muddled his brain and tangled up his legs that he lost his watch and his reputation for sobriety on the public street at 11 A.M. Mr. Robertson got into Louisville just in time for the most exciting horse-race of the season, and was fortunate enough to secure a "pointer" from a too confiding friend, which enabled him to lose \$2,700 in five minutes on what is called in that depraved region a "whipsaw." He then drifted into Texas, and got into a friendly argument with a cowboy and into the surgical ward of a hospital on the same day. Flying to New Orleans, he went down with the "breakbone" fever, and then spent \$2,900 trying to win the capital prize in the Lottery. He will now return to England, and will write a book which will convey accurate impressions of this country to the British public.





REGRETS.

*Miss Gushington (to young widow whose husband has left a large fortune):* THAT IS THE FOURTEENTH MOURNING COSTUME I HAVE SEEN YOU WEAR IN THREE DAYS, AND EACH LOVELIER AND MORE BECOMING THAN THE OTHER.

*Young Widow:* OH! MY DEAR, I HAVE FORTY—BUT SUCH A BOTHER AS THEY WERE TO HAVE MADE! AT ONE TIME I ALMOST WISHED THAT POOR, DEAR GEORGE HAD N'T DIED!

HIS REPLY.

—  
 "Methinks the lady doth protest too much."  
 —

I AM deluged with poetical phrases;  
 Would hold them as dear  
 As the spring springing violets and daisies,  
 Could I think them sincere—  
 Do you hear?

There is something diffusely sardonic,  
 A breath like a jeer,  
 In your letter. True love is laconic,  
 A thing to revere—  
 Do you hear?

I like not a cheap effervescent;  
 The froth on the beer  
 We give to the young adolescent,  
 Reserving the clear.  
 Do you hear?

Do n't wince, I am gaily protesting,  
 Not really severe;  
 All times are for mocking and jesting,  
 With *you* though I fear.  
 Do you hear?

W. H. HOWELLS.

—  
 "MISERY acquaints a man with strange bedfellows" is true enough, but people who effect country board "within easy reach of the city" find that strange bedfellows more frequently acquaint a man with misery.

## OUR LATE ARRIVAL.

(THE MODERN DUDE.)

I LIVE in blissful idleness—  
Society 's a bore.  
I languidly attitudinize  
Outside my Hotel door.

My costuming 's a work of art,  
Untaught in any school ;  
My clothing, gems in every part,  
Is made for me by Poole.—

My bootlets taper at the toe  
With upward inclination,  
And 'pon my word, wher'er I go,  
Excite vast admiration.

By ' Bennet " hat, with sweeping brim,  
Most surely is becoming,  
My creamy tie, with silver pin,  
Is positively stunning.

My collar is a tidy pile,  
Uncomfortable rather,  
But comfort must be waived for style,  
In one way or an other.

I wear a single glass, you know,  
With just a dash of guile.  
I 'm not Myopic—bless you, no ;—  
'T is only London style.

I fancy I've the finest gait  
Upon the Avenue,—  
At least 't is common rumor,  
It really must be true.

I may add—It 's rather awkward  
And excessively—ah !—rude,  
Of vulgar-minded persons,  
To mention me a " Dude."

The meaning of this modern skit  
My Webster does not render,—  
I see the papers mention it  
As of the neuter gender.

A rum thing that, and beastly rude,  
A caddish application  
To a mere habilitude  
Of foreign importation.

Society 's a beastly bore—  
I positively shun it.  
I think I 've hit a better score,  
And I intend to run it.

## TRIALS OF A MT. DESERTER.

INTERCEPTED LETTER NO. 2.

BAR HARBOR, ME.

Aug. 18th, '83.

DEAR LURLIE : I *know* you will forgive me, you dear, sweet darling girl, for not writing since yesterday, but you know I went canoeing this morning, and just after I returned we went to Lena Randolph's Jordan's Pond picnic and stayed all day. Lena is just too *awfully* sweet for anything to me, on account of Mr. Rathbone. He is the one I wrote you about Thursday evening. Do you know, he has the loveliest eyes I think I ever saw—except Archie's, of course. By the way, I quite forgot to tell you that Archie and Carrie Van Salmon must have had a quarrel, for yesterday he sat smoking a cigarette on the piazza when she was not *twenty* feet away, and he did not go up to even *speak* to her for at least a quarter of an hour. And then he rushed up and pretended he had not seen her, and they went down to the Rocks together, and she kept him there until a half an hour after his engagement with *me*. Is n't she just the most odious girl, Lurlie? Of course I would have been furious, but Mr. Rathbone came up ten minutes before the hour, and I really forgot all about my engagement with Archie until he reminded me of it. Mr. Rathbone is just the loveliest man here. He is tall and slender and plays tennis and has dark eyes and the sweetest white flannel suits you ever saw, Lurlie. We talked about love at first sight, and he said that with his passionate, Southron nature, to love a woman at all was to love her madly, wildly, absolutely, the first time he saw her. And then he looked away from me with such a dreamy, poetic, far-off look that I positively felt a *thrill* go through me until papa came up and asked whose pug that was fighting with the yellow dog in front of the telegraph office. Just as if Mr. Rathbone was really looking at a *dog fight* while talking so to me! He has such a *sad* expression in his eyes, too, Lurlie. I am *sure* he has a history. What a dreadfully heartless woman she must have been—do n't you think so, Lurlie? Mamie says that Lulu Savage, who is from Richmond, you know, told her that Mr. Rathbone fell regularly in love with every new girl he met, but I know that Lulu Savage has always been saying something malicious about everybody ever since Paul Heman snubbed her and engaged himself to May Livingston—has n't she, Lurlie? But I have n't told you about the picnic! You see it was very small—only three buckboards and Archie's dog-cart. There was Lena Randolph and that horrid little Gregory Jones—he gave a lunch in her honor on his new yacht, last Tuesday, you know ;—Maude Halcombe and Harry Forbes—the way he carries on with her is just breaking Mamie's heart ;—Lulu Savage and Arthur Penwright—he is from Chicago, you know, but they say he is rich ;—Alicia Woodland and Charlie Hattan—Alicia is a Baltimore girl and the men just *rave* about her complexion. I wish she 'd wash her face and let *me* see it! Then there were Stetson Boswell and Gertrude Bliss, Gor-

D. W. N.



don Robinson and old Miss Peplow, Dr. Allyn and Miss Andrews—she is an English girl and perfectly *lovely*—and Mr. and Mrs. Bliss chaperoned us—has n't she the vilest cackle for a laugh you *ever* heard, Lurlie? It nearly drove me *wild*. Of course *I* expected to go with Archie, but do you know what that Carrie Van Salmon did? She got Archie to take her off for a little ride about a half hour before the picnic started, and kept him dawdling around the Indian camp buying baskets and getting her fortune told until everybody was getting into the buckboard, and of course *my* partner was absent. Well, as I had n't made a *positive* engagement with Archie, I was able to ask Mr. Rathbone. Just as we took our seats, up drove Archie, and he explained that his watch must have been fifteen minutes slow, but *I know* Carrie Van Salmon set it back, for I noticed the other day she held it while he was climbing the rocks at Great Head. She *did* look too malignantly happy for anything when they drove up, and she had the audacity, when she heard that Archie and I had a half engagement to go together, to insist on my taking her place in the dog-cart. But of course I smiled and looked indifferent, and said it was all right, though I could have bitten her head off—could n't you, Lurlie? I was n't so *much* disappointed, after all, because Mr. Rathbone was with me, and the way his great, dark, splendid eyes lighted up when he saw the matter settled, made me positively happy. I wish you could see him, Lurlie.

When we got to Jordan's pond over that dreadful bumpy road, we went out rowing in some miserable little leaky boats, and Mr. Rathbone told me his first name was Cecil—is n't that sweet—and said he thought Gwendolyn the most rapturously musical name he ever heard, and he begged me to let him call me Miss Gwendolyn—when we were alone, of course—and I said I would, and he looked up at the blue sky with that soft, dreamy expression, repeated my name in a whisper to himself, and then asked me if I would care *very* much if he smoked a cigarette. Then, after he lit the cigarette, he said I reminded him of a poem by Owen Meredith, "Madame La Marquise," and he was just going to tell me why, when that vile little Gregory Jones hooted out to us from shore that lunch was ready, and of course we had to go back and eat stuffy old sandwiches and pickles under a tree, and I had four-



THE OCEAN STEAMER—No. 8.

"LUNCH SERVED, 'M."

teen caterpillars and three bugs drop right down my back, and Mr. Rathbone was so busy picking them off that he could n't eat anything but some hard boiled eggs and a little cake. Archie was n't there, but Maude Halcombe told me that he went mountain climbing with Mamie and Charlie Hattan and Carrie Van Salmon. They had not returned when our buck-board left, and so I must wait until I see Mamie before I can tell you what they did. Mr. Rathbone and I—\* \* \* \*

Mama has just interrupted me to say that the last buckboard has returned, and that we must go down to supper. Good bye, darling Lurlie, for a little while.

GWEN.

P. S.—What do you think! Mamie rushed up to tell me that *immediately* after they left the place, Carrie Van Salmon managed to get with Archie and then *half way* up the mountain they sat down to *rest* and Mamie didn't see them again until they all got back to the *buckboard*! Mamie says she has something else to tell me just as soon as she finishes supper. I am nearly *wild* to know. G.

P. S.—Mr. Cecil Randolph has just sent up the loveliest knot of *pink*  
(Continued on page 92.)





GRAY PARKER

THIS I  
AND HOW DELIGHT





NEWPORT.

LY ENGLISH IT ALL IS !



(Continued from page 89.)

water-lilies with only his card. I must hurry and arrange them to wear at the hop to-night. G.

P. S.—Cecil—Mr. Randolph, I mean, has just asked me to dance the german with him. If it was n't that I *know* Archie is dying to explain himself I would accept. G.

P. S.—Mamie has just come—come in and says—says \* \* Mamie says that Arch—oh! I cannot \* \* G.

8 P. M.

DEAR LURLIE: Poor Gwen is suffering very much with a headache, and asked me to add a postscript to her letter. She wishes me to say that Mr. Archibald Ten Broeck's engagement to Miss Van Salmon was confidentially announced to my mother this evening by Mrs. Van Salmon. She will eagerly receive you on Monday at the dock. Although she feels quite badly, she has accepted to dance the german this evening with Mr. Cecil Randolph and I must help her to dress. I am sorry I leave Monday before you arrive, but we will meet in Campobello.

Yours in haste,

MAMIE.

(To be continued.)



## STRESS OF WEATHER.

DEAR, LADY, PLEASE HELP AN UNFORTUNATE MAN. I AIN'T HAD NO WORK AT MY TRADE SINCE LAST WINTER.

POOR MAN! WHAT IS YOUR TRADE?

SHOVELLIN' SNOW, MUM.

THE watering cart saves many a man from biting the dust.

MEMBERS of gymnastic societies are usually all active members.

JUDGING by the Newport Hunt, if wishes were horses many men would n't be able to ride them.

ALL roads lead to roam.

## WHY?

OH why are poets poets?\*

Who knows what might have been,  
If business men or others  
Had held the rythmic pen.

Who knows what deeds of greatness,  
What high, ennobling acts  
Might not have been narrated  
From actual untrimmed facts?

Why should poetic license  
Call plain, read-headed Ruth  
A maid with golden tresses,  
And disregard the truth?

Why should it speak of morning—  
A most unpleasant hour—  
As fair Aurora's coming  
Forth from her rosy bower?

Why calls it all things strangely?  
Why thus corrupt the youth?  
Why should the poet's lie sense  
Nonsensify the truth?

Then why are poets poets?  
Who knows what might have been  
If business men or others  
Had held the rythmic pen?

WILL LAMPTON.

\*[This is the other of the two things we do n't know.—Ed.]



POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON XII.—The Son-in-Law.



*W*HAT is this?  
This, darling, is the son-in-law.

*Oh! he is the victim of a mother-in-law?*

Yes, dear, of a rich mother-in-law, who supports him.

*That is what makes him so tired and ricketty?*

Partly, my precious.

*And the other cause?*

Well, he has been to dinner at the Club.

*But why does he go home in that condition?*

Because all the other places are closed.

*Gracious! what will his mother-in-law do?*

She will help him up stairs and assist in removing his boots.

*Then the poor son-in-law will not be clubbed with a soup-ladle, lectured for two hours and scalded half to death with boiling tea?*

Oh, no.

*But if he is so dissipated why does the poor mother-in-law put up with him?*

Because he gives her daughter position.

*How "position"?*

Well, before marriage the mother-in-law was very rich, but was not "known" in society.

*Well?*

Now she is not quite so rich, but she is "known."

*Through the son-in-law?*

Exactly.

*But the poor wife—her daughter?*

It is the same with her.

*Are they satisfied?*

Quite so.

*But is getting into society so desirable, that a girl will marry such a man to accomplish it?*

Yes, my precious.

*My! But how for the poor girls who cannot marry such men?*

They are unfortunate.

*Have they no consolation?*

A meagre one.

*And that?*

They can die and go to heaven.

A VACATION IDYL.

WHEN I see the lilies growing,  
Budding rear a mossy brink;  
When I see their petals opening,  
Creamy hue and blush of pink,

Then a charm I trace methinks,  
Like unto my Julia's mellow,—  
Ah, here she comes.—Capricious minx!  
I'd like to punch that other fellow.

D. W. H.

RECIPES FOR POPULAR SERMONS.

III.

RADICALISM A LA M. J. SAVAGE.

TAKE fifty-five minutes of nasal tenderness of tone, one thought from the "First Principles" of Mr. Spencer and two from his "Psychology" and three allusions to the survival of the fittest. Stir gently till the whole begins to simmer. Then add rapidly the Orthodox conception of Good, seasoned beforehand with savage raillery, and two sliced compliments to the newspapers. Then cook up a tablespoonful of evolution until smooth, not brown, and strain into a Unitarian sauce-pan. Garnish the whole with prayers to the unknowable, and serve.

IV.

SENTIMENTALISM A LA RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY REST.

TAKE one or two metaphysical texts from the New Testament which have no possible reference to one another. Hold them at arm's length till the guests all see them double. Boil them then in a mixture of Sir William Hamilton's metaphysics and verses from Geo. Macdonald's "Robert Falconer;" then stir slowly into the mass a touching story of ripe age (it may even be a little "high"). Add a little Hell with the forefinger, as a reminiscence of Methodism; season with hopes of immortality and references to familiar bereavements, and serve with a melting poem and tears.

CLERICUS.

SUMMER'S bloom is almost past;  
Autumn's chill is in the air.  
Love, since summer will not last,  
Let us find the whole year fair.  
If we look through lovers' eyes,  
Even soft are winter's skies.

WALTER LEARNED.

FROM the way things have been running recently, it is impossible to say which is the most dangerous thing to meet in Texas—a grizzly bear, a Comanche Indian, a cowboy or a Baptist minister.

## BOOKISHNESS

MRS. MADELINE VINTON DAHLGREN has tried her hand at travels, folk-lore and biography, and now she appears as a novelist, taking "A Washington Winter" as her subject. (*Osgood & Co.*) Many Washington winters have passed over the head of Mrs. Dahlgren, and she has had excellent facilities for taking notes from life. One of the first seems to have been made in front of the looking-glass, for Mrs. Adeline Wilton who "scanned the kaleidoscopic changes of its [Washington's] restless winter life" with "clear comprehension of the real meaning" can be no other than the gifted author of this book. Mrs. Dahlgren's portraits are drawn in the free-handed style of LIFE's cartoons, not always exact as to feature but unmistakable in likeness. In short we feel safe in predicting a flattering reception for Mrs. Dahlgren's novel in England where Mrs. Trollope's work on American manners and customs attained so wide a hearing.

WE are better pleased at seeing a new and cheap edition of Maclise Gallery (*Scribner & Welford*) than were some of the literary celebrities represented in it when it first appeared in the pages of *Frazer's Magazine* as long ago as 1833. The portraits are exaggerations rather than caricatures, and one feels that he gets a much better idea of the original from this unflattering pencil than the slicked-up portraits that are given to the world with "the approval of the family." If old William Godwin had sat for his portrait to a fashionable painter we never would have known that he shuffled along the streets in a great-coat that reached the ground, with a hat pulled so far on his head that it touched his well-rounded shoulders. That was Godwin as he was; a more conventional portrait would have fixed him up with a short-tailed coat and a jaunty little hat and would have looked as much like anyone else as like the author of "Caleb Williams." The ladies are treated as severely as the men in these sketches and are made to appear as the most exaggerated of blue stockings—that is, the older of them. The artist has been more merciful to the then young and blooming "L. E. L.," Miss Mitford, and the Countess of Blessington.

CHARLES LAMB is made to occupy a conspicuous place among the Famous Women of Messrs. Roberts Bros.' series. His sister is the subject of the book, but as everywhere that Mary went Charles was sure to go the two Lambs were always side by side. Mrs. Gilchrist, the author of this biography, has found one or two new bits about the sad life of this brother and sister, but nothing of great importance. It is the old, touching story retold with a sympathizing pen, and all who have wept over it before will weep over it again.

## THE SAD FATE OF A DRY-GOODS CLERK!

(A CAUTION TO SUMMER VACATIONISTS.)

I AM dying, Mosquit, dying,  
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,  
And thy large abdominal region  
Is puffed up with thy repast;  
Let thy bill, oh Mosquit, leave me,  
Stop thy buzzing in mine ear;  
Skip down stairs to Jersey farmer,—  
Get *him* ready for his bier!

Fly away, blood-gorged Mosquito,  
With thy appetite so vile!—  
Go and suck the very life out  
From that granger full of guile,—  
Who secured me for a boarder,  
With his promises so sweet,  
Saying: "No mosquitos ever  
Come to my roo-ral retreat!"

\* \* \* \* \*

I am dying, Mosquit, dying;  
Hark! I hear thy comrades' cry,—  
'Round my bed they come to picnic  
On my carcass, as I die.  
Ah! no more behind the counter  
Shall I ever cut a swell!  
Jersey liar, curses on thee,—  
Macy's, Broadway, life, farewell!!

"JEF. JOSLYN."

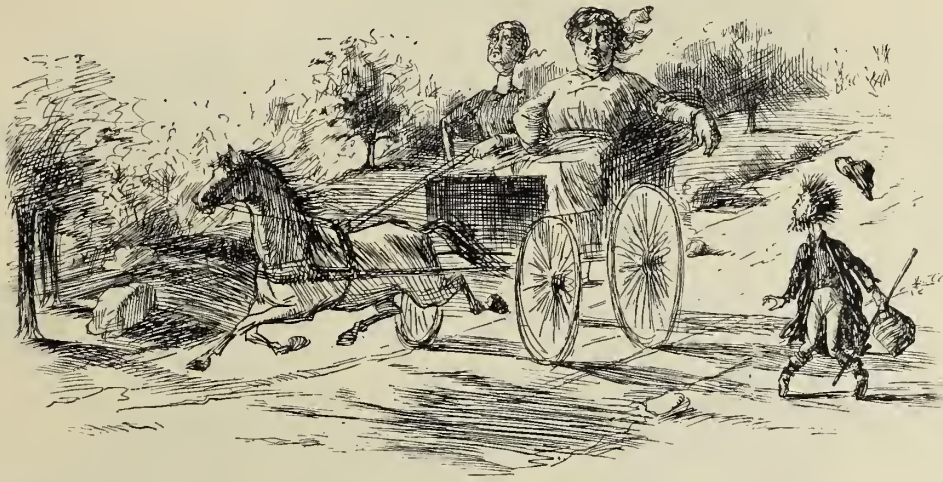
## PHILOSOPHY AT POMPOONIK.

POMPOONIK,——, 1883

IN Pompoonik a new impulse has been generated with the opening of the summer school. The pedagogic lethargy of the pulpit is not felt here during the silly season. Philosophy, the handmaiden of Truth, is leading the minds of its sages out of the fogs of metaphysics and the bogs of mysticism to a secure vantage ground, where the riddles of life are read in a serene light. The huckster and pedant have no business here. "We endeavor," said Prof. Wm. Izikslumis, closing his Schleimacher, and replacing his spectacles in a leathern case, "to give wings to the fancy and feet to the soul, and to bridge the hiatus between the real and the ideal."

The village presents a lively appearance. The colonists flock about the school like flies around a honey-pot. On Wednesday the attendance was larger than it has been at any time up to the present date. The exercises opened with a lecture on the following subject: "Is 'What *is*' equivalent to 'What is *not*,' if we subordinate the Relative for the Absolute, or accept Consciousness as the test of the Absolute, and a Register of its Acts?"





A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE!

UNPRECEDENTED DISPLAY OF NERVE BY TWO YOUNG LADIES WHILE DRIVING IN THE SUBURBS OF BOSTON.

Extract from Miss Helena Alicia's account of the scene:

"— IN A LONELY PART OF THE ROAD AN ENORMOUS TRAMP, EVIDENTLY BENT ON HIGHWAY ROBBERY, GLARED FEROCIOUSLY AT US AND BRANDISHED HIS CLUB IN THE AIR, BUT WE SUMMONED ALL OUR COURAGE AND DASHED BY BEFORE THE BLOW FELL," ETC.

*In illustrating this episode we have been guided somewhat by the amount of courage the most reckless tramp would be likely to display under the circumstances.*

Dr. Petekityl, in an elaborate disquisition, attempted to show that the Real is a projection of consciousness in life. The soul, the absolute sense, is the eye-ball of Pan\*, using this figure to typify the conical force of the universe; by which term (Universe) we designate the illusions of the senses and phantasms of the mind. The soul incorporates all things. In the cathedral twilight of all things, mysticism, empiricism and dogmatic theology, it has reached a practical annihilation, or is like a puff-ball caught up by the wind. We are living in a land of dreams. The majority of men writhe and stagger under an incubus, and are held in bondage by a subtle, electric influence which they call the spirit of the age. Whence comes this influence? What are the reasons of the mind for climbing empyrean heights and resisting the incursion of ideas? Dr. Petekityl could not answer these questions, but he conceived that by a reflex mental action, that is, by concentrating thought back upon itself—the true *point d'appui*, sought by the seer and philosopher, might be attained.

In the hush that prevailed no one attempted to controvert the learned doctor, but when the next question was reached a lively debate ensued, and in the heat of discussion coats were pulled off, cuffs were flung aside, collars were unbuttoned, and Prof Jimjaxon was seen to put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth, while J. Puddington Smythe, A.M., nervously chewed the rim of a palm-leaf fan.

The subject was one of a series on the Internal History of the Human Mind; "Whether Ideas that are lost in Thinking, or perish in Embryo, are equal in Value to Ideas that are Unthinkable?"

J. Puddington Smythe, A.M., led off the debate. "What," he said, "is the nature and capacity of the Mind? Is it capable of grasping an idea that has no existence in its conscious states? 'The sweetest music,' says a modern poet, 'are the songs that I have never sung.' Dr. Holmes, in one of his breakfast-table talks, hints of poets who never sing,

'But die with all their music in them.'

"What does the poet mean? Is not thought, according to Descartes, the essence of mind? Are not ideas the flowers of thought? Flowers in a literal sense, have extension, but ideas have not. Whatever is apprehended by the internal sense is an idea. Hence the idea of an idea is an idea. Thus, if we cannot form a distinct mental conception of an idea that is unthinkable, the idea may exist in mental perspective as a fact of consciousness, and as such may be apprehended. (Applause.)

"I suppose there are some heads nodding in the benches before me that are absolutely vacant of ideas; but whether a man thinks, or merely thinks he thinks, or has but one thought during his earthly pilgrimage, namely the consciousness of his total incapacity to think on any subject (sensation), an idea is present to the mind. (Tremendous applause.)

"Ideas that are lost in embryo, or are pushed and jostled out of the mind by new ideas that arise spon-

\*Man is a transparent eye-ball.—Emerson.



taneously out of its inner depths and contend for elbow room, have less value than ideas that are unthinkable, and which perceptibly influence our thoughts. (Cheers.) When we once get the notion in our heads that we have no ideas save those which are clearly and distinctly apprehended, there is no pleasure to be derived from living and we might as well lie under the sod."

Next week's programme is one of peculiar interest. The following questions are announced for debate :

The origin of "Me-tooism" in politics, and "Too-tooism" in æsthetics, with reference to the study of modern history.

Liver-pads.

In the absence of a logical *nexus*, is it policy to sew up the gaps in an argument with the thread of the discourse ?

Was the statue hugged by Pygmalion a Cyprian girl in disguise ?

Love as a self-extinguisher.

Glucose in beer.

Rays of Genius struggling through the keyhole of the closed door of the Intellect.

Empty salt-cellars in the soul's cupboard, or our lost reckonings.

The expediency of making the science of astrology, as taught by the Chinese and Etruscans, an elective study in common schools, with a view to improving the efficiency of the signal-service.

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

#### DIRECTIONS TO CEMETERY SUPERINTENDENTS.

AFTER a careful study of the methods pursued in the leading cemeteries of this country, we are able to give the following directions, which will prove valuable to all superintendents who desire to establish "fashionable" cemeteries :—

1. Be very careful to make your grounds look as artificial as possible. It is bad taste to have any appointments which might suggest Nature.

2. Lay out large beds of tropical plants in designs such as crosses, anchors, etc.—the uglier the better. Visitors will be sure to admire such designs, and their admiration will be found to be inversely as the beauty of the designs.

3. Surround as many of the lots as possible with iron fences. This will give the inmates a sense of security.

4. Use your influence in having the monuments as striking as possible. You can effect this by having the designs represent odd and inappropriate figures. Cross-eyed doves and clasping hands, like the advertisement of "Welcome Soap," are very popular just now.

5. Have your grounds laid out as much like a checker-board as possible, and name your paths alphabetically, as Almond Avenue, Blueberry Street, Cucumber Lane, Doctor Alley, etc.

6. Have two or three artificial lakes in the grounds. Cultivate weeds in these, so that the surface may be covered with green scum to match the surrounding grass.

7. Take pains to have as many bunches of faded flowers as possible distributed through the lots. These should never be removed as they improve with age.

8. Place at regular intervals through the grounds figures of dogs or other animals. These will serve the double purpose of carrying out Rule 1 and of frightening medical students.

J. J. J.





The Young Man from Philadelphia.



VOL. II. AUGUST 30TH, 1883. NO. 35.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

**B**ROTHER DANA is excited. "Why," he irreverently inquires in the *New York Sun*, "why, oh why will men thus turn the world into hell?" Be calm, man. Collect yourself. It may be to roast out the Republican party.

\* \* \*

"I SEE that Vesuvius is in a state of violent activity, and that an eruption may be expected at any minute. I know how this is myself."—*S. J. T.*

\* \* \*

**M**AJOR SAMUEL HAWKINS, late president of a Selma, Alabama, bank, was suddenly seized with a migratory spirit four years ago, leaving a wife, three children and several hundred depositors, to mourn their loss. From recently discovered evidence it appears that the Major's first tour included Indian Territory, the Pan Handle of Texas, and the lower border of New Mexico, and thence by the right bank of the Rio Grande and the waters of the Pecos, passed he into Arizona, and settled as the Rev. Josiah Williams within the corporate limits of King-Full, on the Gila River. King-Full was considered by even the most sanguine Baptists of that section to be about as close to the jaws of Gehenna as a town could reasonably be. Its inhabitants mined by day and played poker by night; the Mayor ran a faro bank, and the Aldermen kept saloons which would disgrace any centre of civilization outside of New York. For nine years no minister of the Gospel had dared to venture within gunshot of King-Full but one, and he returned to his flock within a week wearing a spring suit of soft asphalt trimmed with dishearteningly frequent feathers, besides having two calibre 44 leaks in his vitality which eventually led his family into an insurance litigation and himself into a cemetery. When the Mobile detectives who had followed Major Hawkins' tortuous course arrived on the Gila and heard that he had entered King-Full as a minister of the Gospel, they abandoned the trail and reported back that he had committed suicide—a verdict in which the most eminent citizens of Western New Mexico concurred. For two years nothing further was heard of the case. A fortnight ago, however, a battered stranger was tenderly lifted from an ambulance at Fort Wingate, and conveyed into the surgical ward of the hospital. His nose was gone, and scallops fringing what was once the base of that noble prominence, suggested that the amputation had been of a violent and carnivorous character. His left ear was skewed backwards, and his right was missing altogether. He accounted for the loss of his seven front teeth

by the simple statement that he had swallowed them in a hurry. The post surgeon did not think the seven bowie knife wounds in the back were necessarily fatal, unless inflammation set in from the two gunshot wounds in the right side, or pyæmia resulted from the broken thigh, but concurred in the opinion of the hospital steward that the greatest danger lay in the cluster of buckshot which at present inhabited the sick man's liver. It was a solemn moment. The chaplain inquired the invalid's name, and, as he had been in the Territory some little while, was not surprised when he heard it was the Rev. Josiah Williams. The rough-handed but simple-hearted natives told the rest. For a while, the Rev. Josiah, after his arrival in King-Full, had instructed his Sunday-schools in the art of singing hymns and turning a jack from the bottom of the pack, and had, in his sermons intermingled piety and draw-poker with a zeal and discretion which drew crowds to his place of worship. Pursuing this plan of salvation, he prospered. He taught a Bible class Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and lectured on Keno, with practical illustrations, on the off nights. But with his success came shortsightedness. Blindly confident in his influence and popularity, he undertook to give a church fair, with grab-bag, beauty polls, clam stew and all other orthodox trimmings. It was more than King-Full could stand.

\* \* \*

"SENATOR VEST was kicked by a mule yesterday."—*Correspondence Chicago Times*. Is Mr. Vest training for '84?

\* \* \*

"THE Kalamazoo *Gazette* has pronounced in favor of Mr. Tilden."—*New York Sun*. That settles it. The R. P. m. g.

\* \* \*

**O**UR highly esteemed contemporary the *New York World* printed last Friday the following very startling intelligence:

"A WILD DELUSION.

The editor of THE WORLD is a very gallant man."

\* \* \*

"I HAVE cut my hair and I have written a play, and still I fail to please. But genius cannot be crushed. I shall go in training for a slugging match and open a bar."—*Oscar Wilde*.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Fenians have a new explosive—a white powder which detonates only on contact with water.—*N. Y. Times*.

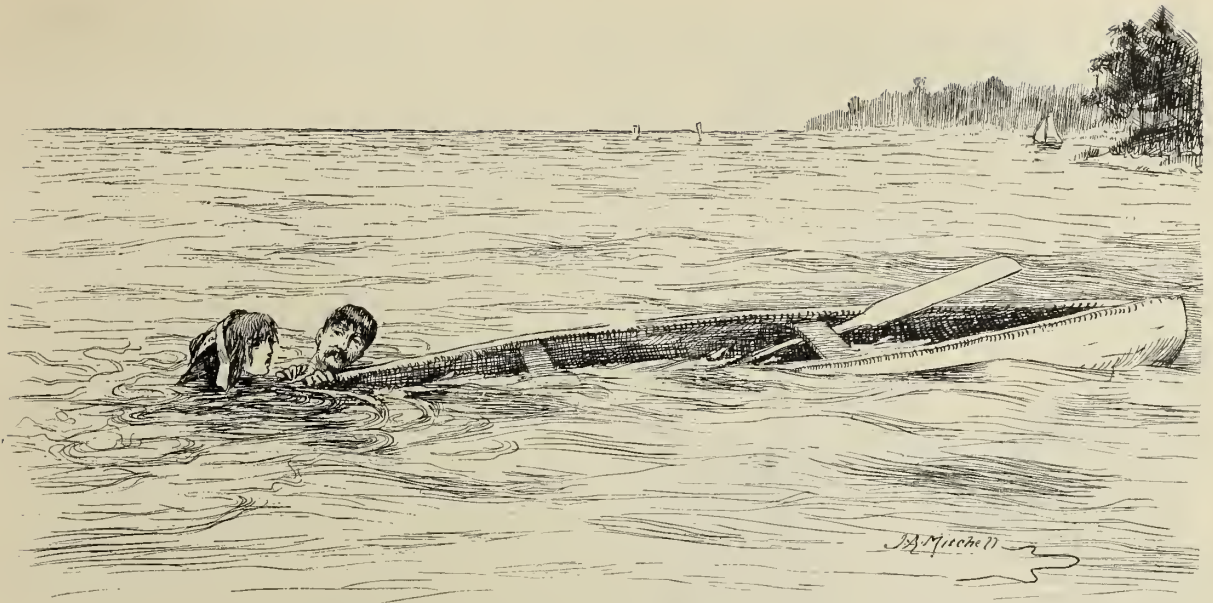
Hence it will be perfectly safe for Fenians to carry.

\* \* \*

**T**HE whole sky was tinged a ghastly green, and masses of clouds were swept here and there in gigantic circles. Wherever it was possible people took to their cellars, and in no case where this was done was a life lost.—*N. Y. Sun*.

This at first sounds as though Murat Halstead had taken to the stump. But it happened in Minnesota, and was only a cyclone.





THE INS AND OUTS OF CANOEING.

*Heiress, as they swim toward the shore:* OH, DEAR! TO THINK OF MY — BEAUTIFUL BANJO BEING LOST! I COULD AL—MOST CRY.

*Mr. Archibald Turner:* YES, BUT WE'VE GOT THE CANOE, AND THAT'S WORTH A GOOD DEAL MORE JUST AT PRESENT. THERE'S ANOTH—ER GREAT ADVANTAGE THE CANOE HAS OVER THE BANJO, THE LESS YOU KNOW ABOUT IT THE—THE MORE YOU CAN GET OUT OF IT.

THE SWEETS OF LOVE.

THE fox-glove swung its purple bell  
 Aloft to catch the evening dew;  
 The lily, in a mossy dell,  
 Lay faint beneath the "heaven's blue."

We watched the lazy spiders spin,  
 And heard the sparrows cheep and call,  
 Far from the city's whirl and din,  
 Where silence brooded over all.

Amid a crimson sea of fire  
 The burning sun had sunk to rest;  
 The clouds rose like a funeral pyre  
 All glowing in the golden west.

"I love," I said, "in such a scene,  
 Where joy and hope and peace abide,  
 Life's choicest favors one might glean,  
 Thrice-happy, sweet, whate'er betide!

"How love would fill our golden cup  
 With nectar to the dewy brim,  
 And raise the jewelled token up  
 When lovers' eyes are growing dim.

"How love would weave from sunny hours  
 A chain to trip the laggard, Time,  
 And sit in dew-emppearled bowers  
 And dream as in some tropic clime!"

"Yes, 't would be nice, dear Tom," she said,  
 "To hear the chiming wedding bells;  
 But if we lived here when we wed  
 What *would* I do for caramels?"

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

"PLUTARCH'S lives—Plutarch's lives," muttered Midas, pausing before his book shelves and spelling out a title, "Plutarch's lives—who, how many lives on earth had the man?"

"Looney!" exclaimed Mrs. Midas in a fine burst of contempt, "do n't you know nothing? It's a book about cats!"

MORE than 43,000 books and pamphlets have already been published on the subject of electricity. No wonder we know next to nothing about it.



### \* HOW TO GET STRONG.

YOU TOLD ME, ARTHUR, THAT YOUR DOCTOR ADVISED YOU TO DRINK WHISKEY; HAS IT DONE YOU ANY GOOD?

WELL I SHOULD SAY SO; I GOT A BARREL OF IT TWO WEEKS AGO AND I COULD HARDLY LIFT IT, AND NOW I CAN CARRY IT ABOUT THE ROOM.

\* With our apologies to Mr. Bleikie for the title, and to the public for the English.

### A DISTINCTION, WITH A DIFFERENCE.

**MISTRESS.**—"Bridget."

**Br.**—"Ma'am!"

**Mistress.**—"Did you hear me ring?"

**Br.**—"No Ma'am."

**Mistress.**—"How's that?"

**Br.**—"I did n't hear you ring ma'am, but I heard the bell ring, ma'am."

**Mistress.**—"And why did you not answer it?"

**Br.**—"Sure, ma'am, I was just afther opening the front door for a man, to see the masher."

**Mistress.**—"What man?"

**Br.**—"The man what dined wid yez last night, ma'am. An' who did I see goin' down the basement stips, but the gintleman for the swill. Shure, onless I cut misilf in two, I can't be in three places at oncet, ma'am."

### TRIALS OF A MT. DESERTER.

INTERCEPTED LETTER NO. 3.

BAR HARBOR, ME.

AUG. 25th, '83.

**D**EARREST, DARLING MAMIE:—I have had *such* distressing headaches since you left that I *know* you won't scold me for not writing. Lurlie arrived Monday morning just a half hour after you left, and I went down with Mr. Rathbone to meet her. I had so *raved* over Lurlie to Mr. Rathbone, that of course he felt bound to say he thought her the most Titianesque and rapturously Southron looking girl he had seen this summer, just as if I did n't know he *could n't* mean that, when Lurlie has *red* hair just as plain as the nose on her face, and that is pretty plain—is n't it, Mame, dear? But of course she can't help it, and is the sweetest, darlingest friend I have in the world, although I *do* wish she would n't wear short sleeves until that cod liver oil works on her arms—do n't you, Mame? I saw Arch—Mr. Ten Broeck, I mean—yesterday. He came up to speak to Lurlie and me, and we both congratulated him *heartily* on his engagement. He pretended not to know what we were talking of, and said we must n't believe half we hear. I replied that I never did—*when he was talking*. Was n't that good? What Carrie Van Salmon can see in him, I can't conceive. I used to like him—as a *friend*, of course—but mama says the Ten Broecks are so poor now that they have to sponge for hay for their horses off their aunt's farm in Westchester county, and papa heard on the street over a month ago that John Ten Broeck had to get Mrs. De Wolfe to endorse a note for him before he *could* lease the cottage up here. Besides that, Archie is *awfully* dissipated. Mrs. Bliss says she *knows* her nephew George paid him 65 cents on a poker debt last week, and old Miss Peplow told mama last night that *on the very night* Archie's engagement to Carrie was told her, she could smell cloves on his breath just as plain as could be. Poor Carrie! I pity her if she marries him—do n't you, Mame?

Yesterday Mr. Rathbone rowed me to the Bald Porcupine. He said he would like to have paddled me over, but would not think of risking *my* life for an idle pleasure, but would rather sacrifice his own to purchase one smile. Was n't that sweet? We pulled up the boat on the beach and climbed the little hill, and then I sat down on a flat rock with my red parasol, and he stretched himself at my feet and said that that was the nearest spot to heaven he had ever known, and when he looked up with those great, splendid, Southron eyes of his, I was almost *frightened*, I was so happy. Then he read *Aux Italiens* to me, and O, Mame, when he came to those heart-breaking lines—

"I thought of our little quarrels and strife,  
And the letter which brought me back my ring;  
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,  
Such a very little thing"—

his voice trembled, and his far-off, dreamy eyes filled with tears, and I was *wild* to tell him how awfully sorry I was he should have been so dreadfully treated by any girl—but of course I did n't. Then he stopped



and asked me if he could light a cigarette, and when I said he might, he looked *so* grateful, and sighed, and said that I reminded him of the magnolia buds which blew in his Southron home. I asked him how, and he was just going to tell me when we heard a screech from the beach, and who should be there but that odious little Gregory Jones in his yacht with Lulu Savage, Carrie Van Salmon and Archie, and he yelled up to Cecil—Mr. Rathbone, I mean, that he had better stop spooning and come down and get his boat, as the tide was floating it off. Well, of course we had to climb down and get the boat, and Mr. Rathbone had to wade out up to his waist and then of course we had to come right home, although I was so mad with that little snip I could have *drowned* him—would n't you have been too, Mame?

In the afternoon we all went to Great Head. You know where the road branches off and where that red-headed man lives who keeps the disagreeable bull-dog? Well, who do you think we met right there, *walking* back? Maude Halcombe and Arthur Penwright. Mame, just as *sure* as you are a *living girl* Maude has thrown Harry Forbes over. Why, it is nearly four miles from the hotel, and you know Maude is n't such a big goose as to walk that distance with any man unless she is *desperate*. Besides, if you remember, whenever she went off for a prowl with Harry, she always wore that same old red skirt she had on when the cow chased her over the fence at Somesville, but yesterday she had on that *new merino*, and more golden rod—which you know Harry detests—and was generally gotten up to *kill*. Well, when we passed them Mrs. Bliss cackled over an invitation to come over with us and get some luncheon, but Maude kissed her hand and said she was out for a "constitutional"—just as if I did n't know she is the laziest girl alive. Well, I can't say I wish her worse than to marry Arthur Penwright. His father has lots of money, they say, but he lives in Chicago, wherever that is, and that's enough for me—is n't it, Mame?

The whole of our afternoon at Great Head was just *ruined* by Mrs. Bliss. She *insisted* on my helping her spread out the lot of sardines and watermelons she called luncheon, and of course Lurlie had to go off with Mr. Rathbone, and they went over to Anemone Cave and didn't return until sundown. If Lurlie was n't such a dear friend of mine I would have been *wild*, but I know she was talking to him the whole time about me, for he looked *so* happy when he returned, and gave me a dear little starfish to remember the day by, that I could n't be angry. Lu Savage was dreadfully miffed, too, because Mrs. Bliss said that if she and Charlie Hatton climbed down the Head *she'd* have a *fit*. *I'd* have gone if she'd have had *sixty* fits—would n't you, Mame?

It is nearly ten o'clock, now, and Cecil and I and Lurlie and Charlie Hatton are going down to the Rocks. Write soon to your devoted  
GWEN.

P. S.—I have just rushed up stairs to say that I saw Maude Halcombe galloping off to see the *Richmond* come in, and she said that she saw *Lurlie* on the Rocks

a half an hour ago, with *Cecil*. I am going right down there to see for myself—would n't you, Mame?  
G.

P. S.—It is *true!* I went down with Gregory Jones—he is horrid but he was the only one on the verandah, and he trotted me all over the beach, and *where* do you think we found them? On the beach by that little bay. And he was holding her hand! And she was looking down and pretending to be confused! And he was whispering to her! And I do n't know *what* I would have done, if Gregory Jones had n't hooted out to that odious Mr. Rathbone and brought them to their senses. I never *dreamed* that Lurlie would have fallen so *easily* into the trap of that detestable man, but it serves her right for her perfidy to *me*. O Mame, I am *so* glad that girl has no secrets of mine. To think what a *narrow* escape I had from entrusting her with my confidences! To you, Mame, alone, would I tell anything I would n't publish to the world.  
G.

P. S.—Lurlie has just been here. She told me she had a secret to confide to me, if I wanted to hear it. I told her it was a *perfect* matter of *indifference* to me whether I heard it or not, and so she said I was real mean, and flounced out of the room to have a good cry. *I* do n't care—would *you*, Mame?  
G.

P. S.—Mama says we will go to Campobello tomorrow. I am glad of it. Although I have received a great deal of attention here, I think it the *stupidest*, *hatefullest* place I was ever in—do n't you, Mame?  
G.

P. S.—I have thrown that starfish away which *he* gave me.  
G.

### UN VOYAGEUR MODERNE.

OF *chère Paris* he ceaseless sings,  
Absinthe, grisettes, and Bullier flings;  
Our Yankee accents sorely grieve  
On Gallic soul disconsolate,  
As weary gull with wounded wings.

Each time he opes his lips outsprings  
Some memory of his wanderings  
Through royal ruins desolate  
Of *chère Paris*.

At every dish that Phillis brings,  
He wails for Voisin's messy things;  
You'd hardly think, to hear him prate,  
He'd but a week within the gate  
Of *chère Paris*.

CURTIS GUILD, JR.

THE phrase "You yourself are much condemned to have an itching palm" leads one to think that Cassius must have been at one time a Scotch fiddler.





The fellow who  
wearing a "dicer"  
generally goes  
home in a  
knotted handker-  
chief.



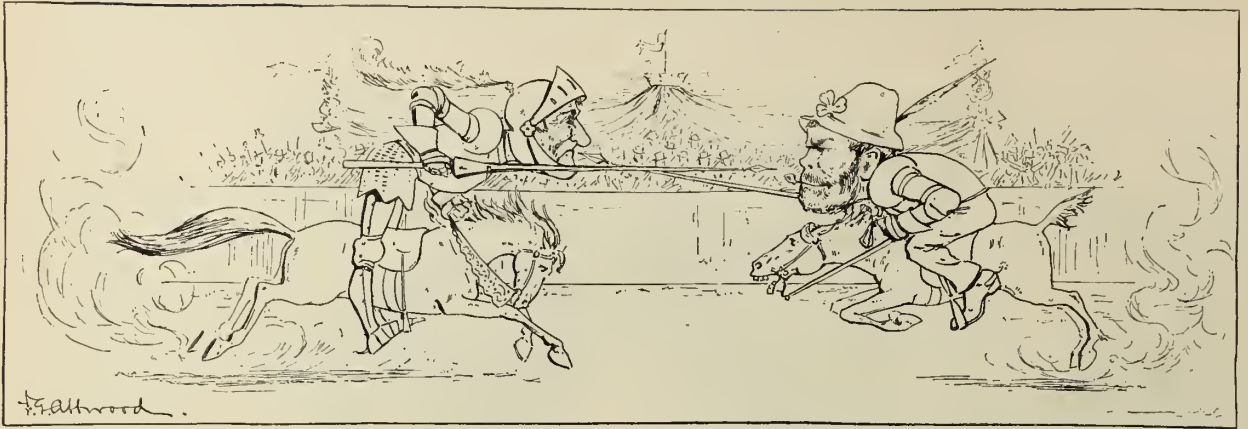
who would not be a sailor bold

STEADY SIR! STEADY!





NOTES.



## IDYLLS OF THE RING.

SAMMY—A REMINISCENCE.

AND so the lists were cleared—the day had come ;  
 A day of gore—a whirl of tooth and nail,  
 When Sammy was to do or die ; to make  
 A spoon or, peradventure, spoil a horn.  
 For things had not been going smoothly as of yore ;  
 The Boss was handling Sammy without gloves,  
 And Sammy's back was up for keeps,  
 The blood was in his eye ; his rampant crest  
 Stood stiff and gristly in the tempest's teeth.

And so

They shoveled off a stretch near Shantytown—  
 A smooth expanse with dips at either end—  
 And set up railings whitewashed in high art,  
 And carted off the turf for winter use,  
 Until the lists were ready for the shock.  
 Beyond the space thus sacred to the knights  
 The rabble gathered in great strength and force,  
 While on the stand—an artless trestle-work—  
 The kid-gloved friends of Sammy perched,  
 With salts held to their noses, and a thrill  
 Of horror rippling down their haughty backs,  
 As they beheld the mob feed on the peanut wild  
 And mop their brows with ten-cent wipes  
 Procured *au bon marché* on Chatham Square.  
 At times a murmur filtered through the crowd,  
 As this or that gave hint of coming deeds ;  
 And once when Sammy, in his far-off tent,  
 Was heard to blow his nose with awful force,  
 Strong men did shut their eyes for fear,  
 Two Biddies fainted in their Sunday clothes,  
 And epilepsy smote a brat like death.

\* \* \*

But suddenly the Boss's horn brayed forth,  
 And Samuel's trumpet shrilled defiance in reply,  
 And straightway, each one from his corner of the lists,  
 The champions paced forth in glittering mail  
 And swapped a dreadful scowl of hate.

Then rose into the summer air so vast a shout  
 As split the welkin into kindling wood,  
 And set the dogs to howling miles around,  
 And made a deaf man over at the Point  
 Exclaim, " Come in ! " as though some one had knocked.

\* \* \*

No notice took the bilious Boss of all this row ;  
 He simply spat upon his hand and gripped the lance  
 While Sammy waved a new plug hat and grinned  
 Moist recognition at his high-toned friends.  
 Thus stood the two when, from the judge's throne,  
 The signal for the battle to begin was heard,  
 And frantic heralds scurried up and down,  
 With yells of " Cheese it ! " " Mind your Eye ! " and " Git ! "  
 Then John, astride a sky-blue charger of renown,  
 And Sammy, on a foaming wall-eyed barb,  
 Took place and waited for the fatal toot  
 Which was to launch them in the deadly fight.  
 Sam's eye flashed hectic fire through his helm,  
 And Johnny, through a trifle pale about the gills,  
 Looked meaningly around, as who should say :  
 " Go easy ; there's a hen on in these parts ! "

\* \* \*

Then came the sickening signal-sound, and then,  
 Like bolts shot from some brawny catapult,  
 Or loafers, lifted by the great Bogardus Kicker,  
 Or anything that's swift and sudden and spasmodic,  
 The champions rushed upon each other with a yell.  
 There was a horrid, grinding, churning noise,  
 As when a pumpkin falls and squashes on the stones,  
 And some one shrieked, " He 's got it in the neck ! "  
 And, sure enough, no sooner had the dust riz up,  
 Then Sam was seen, a-weltering in the dirt.  
 His faithful piebald gave one snort and ran,  
 And broke into a corn-patch not far off,  
 And eat a bar'l of roasting ears *toute suite*.  
 And all the Tildenites exclaimed Gurroo ! and wept.  
 They lifted him and loosed his wig and teeth  
 And rent his garments for fresh air, and spilt





"They lifted him and loosed his wig and teeth;"

Fresh water on his corrugated Grecian brow ;  
 And some one stole his new plug hat and skipped,  
 And, generally, they went through Sammy as he lay.  
 But there was nothing special in his little clothes,  
 And fresh air did n't seem abundant round that spot ;  
 And water only sizzled on his battered cheek.  
 And there was dole in Gramercy that night,  
 As home they brought him on a jaunting car  
 And dumped him neatly on the front-door steps.  
 And all the boys went round to Kelly's tent  
 Where wassail gave its gentle fragrance to the breeze,  
 And where the victors hived the spoils of war.  
 For these are times of business instincts with the boys,  
 And plunder is the little lay they're on.



"Where wassail gave its gentle fragrance to the breeze."

So everybody rushed to slobber over John  
 And tell him what a knightly blow he struck ;  
 How he had busted Tilden in the snoot  
 And scooped him, so to speak, in style.  
 Crowds come to gaze upon the sword "Go Bragh !"  
 And likewise on the shield whose ancient crest  
 With just "Be Jabers !" written in the scroll,  
 Had seen old Sammy peter out that day ;

And Sammy never chirped again, it seems—  
 He only said "I'm cooked !" and passed away.

\* \* \*

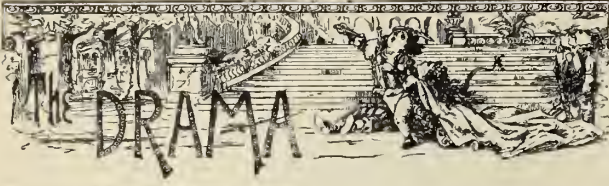
Home they brought their warrior dead -  
 At least he seemed to be just then ;  
 For seldom had so bad a head  
 Been seen upon the sons of men :  
 A beefsteak on his larboard eye,  
 A poultice on his little spine.  
 Oh ! Sammy, sure you ought to die—  
 You 'll never be a Boss of mine.

RICHARD WEIGHTMAN.



THURLOW WEED'S autobiography (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*) is interesting not only because it shows us some of the inwardness of wire-pulling, but because it gives us an entertaining picture of the life and surroundings of the old time editor. Now-a-days the office boy of a well conducted New York daily would consider himself ill paid were he to receive no more per annum than did Mr. Weed for editing and writing the *Albany Evening Journal* during its early years. Editors in those days served their time as apprentices to the business, and they could "stick" type as easily as they could wield the pen. When Mr. Weed and a Whig committee waited on Horace Greeley, then editor of the *New Yorker*, to offer him a leadership in that party, they found him "with coat off and sleeves rolled up, standing at the 'case,' 'stick' in hand." That was very different from the bric-a-brac warerooms in which some of our present editors are to be found enthroned. Mr. Weed explains why he never accepted an office—he was a candidate once, and his pride was so wounded at not being appointed that he determined never to put himself in a similar position again. He did wisely, for instead of holding one office in the gift of his party he controlled all.

MR. HENRY IRVING has written a preface for a translation of Diderot's "The Paradox of Acting," made by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock. (*Scribner & Welford.*) Mr. Irving refutes M. Diderot's theory that sensibility should have no part in an actor's functions. He has summed up his own case quite correctly when he says "it is quite possible to feel all the excitement of the situation and yet be perfectly self-possessed." And again he must refer to himself when he speaks of the stage to-day enjoying "that social esteem which makes public spirit and private independence." It is an admirable little preface and that it bears Mr. Irving's name will no doubt do more toward selling the book than Diderot's share in it, or even Mr. Pollock's.



## UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

VÈRA; OR, THE NIHILIST,  
BY

OSCAR WILDE.

“MY FRIENDS,” said the editor, as he languidly glanced over a missive which an attendant had just placed on the richly inlaid table which was close to the editorial side, “I have a treat in store for one of you. Don’t all speak at once, now. Who will go to the first night of Oscar Wilde’s play?” The artist raised his head from his drawing board on which it had been lying in slumberous attitude, and feverishly put in a face all out of drawing. The rhymster squirmed uneasily in his seat. The man of business who had come in the sanctum to match pennies actually left one of those coins behind him, so rapid was his rush into his den, and not a word was uttered.

“Some one will have to go,” resumed the editor.

“Where’s the critic?” asked the artist with a sneer, for the critic had once found fault with one of his illustrations. “In England, instructing the *Saturday Review* staff on the Geography ‘of His Native Land.’”

“You’re fond of the theatre yourself, are n’t you?” asked the rhymster suggestively.

“I have an appointment with my dentist and therefore I cannot go,” responded the editor with dignity.

“Well, I’ve just bought a house,” grunted the artist irrelevantly.

“And I’ve got a sick friend,” chimed in the rhyming one.

“Say no more, gentlemen. I see you are both disposed to shirk your just responsibilities. There is only one course open to us. We must send the Fetish.”

“Who is the Fetish?” asked the rhyming genius who had been on a prolonged vacation.

“Our new office-boy,” replied his chief. “Christian name John; surname unknown. Definition of Fetish—a wooden idol. John is wooden, also idle. Fetish!”

The youth who answered the summons stuck a bullet head close cropped to a bluish tint inside the door and ejaculated, “Did yer call?”

“Yes, Fetish, I did” replied the chief, and proceeded to give minute instructions as to the duty that had devolved on the junior member of the staff. A slight hitch occurred, due to the fact that the Fetish instantly demanded an increase of wages, shorter hours, and double pay for night work. The case was put to arbitration and resulted in the stupid returning on a promise of a quarter for every performance he attended. The following report was handed in by the Fetish next day:—

“The play ain’t worth goin’ ter see. There ain’t but two deaths

in it and them’s snide ones. Dere’s on’y one gal in the hull play and she ain’t much. This is how de play goes. The gal’s brother, who’s a reg’lar way-down galoot, comes in with the cops in de fust act, an’ makes his sister swear a solemn affydavy to avenge him. An’ she swears like a good ‘un. Then she turns up agin in de nex’ act dressed fit ter kill an’ has a row about her feller with a lot of toughs, who want to slug him when de cops come in agin and her feller says he’s the son of the Shah of Roosher. In the nex’ act her feller has a row wid his ole maw an’ his ole man gives him pepper an’ sticks his head out of de winder an’ gets shot and an ‘ole chump tells his son as he’s the emperor. Then the gal, in anoder dress, turns up among the toughs and swears as how she’s going to knife her feller ‘cos he’s gone back on her, and in the nex’ act she gets inter the room where he’s sleepin’ on a sofy and is going to knife him when he wakes, so she sticks herself an’ chucks the knife under the winder. That’s all dere wuz to it and it was bloomin’ rot, an’ as I come out I met Chimmie Moriarty, and Chimmie said as how he’d got half a dollar for yellin’ for Oscar from the gallery, an’ I want half a dollar ‘cos I yelled too.”

This report being hardly of a nature to be understood of the people, the critic was cabled to but did not reply. The following, however, was received on a postal card:—

“Got back last night. Went to see Vèra. Dull, undramatic, platitudinous, perilously close to indecency and blasphemy. Stage-setting cheap, tawdry and incorrect. Dresses ditto. Oscar will find that cutting his hair has caused his strength (in the way of drawing a gaping crowd) to depart from him. Send this month’s salary to Newport.”

H. T.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**CAPT. RHODES, *Niagara*.**—Your plan is good but should be reversed. You should first swim the whirlpool yourself, and thus ascertain if it would be safe for the dog.

**OSCAR W.**—Certainly, dear boy, the critics were wrong—they always are. All your play needs is revision. Re-write the acts, put in new scenery and get a few fresh characters, and it will be a success if it succeeds.

**DAVID D.**—You are wrong. The statement that over 209,000,000,000 tons of freight were handled in this country during the year had no reference to your recent Southern trip.

**VICTORIA, *Osborne*.**—1. Yes, Tennyson’s refusal to write a poem to John Brown is a proof that he is not a true poet. 2. Whom can we recommend? Hon. A. M. Childs, Philadelphia.

**J. G. BLAINE.**—Do we not consider your book unique of its kind? Certainly. Carlyle, at his best, wrote nothing like it; nothing, James, we assure you.

**JOHN ROACH, *care Robeson*.**—You are right. Do not race with his yacht. As you say, you can only get yourself or the country into trouble. If his yacht should blow up, or founder, or run ashore, or catch fire, or collide, what would the Western Union do? And if you, John, should have an accident, as you are certain to have, judging from the ships you have built, why think what grief and loss you would entail upon Mr. Robeson! No, John, go slow. Four miles an hour with the tide is what you have allowed our swift men of war, and gracious’ sake, John, it is too late in the day to lose your reputation.

**CHESTER A. A., *Yellowstone Park*.**—1. Sorry we cannot publish your fish story. 2. How is the country getting on? Slowly, Chester, slowly, but as yet it has n’t given us much trouble.



PROPINQUITY.

AUGUSTUS saw Alice one morning  
By accident, over the way—  
And, smitten without any warning,  
Proposed—and they marry to-day.

And Alfred and Agatha meeting  
By accident, quite, at the play,  
Were caught at the very first greeting,  
And are to be married to-day.

Had Alfred, now, chanced to meet Alice,  
In just that original way,  
I'll wager, without any malice,  
That *they* would have married to-day.

Had Agatha walked for an airing  
In Alice's shoes, let us say—  
Augustus might now have been swearing  
To love and defend her alway.

Ah! Blind little god of the quiver,  
Thy wings ever flutter astray!  
To think of thy sport is to shiver!  
Thine arrows fly all the wrong way!

For Alfred and Agatha mated  
No more than a season shall stay.  
Augustus and Alice are fated  
To wrangle their wedlock away.

Ah! Blind little god, if thy blindness  
Should lead thee to flutter my way,  
Uncover thine eyes in all kindness,  
And kill me in mercy, I pray!

T. R. SULLIVAN.



THE OCEAN STEAMER—No. 9.

SANDY HOOK.

"I see," remarked the guest at a seaside hotel, coming in from the garden one morning, "that you have some fine specimens of *Cimex Lectularius* in your beds." "Land of Scott," said the landlord, in a beautiful burst of enthusiasm, "I should say so. Aint a place on the coast like this for 'em. Grow spontaneously, you might say. Can't crush 'em out. Give you some to take home with you if you want." And then when he found that the *Cimex Lectularius* does n't grow in that kind of a bed, and is a strictly nocturnal plant, he chased that boarder two days trying to kill him.

GREAT clamor is made at the headquarters of a Western railroad because it has just been discovered

that about 70 per cent. of the passenger fares have been stolen by the conductors. The passengers and stockholders are delighted to know that the directors do n't get all the swag. Little do the people who travel care whether the robber is the President of the Company or only the porter of the Pullman. It's all the same to the victim.

A WEEK ago the Tsar banished 22 young students for reading a Nihilist paper. We thought at first that the act of the autocrat was inexcusably brutal and harsh, but since learning that the editorials in the paper were written by O'Dynamite Rossa, we endorse the Tsar. A man ought to be sent to Siberia for such a wicked waste of time.



THIS IS CARELESS LITTLE HANNAH ;  
SEE HER EATING THIS BANANA,  
AND DISTRIBUTING THE PEELINGS  
IN A MOST PROMISCUOUS MANNER.



THIS IS THE PA OF LITTLE HANNAH ;  
GOODNESS SAKES ALIVE ! HOW CAN A  
MAN PERFORM SUCH QUEER GYMNASTICS  
ON A SMALL PIECE OF BANANA ?

#### TO OSCAR.

OVER the sundering sea, whose wind-blown foam  
Sweeps backward to his home a fond adieu,  
Comes a tall stranger ; once by much the first  
Æsthete in England. Though the hair is cut  
Round his mild face, even the stern shampoo  
Will not wear out the brains that yet remain.  
In former times our thought must pierce beneath  
Locks that hung thick as the white winter fleece  
Down the calm front of sheep on stormy lea,  
Ere we could guess what treasure there lay hid.

TRAY dollars are taken at par by the four spot.

It is believed in Boston that Professor Slugger S. Sullivan is the inventor of the reversible cuff.

IN the voluminous talk on "Soap" in which our Democratic contemporaries indulge, it is of course natural to expect a little lye.

A MISSOURI exhorter boasts of the proud fact that his revival has attracted at least half as many persons as went to a recent circus, and nearly one-third of the number are now attending the trial of Frank James.

THAT ten mermaids, four sea-serpents and a pirate were successfully seen in New Jersey this summer, shows up the amazing turpitude of the Louisville Exhibition Committee in awarding the first prize to Kentucky whiskey.

*Carpe diem.*—A good day for carp.

*Vade mecum.*—What 'll you take?

*A l'Anglaise.*—A dude.

*Pour acquit.*—Received payment (obsolete).

*Absence d'esprit.*—Total abstinence.

*Alter idem.*—To change one's idea.

*Ars longa, vita brevis.*—Cut it short, and write on but one side of the paper.

*Bête noir.*—A colored tramp.

*Ad nauseam.*—A patent medicine "ad."

*A perte de vue.*—A saucy look.

*Argumentum ad hominem.*—You're another.

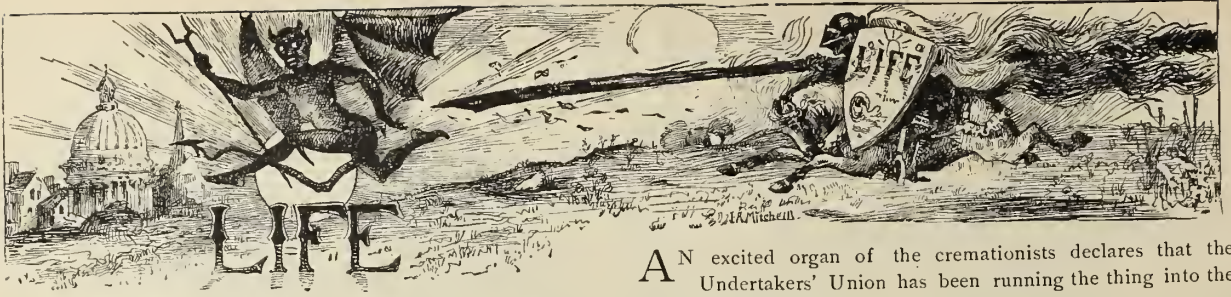
CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

Now that the telegraph strike is over, let us move immediately upon the works of the enthusiastic operator in New York, who cannot see you dancing at the window with your message, wild to send it off and frantic to catch the train that is just moving, until he has made his victorious move in the game of checkers he is playing with the operator in Denver. All reforms in telegraphy were not definitely accomplished by the failure of the strike.





DISASTROUS RESULTS OF A SUMMER VACATION.



VOL. II. SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1883 NO. 36.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

IT was somewhat a painful surprise to see that our highly esteemed contemporary the *New York Sun*, *Court Journal of New York*, *Newport*, etc., etc., gave place in its usually courteous and deferential columns to a spiteful and treasonous letter from Rome, wherein not only was the Royal moustache of His Majesty, King Umberto of Italy, disrespectfully mentioned as "decidedly callow," and Her Majesty the Queen criticised for her "sallow skin" and "fearfully prosaic face," but the Princes and Princesses were set down as "Royal Italian Brats." In view of the recent bitterness exhibited by France, O'Donovan Rossa and other great powers towards Italy, it has been surmised that the significance of this departure from immemorial precedent is that our esteemed contemporary has been prevailed upon to join the Congress of said Powers against Italy, but from certain facts which cannot now be published, we are enabled to say that it is only the result of a quiet but ingrowing conviction which has troubled Mr. Dana of late, to the effect that the Republican party must go.

\* \* \*

A TERRIBLE scene was that recently witnessed at Money Island. Mr. Charles C. Tudor, a confirmed Hartford man, was bathing alone. Suddenly a twenty foot shark appeared. The grim, gloomy cimeter fin clove the waters in circles. Witnesses from the beach yelled and danced in futile endeavors to make Mr. Tudor believe it was not a practical joke. The circles merged into a spiral and the shark and the Hartford man were not ten feet apart, when suddenly the poor friendless monster discovered from the bag on Mr. Tudor's bathing suit that he was from Hartford and thus saved himself.

\* \* \*

THE ocean rose to a tremendous height last Wednesday, and inundated Long Island and most of the New Jersey watering places to such an extent that many persons thought that the Hon. David Davis must be bathing at Coney Island. The waters receded, however, and proved conclusively that it was only a tidal wave.

\* \* \*

A PALPABLE hit at the social gayeties of under-graduates is made by the heartless *Figaro*, which declares that except at weddings kids will no longer be fashionable.

AN excited organ of the cremationists declares that the Undertakers' Union has been running the thing into the ground long enough.

\* \* \*

"HAVE we not suffered long enough from the frightful curse of intemperance? Is there no legal means of relief?"—*Herald and Presbyter*.  
Certainly: 30 days.

\* \* \*

JUDGE HOADLY believes that 'speech is silver and silence golden!'—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.  
Of course he does. But his silence will have to be pretty thickly golden to pay up for that \$50,000 silver speech.

\* \* \*

WIVES may be obtained in Siberia for the exceedingly moderate price of eight sledge dogs apiece. This again shows the folly of a protective tariff.

\* \* \*

NOW that Newport has capered all summer through the crops to its heart's content, it is lending a willing ear to the petition of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to abolish fox-hunting. The slight difficulty at present hampering the Society is that the foxes of Rhode Island have rather enjoyed the chase than been harmed by it. The Farmers' Co-operative Union for the Development of Shot Guns and Wire Fences has taken a stand, however, and it is not improbable that next year the Hunt will be without game, unless, indeed it find an indestructive pastime in scampering after a tin fox on wheels running harmlessly along the public highway.

\* \* \*

NEW YORK clubs are famous all over the world.—*N. Y. Sun*.  
More especially those in the hands of the police.

\* \* \*

FROM the subjoined written by a Boston woman and published in the *Boston Transcript*, it would appear that Boston and Newport are out.

"Verily, notoriety is cheap. A hundred thousand a year, a Parisian *chef*, a visiting list, when in England, and you may lead the fashionable world in America, brains or no brains, and roll up and down Bellevue Avenue, conscious that you are the observed of all observers, that you have achieved a 'position' which all other American women may well envy. Am I severe? Study Newport and New York society, that 'society' talked and written of, and that which our English visitors best know, and you will see what the mighty dollar can do for *any* man or woman. Said a good little woman to me yesterday, who has been a month in this same society, 'I shall be glad to get beyond the reach of the scandalous gossip one hears on every side here at Newport. Fashionable society here is not only rotten at the core, but this season its rottenness is flaunted in our faces, and insults decent people every day.' If we continue to 'advance' as we have this season in riotous living, domestic scandals made public, wasteful entertainments and disgusting exhibitions of rowdyism, family feuds and vulgarity generally, we shall vie with those tales history gives us of other summer life, even back to the day of Pompeii, shameful blemishes upon the world's social history."





STRANGER THAN FICTION.

*Chorus of excited boys :* THEN THE LIGHTNING STRUCK YOU.

*Skipper, indifferently :* OH, YES—I WAS LEANIN' AGIN THE MAINMAST WHEN IT STRUCK IT.

*Excited boys :* DID N'T IT KILL YOU ?

*Skipper, more indifferently :* WAL, NO ; IT ALL RAN DOWN MY BACK.

*Excited boys :* AND WHAT DID YOU DO THEN ?

*Skipper, most indifferently :* I HAD TO HAUL OFF MY BOOTS AND POUR THE LIGHTNING OUT ON THE DECK.

“THE hounds ran all over the compass for an hour, and then the kill took place at Isaac Sherman's farm. A couple of pigs near by heard the hounds, and rushing to join the latter made a bee line for them to the poor little fox.”

Newport Letter.

*Boston, Saturday Evening Gazette, Aug. 18th, 1883.*

Ho ! Harkaway ! and Tally-ho !  
Wind loud the mellow horn !  
To dear old England fondly show  
The triumphs of this morn !

Huzza ! no more need we import  
The long-eared hounds. And why ?  
To grace our vulpical sport,  
We 'll seek the humble sty.

And Cincinnati's busy mart  
Shall furnish forth the chase,  
To cheer the Anglomaniac heart  
And Newport's hunting grace.

Forsake we, too, the herring red !  
Nor bag with anise fill !  
But on the sward we 'll gaily spread  
The rich and savory swill.

As loud and fiercer grows the hunt,  
How will each soul rejoice,  
As in shrill squeak and deep-toned grunt  
The maddened pack gives voice !

Newport's proud dames, and maidens trig,  
Shall on the porkers smile,  
And note the points of each good pig,  
And praise its splendid *style*.

And when the hunting season 's o'er,  
And southward flies the stork,  
Appear ! each gallant pig and boar,  
As bacon, ham, and pork !

They 'll grace the hardy hunter's hall,  
At breakfast in the morn,  
While well fried sausages recall  
The merry grunt and horn !

Long live our noble English chase !  
To Anglomaniacs dear !  
Our pigs are of the purest race,  
No savage fox *we* 'll fear.

A. A. M.

## I SAW A LIGHT.

I SAW a Light upreared afar, so pure  
That to my constant gaze it seemed to come  
Half way to me. With hope begot of prayer  
We on a night of waters tossed; yet came  
From other country of an eastern sky  
The fearful pillage of a cold-eyed Dawn,  
That stole our star to gem some new-made night,  
And stationed Horror in our pilot-house.

I felt a Love, so full of charity  
That to my yearning heart it seemed to come  
Half way to me. And then, all through a night  
Filled with heart-broken grief, I stood the watch  
At Misery's mast-head, and at break of day  
When love went out, cried to my heart below  
A dawn of darker night, of deeper seas.

I saw the Truth afar, blazing so bright  
That to my constant gaze it seemed to come  
Half way to me. All through a night of life  
I held my helm, until the morn of death  
Came on the world; then, as I scanned the rocks,  
Behold! my beacon vanished, and, alas!  
I only saw its ashes, tempest-blown  
Beyond the breakers of eternity.

JOHN MCGOVERN.

## BONNETS.

"IF there ever was an article," says a cynic at our elbow, "which required to be chiefly kept in a bandbox and worn by delicate women who avoid a crowd, and who live in a Peruvian climate where it rains only twice a year, that article is a modern bonnet." The cynic has doubtless found a great many men who agree with him. As a rule; men dislike the bonnet; not because it is occasionally infested with a mischievous bee; not because it is a costly and berated luxury; not because it engenders pride and arrogance; not because it shuts out their view at the theatre, and screens them in church from the man in the pulpit; but because it is a fussy, unbecoming, misshapen, architectural monstrosity! There! we have said it. And like the clerical suit of the Rev. Sydney Smith's ancestor, the average bonnet is less the result of design than accident. It apparently creates itself spontaneously like the world of the pantheist. It has the colors of the chameleon, the shapes of Proteus and the variety of a comic almanac. As we have said, men hate it from some such inscrutable motive as Tom Brown hated the celebrated Dean of Christ Church, Dr. Fell.

And yet women wear bonnets. They ransack milliners' shops for ribbons, stuffed birds, grasses, ferns, beads, bugs, feathers, shirring and flowers, that are bunched together at hap-hazard, stuck on the head and tied under the chin with enough ribbon for a court-train wedding dress for a Zulu bride. They

outvie each other in piling up mimic pyramids of vines, laces and tea-roses, that lean over like the tower of Pisa, boom up like Chinese pagodas, and take the form, in miniature, of the hanging gardens of Babylon. Caxon, the wig-maker, thought the world revolved about his tie-wigs. A girl of the period imagines the entire solar system turns around her bonnet. Bonnets shaped like bakers' caps, bonnets shaped like fancy card baskets, bonnets shaped like ice-cream molds, and bonnets of no shape at all, stare us out of countenance.

Our wives and sweethearts tell us that bonnets are the cheapest thing in the market. It is true that a woman with a real genius for shopping can get a fair article of bonnet for the marvelously low price of \$150 00. Nobody will deny this. It is not because bonnets are said to be expensive that men complain; for no man who loves his own, or another man's wife, will make a fuss over the paltry sum of \$150.00. The wisest of them concedes that the milliner's shop is the female *bourse*, or stock exchange, and that while men speculate in stocks and trim in politics, women may trim bonnets. But if they would only invest in a bonnet that is more becoming and less *overcoming*. If they would study out geometry, and even botany, with a view to improving the shapes and styles of modern bonnets. This they will not do; because if the fashionable *chapeau* resembled anything on the earth, or in the waters under the earth, it would not be a bonnet.

What a vexatious thing the bonnet is, anyway! In the days of "coal-scuttles," when there was little latitude of choice in trimming the things, ladies had more time for charity calls than in these times, when most of their spare hours are spent in worrying and fussing over the latest style of bonnet. Is not the mere art of tying on a bonnet "a technicality that implies a great deal?" Think of the fiddling and prinking before the glass; tipping the bonnet to this side and that; pushing it up behind and pulling it forward with the thumb and forefinger; tying and untying the strings; arranging the "crimps;" poking in stray locks of hair,—why a man could shave and try on several crates of hats while his wife is tying on her bonnet. In vain we protest against this monstrous absurdity, and commend the jockey that tips up behind, the rakish hat with a flare-up brim, the snug little turban that nestles down over the eyes and the bridge of the nose, and even the Derby hat with a feather stuck in the band,—for a girl will have a feather in her cap. The bonnet, however, holds its own, like the pigeon-tail coat and the stove-pipe hat, and for full dress is considered the only suitable head-covering.

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

THERE were some young minxes named Beauchamp  
Who had an old tutor to teachamp.

His efforts were veign,  
So he picked up a ceign  
With which he endeavored to reachamp.



VACATION VOWS.



WHEN the moon was in the skies,  
At its crescent (quarter) size,  
Suddenly it seemed to me  
In the country I should be.



When the moon was in the skies,  
Grown to half its regular size,  
I was in the land of yarbs,  
"Taters, corn, and homely barbs.  
Then my fancy 'gan to stray  
Towards a maiden, strange to say.  
(If you 'd know how she was dressed,  
Scan *Bazar* and Demorest.)



When the moon was in the skies  
Grown to number thirteen size,  
I was in a lover's whirl,  
With that rosy, rosy girl.  
Oh, that night! that royal night!  
When the moon was at its height,  
Flooding hill, and flooding glen,  
Lighting moor, and lighting fen,  
With its mellow, yellow sheen,  
Making earth a fairy scene.  
We were here, and we were there,  
Love and moonlight everywhere,  
Hill and lake, and glen, till late,  
Then a postscript at the gate.  
We made vows—indeed we did  
(Who would not, if Cupid bid?).



When the moon was on the wane,  
I embarked in R. R. train.  
Oh the sighs, the sighs, the sighs!  
When I last beheld those eyes.  
Oh the blues, the blues, the blues!  
When I waved my last adieus.  
We had vowed we 'd e'er be true,  
As vacation lovers do.  
When the moon was on the wane,  
I was at my desk again.  
Quite forgotten was the maid  
Mid the whirligig of trade.

WALLACE PECK.



GORAMITY! WHO FREW DAT ONTO MY YI! (*Sees the offender.*)  
LOOKER H'YAR, MARS GAUGE, YO'SE MIXIN' YO' GOBS ER MUD WID  
DE WRONG CULLER! JESS YO' WAIT TWELL I TRICKLE DESE YAR  
LEAVINS IN DE TROFF AN' SCRAPE DIS BOLUS OFFEN MY YI, AN YO 'LL  
TINK DAR'S A YARTHQUAKE FANNIN' YO!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**BENJAMIN, Boston.**—Do you think you are going to have a boom? Certainly.  
The biggest boom, Benjamin, ever seen, known or heard of. Have you  
never heard of Casabianca and the boom *he* got? A touching tale, Benjamin, and  
oh, so foreshadowing!

J. M., author of "Coincidences," and E. A. C., address us.

**S. J. T., Greystone.**—1. No, the fo'ca'sl is not the apparatus by which a ship is  
steered, nor is it advantageous to a ship to be able to "clew up the bilge in case  
of a squall." 2. There is no need of our announcing that you love athletic sports.  
Mr. Dana has kindly acted as your advance agent.

**MAHONE, Virginia.**—Can you not be spoken of as "a man with a future?"  
Certainly. You have a future before you. A great, long, red hot future, too.



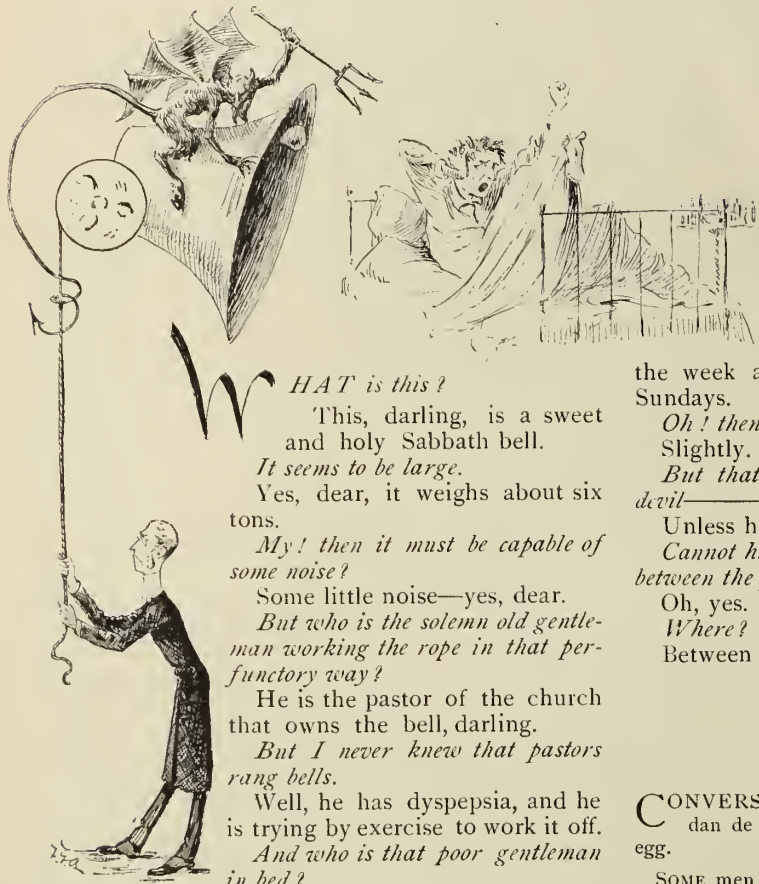




NATURE AND THE TOURIST. THE ANNUAL INVASION.

## POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

## LESSON XIII.—The Sabbath bell.



*W* HAT is this?

This, darling, is a sweet and holy Sabbath bell.

*It seems to be large.*

Yes, dear, it weighs about six tons.

*My! then it must be capable of some noise?*

Some little noise—yes, dear.

*But who is the solemn old gentleman working the rope in that perfunctory way?*

He is the pastor of the church that owns the bell, darling.

*But I never knew that pastors rang bells.*

Well, he has dyspepsia, and he is trying by exercise to work it off.

*And who is that poor gentleman in bed?*

He is a quiet and orderly citizen who now lives near the church.

*He seems to be excited?*

Yes, for a week he has been under treatment for insomnia, hyperæsthesia, neuralgia and a few other diseases, and is threatened with angina pectoris and loco-motor-ataxis.

*Well?*

Well, his doctor told him his only hope was in "absolute quiet."

*Well?*

Well, to secure "absolute quiet" he moved next door to the parson's house.

*Gracious! And got under the big bell?*

Apparently so, my precious.

*But does the poor, benevolent, humane and christian pastor know what suffering his bell is causing?*

He does.

*Then why does he ring it?*

Because bell-ringing is "a good old custom."

*But burning witches, racking heretics, travelling by ox-team and treating small-pox with sulphur and onions were good old customs too.*

Yes, dear. But several centuries ago bells were used to call people to church.

*But people nowadays have watches?*

Yes.

*And clocks?*

Certainly.

*And church advertisements and pious time-tables in the wicked morning papers?*

Of course, darling.

*Then every body who wants to go to church knows just when to go, without all that metallic fuss?*

Certainly.

*Then why the pendulous uproar?*

To punish those lazy sinners who criminally overwork themselves during

the week and are hardened enough to want to sleep Sundays.

*Oh! then it is a penal institution?*

Slightly.

*But that poor nervous invalid who is catching the devil—will he not die?*

Unless he has "absolute quiet," he will.

*Cannot his friends find a quieter place for him than between the parson's house and the church?*

Oh, yes.

*Where?*

Between a summer garden and a boiler factory.

## APHORISMS.

By "WOODCHUCK PETE."

CONVERSATION doan' show wot a man knows enny mo' dan de cacklin' ob a hen am a criterium ob de size ob an egg.

SOME men am dat mean dey ain't nebbber gib nuffin' away, 'cept de measles.

DE greatest misfortune dat ebber happen to de worl' am dat de Ethiopian can 't change de color ob his skin.

FACTS am de chief marrow of eddication. 'Tain't wot a man doan' learn dat makes him ign'rant, but wot he forgits.

SENCE cullid folks doan' nebbber tan, why do mos' ob de ladies carry parasols?

YOU can't keep sin out de house by boltin' de do' wid good resolutions. De debbil 'll bust off dem bolts.

EF a man will loaf, it's mo' 'spectable to stan' roun' de bank corner. Doan' nebbber gib yourse'f away by settin' on de steps ob a lager-beer saloon.

DE boy dat robs hen-roosts will nebbber lib to be president ob de United States, unless he swops off his soul wid de milk-peddler dat puts ha'f a pint ob water in ebery quart ob skimmed milk.

FLOSSOFY won't fill a man's stummick no way you kin fix it. In de sum'r time a brack man kin lib out do's, an' flossofy am de umberella dat keeps de sun off. But in de winter, wen de freemometer am 'leben degrees below de bulb an' kin'lin' wood am skeerce an' hard to git, flossofy won't keep de chill off, nor buy all de ham an' bacon a man kin eat wen he feels holler-like ober de diafram.





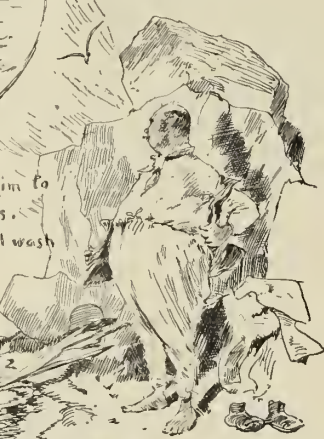
### Podge's Holiday.

Hi Podge, bachelor, taketh a holiday. Being of a quiet and meditative organization he seeketh a retired spot by the sea, having in view a mind to shun society, more especially that of the opposite sex. He wandereth the sands. "I'm alone"-gooth Podge "I'll wash."

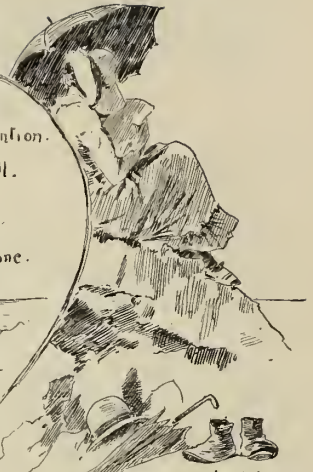


Straightway Podge hieeth him to where there be many rocks.

"Here," gooth he "may I wash in peace and comfort, unfettered by clothes, CUM DIGNITATE"



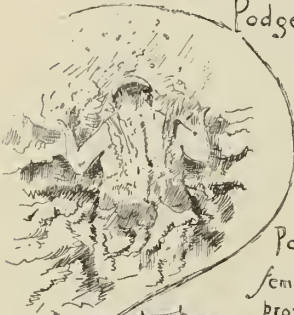
In vain striveth Podge to arrest the female's attention. he groweth numb and chill. Crows threaten him. The Sun goeth low! Something must be done.



Podge waxeth bold.

Hullo! - I s-s-say,  
M-m-m-m-m-a D-A-M,  
I-I-I w-want - f-f-f-ter c-c-c-c-c  
cum out. Wi-wi-wi-will yer-ir  
P-P-P PLEASE M-M-MOVE ON.  
Literature absorbeth the  
soul of the female.  
She budgeth not.

Podge washeth! - he enjoyeth the peace and seclusion of the cove. "MY!! but aint this good!"



About to emerge, Podge discovereth a female form in close proximity to his garments.

Horror absorbeth the soul of Podge, literature, that of the female. . . . .

By the great horn spoons. A WOMAN !!"



Necessitas non habet legem

Podge budgeth. he gaineth the shore; he covereth his loins with sea-weed, and taketh flight.

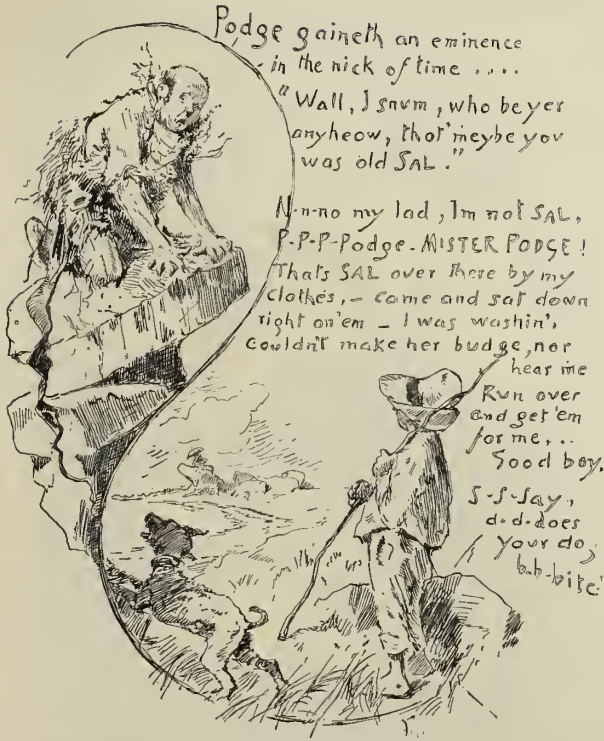


Farmer Stebbins' boy Ike, and his dog Towser, seeketh the cattle. . . . .

"Blowd of it aint old SAL, Sic her Tows'!"







### NO REST FOR THE WEARY.

THERE came at the door of the sanctum of a popular and influential journal a despairing rap that presaged a poet.

"Come in!" cried the able and scholarly editor, stifling an untranslatable idiom, "Oh, do come in!"

And the tramp came in. There was a remote air of faded respectability about him that appealed with touching pathos to the heart of the journalist. Time had set his mark upon the furrowed brow, and his raiment hung upon his shrunken frame in many a patched and threadbare fold. There was dust of Pennsylvania upon his coat and mud of Texas on his way-worn shoes. Pine needles from Maine forests clustered in his thin hair, and straw from Iowa stack-yards lingered on his back. He glanced about the sanctum with the air of a man who had been there before, and he drew his chair up to the table and looked about for a handy pencil and a lap tablet for all the world like an old timer. He sighed; a mouldy odor seemed to pervade the atmosphere about him. He looked generally decayed.

"What do you want?" the editor asked kindly; but inwardly he was a ravening wolf, for time was precious, and the foreman waits for no man.

"Rest," said the visitor, with an intonation of indescribable weariness, "Rest; eternal rest; dreamless sleep; voiceless oblivion, annihilation, the Nirvana of naughtfulness."

Calmly the editor pulled a revolver of that pattern and said:

"Just stand over there on on that pile of exchanges so you won't spoil the carpet, and I will translate you to the *summum bonum* beyond the Sansara before you can say your prayers."

The visitor sighed more dejectedly than before, and shook his head.

"T aint no use," he said. I've tried it and I can't stay dead. That's the trouble. We must have reform. I want to be let alone. I'm afraid you do n't recognize me. I am a joke. I am the Joke about the young

man,	in	{ Maine, Georgia, Ohio, Florida, Nevada, New Jersey, Texas, Etc., }
lady,		
servant girl,		
boy,		

who went into a drug store to get a dose of castor oil for

his	{ sister, brother, mistress, father, cousin, aunt, }	and the druggist disguised it in—
her		



TWO A.M., ARMED TO THE TEETH, TIGWISSEL ADVANCES TO DESTROY THE FOE WHO HAS AROUSED HIM FROM HIS SLEEP.

HOW PITIFUL THAT A NO. 3 CARPET TACK COMING IN CONTACT WITH HIS HEEL SHOULD CHANGE AFFAIRS SO SUDDENLY.

oh, I see you recognize me? Well, what I suggest is this—I have done duty at all the soda fountains in America, from Hudnut's to the city of Mexico, for the past ten years. Now, can't you start a reform, an agitation, as it were, and boycott me, so that—"

The editor shook his head sternly and said, "Sorry for you, but I'm afraid I can't help you. In fact, I'm just a little bit short to-day, and was just wishing one of your fellows would happen along. Here!" he said, as the foreman entered, "here he is!" and he pushed the old veteran into the foreman's outstretched arms; "take him down stairs with you, locate him at some steady advertisers, lead him, and let's get to press some time before Christmas."

And the faithful old joke went tottering down stairs, feebly muttering, "Crushed again!"

THE rumor that Mr. Tilden desired to purchase a "suitable yacht" stimulated the sordid English Government to lay instant claim to the recently discovered Noah's Ark.

### ÆSOP REVISED.

#### THE KICKER AND THE HOPPER.

A KICKER known to the world at large as *Stubbornus* attended a strawberry festival one evening at which some grass-hoppers acted in the capacity of brass band. The auditor with whose hind legs it is dangerous to meddle, remarking that it would be more proper were the performers called a "grass-band," asked where they obtained their talent for music.

"Well," replied the hop-gatherers, "we played croak-ay for several seasons and fed on nothing but dew."

"Nothing but 'do'?" Well my master is so confoundedly poor that I have fed on nothing but 'do' all my life. As for croquet I never played that at all. I don't even know how. Where shall I learn?"

"Ask Jupiter."

"All right. Let us bray!" replied the beast with a sickly smile, as he sought his early grave. The *post mortem* examination showed that he died of "bray-in" fever brought on by an excess of humorosness.

MORAL: Do not be a mule.

J. K. BANGS.

THE silence which reigns in a cornfield well provided with scare-crows—is it not a case of an effect without caws?





TO SCHOOL AGAIN.

*The voice of the siren is heard in the land.*



VOL. II. SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1883. NO. 37.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

THE Circumlocution Committee of the Senate has succeeded in eliciting the information from DR. NORVIN GREEN that the "Western Union Telegraph Company is not run *pro bono publico*." The satisfaction with which the settlement of the long-mooted question will be received, must necessarily be general.

\* \* \*

SAYS the *N. Y. Observer*: "Every admirer of true womanhood will be glad to learn that the students at Vassar College have awakened to the fact that life is real and life is earnest. It is beautiful to see young girls, pausing upon the threshold of a worldly career, renounce the shallow artifice and empty vanities of fashionable life, and zealously bend their energies towards a higher, holier plane of usefulness, that they may be fit to occupy the peerless eminence of the Ideal."

N. B.—The Vassar girls are learning how to make pie.

\* \* \*

THE introduction of nitro-glycerine into therapeutics must naturally be regarded with uneasiness by every citizen interested in the public welfare. If the drug is cumulative, and there is no reason to suppose it is not, a month's treatment will undoubtedly so load the patient up that he will be really dangerous to handle except with extreme caution, and explosions of invalids may reasonably be expected to occur on the streets at any time. Fancy such items as the following appearing daily:

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION IN HIGH LIFE: Yesterday, at 3 P. M., as the Honorable DAVIS DAVID, who has been under nitro-glycerine treatment for two years, was chasing a cross-town car at 23rd Street and Broadway, he was accidentally exploded by contact with the Hon. WILLIAM E. EVARTS who was coming in the opposite direction. The concussion shattered every window in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and two fragments of the honorable gentleman were hurled as far as 126th Street, where they were subsequently found and identified. No insurance.

GROSS CARELESSNESS.—Late last evening, as MR. TALLBOYS was going into the Madison Square Theatre, he was inconsiderately jostled by some unknown person and exploded. The fresco and stained-glass windows were damaged to the extent of \$700.

A NEW DEPARTURE.—MR. O'DONOVAN ROSSA, the patriot, who has been a nitro-glycerine drinker for several months, sailed yesterday on the *Brittanic*. He proposes to visit the House of Lords and induce the janitor to club him. The result is awaited with lively interest.

"P. S. I SEE that the COUNT DE CHAMBORD was also worth \$12,000,000. Make the rest of the simile as strong as you can."—S. J. T.

\* \* \*

THE most touching episode in Mr. JAY GOULD's autobiography, as given by himself before the Senate Committee, was the narration of how once, in the sweetly innocent days of his youth, while the angels still chired to the young-eyed cherubim and all heaven thrilled with expectant joy, he actually earned a dollar.

\* \* \*

WHY the *Riverdale's* boiler exploded:

- 1st Inspector: Because the water was too low.
- 2nd Inspector: Because the water was too high.
- 3rd Inspector: She carried too much steam.
- 4th Inspector: Engineer blew her off too often.
- 5th Inspector: Did n't blow her off often enough.
- 6th Inspector: Blessed if I know.

\* \* \*

LARGE oaks from little acorns grow, and the public was pleased to learn from MR. GOULD's own lips that the Western Union monopoly, with its far-reaching arms and fatal grasp upon the poor, was his own special creation for the sole purpose of providing MR. THOMAS ECKERT with a situation where he could earn his living. This shows what a truly good man to the needy MR. GOULD is.

\* \* \*

EVERY woman of proper feeling will draw a long sigh of happy relief now that poor dear FRANK JAMES, that quite too delicious bandit, has been finally acquitted.

\* \* \*

"I SEE it stated that in Norway a first-class dinner costs only 25 cents. Do you think it advisable to announce that I am not a Norwegian?"—L. Delmonico.

\* \* \*

"I NOTICE it is reported that an earthquake or something recently swallowed up a large party in Ischia. From what I have recently observed in Ohio I believe this to be true."—GEORGE HOADLY.

\* \* \*

THAT great luminary, the *New York Sun*, has completed the 50th year of its radiant work, and now wheels its way sturdily towards the century mark. Whether the Republican party goes or not, nobody can deny the REV. JASPER's assertion that "De sun do move."





MANY BIRDS OF MANY KINDS.

*Miss Darlington* : " YES, HE PLAYS TENNIS WELL BECAUSE HE PLAYS IT ALL DAY AS A DISTRACTION. HE IS VERY UNHAPPY, POOR FELLOW ! HE WAS ENGAGED AND HE FOUND HIS INCOME GROWING LESS EVERY DAY, SO HE BROKE THE ENGAGEMENT."

*Mr. Horace Templeton Snider* : " WHY, THAT 'S THE REASON I MARRIED !"

ROMANCE.

SHE did n't like me when we met—  
 But turned away and pouted :  
 'T was very cool, I own, to get  
 At first a snub so final, yet  
 I clung to hope, and doubted.

Strange as it seems, a few short weeks  
 Confirmed my sanguine guesses ;  
 I came to understand her freaks,  
 And even dared to kiss her cheeks  
 And stroke her golden tresses.

So time went on, and as we grew  
 To know each other better,  
 She bravely learned to kiss me too ;  
 And when she strangely tried to woo,  
 Somehow I used to let her.

The privilege still yet is mine  
 With kiss her lips to smother ;  
 Still round my neck she likes to twine  
 Her soft, white arms. I'll drop a line,  
 I guess, and ask her mother.

This rhyme produces envy,—strife,  
 Within your reason maybe ;  
 So let me take a leaf from life :  
 Her mother is my darling wife,  
 And she my blessed baby.

F. D. S.

" REALLY, love, I had a delightful time at the ball last night." " I should judge so, darling ; I heard you, three times, order the waiter to bring more cher-rapin and tampagne."



# BOOKISHNESS

## THE SEASON.

AN ANNUAL RECORD OF SOCIETY IN HOBOKEN AND VICINITY.  
MASHED POTATO COVER, \$3.00. (A LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO  
REAL SWELLS.)

### II.

(*Hors d'Œuvre.*)

ON Aug. 31st, the last swarry was given in the Dandergilt mansion by Mr. Jeames de la Pluche, assisted by Mary McCarthy. The occasion was unusually festive, as the line of Lafitte, '57, had not previously been reached. Mrs. McCarthy wore a scarlet satin dress, a gift of Mr. Dandergilt; and Mr. la Pluche would have been most elegant in a new dress-suit of his young master, had the pants not split at the calves.

*Tuesday, September 28.*

At noon, the elegant chancel of the Church of the Heavenly Leisure was brilliantly decorated with choice hot-house flowers for one of the most fashionable weddings of the season. The blinds were carefully pulled down during the ceremony lest the gas-light should be marred, and Dr. McMammon, who read the service from a prayer-book richly bound in tree-calf, delivered the lines in his best manner. On leaving the church the happy pair drove directly to the magnificent steamer Corkscrew, of the White Goods line, which sailed at 2 P. M. for Europe.

*Wednesday, October 24th.*

Miss Pinkie Smythe Robinson, daughter of John Robinson, Esq., great-niece of Andrew Jackson and also of Andrew Johnson, and related to the EARL of (Robinson) RIPON, was married to Talkytalk Gimlet of the Drummerville Mutual Life Insurance Co., paid-up capital \$300,000. The ceremony was performed in quiet.

*Friday, December 7th.*

In the evening transpired Mrs. Van Bumblebug's dinner, probably as splendid an entertainment as could well occur in a Democratic city. The elegant mansion with its original rooms was considered regal, or at least vice-regal, when first opened; but its owners have since added a boudoir and several cellars, with their accustomed *luxure*. It was thrown open from attic to cellar on this occasion to at least twenty of the élite. There were several ladies present whose husbands were noble; and every man was a gentleman but the host. Of the men, it was remarked that their cheques would be good for almost any amount. The hostess was dressed in perfect good taste.

*Wednesday, December 12th.*

A special train carried a large number of fashionable people along the autumn-tinted shore of the Sound to

Norwalk, Conn., where the well-known insurance agent, Mr. William C. Taylor, was married to miss Grace Calkins. The run to Norwalk was made in sixty-six minutes. She carried the usual bridal bouquet. The church was tastefully decorated with autumn leaves; and the bridal pair were relieved by a background of smilax. Among the bridesmaids were Miss Allie C. Fatman—ornaments, diamonds; Miss Hildegarde Ham—ornaments, diamonds; Miss G. D. Rott—ornaments, diamonds; Miss Buntie Boomer—ornaments, diamonds. We append an inventory of the presents, prices marked. It was whispered that the bride's father gave a cheque in five figures; but, being drawn to bearer, it was not shown. The happy pair came to New York by the 4:28 train and took the 2:10 night express for Lake Mogunk.

*Monday, March 18th.*

In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Daily Dogged gave a dinner to Mr. Coching Chiner. Mrs. Motherin Law, Mr. Charles Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. Pedigree Poore, Mrs. Newfound Land, and Miss Dogged were present.

(*Hors d'Œuvre.*)

*Why the Doggeds gave the dinner.* Bless us! do n't you know?

*Why the Lands were there.* They are green yet. They think Mrs. Dogged leads society.

*Why the Pedigree-Poores were there.* Mr. Dogged is rich.

*Why Mrs. Motherin Law was there.* Mrs. Motherin Law will go anywheres.

*Why Mr. Charles Carroll was there.* He was not there.

THE very title of the volume before us, "A Newport Aquarelle" (*Roberts Brothers*), is deliciously suggestive of the interest which lies between its politely grey covers. Of all the seasons of Newport's well advertised glory, the present has undoubtedly been the richest in food for social and philosophical reflection, and the most prolific in themes dear to every lover of scandal and gossip. So, when a story appears which purports to unveil wholly the half-hidden Lares and Penates of the resident dowager Grundy, the interest awakened is far more than local. In this novel, it is broadly hinted, all is not fiction, and some critics go so far as to say that each of the characters were drawn from nature. Whether this be wholly true or not, it is certain that the author has sketched boldly and with free hand, and that the "Aquarelle" is reasonably realistic and entertaining, although it might be wished that the shaft aimed to shoot folly as it flies in Newport were aimed at a better butt than the effort made by some of our silly beauties to plunge into wedlock with Englishmen solely because they are English. Our social relations with England are now not so feeble but that a girl who is a pronounced "Newport success" might easily learn the standing of any Briton in whom she was interested. The Blue Book is too frequent in Newport for such ignorance to obtain.





*Butcher, to fidgety customer:* YOU'D BETTER TAKE A LIVE FOWL, MA'AM. THEM'S THE BEST.  
*Fidgety customer:* BUT HOW COULD I KILL IT?  
*Butcher:* OH, WE'D KILL IT FOR YOU. "WE KILL TO ORDER," AS THE HANGMAN SAID TO THE MAN THAT TRIED TO BEG OFF.

THE GOING OF ARTHUR.

BEFORE they went a-fishing in the West  
 There came on Arthur, sleeping, several men  
 Left on the civil service catechism, shaken out,  
 And like perturbed ghosts, ghostly that ghost,  
 Went shrilling, "Hello! Hello!" all the night;  
 "Arthur! to-morrow thou shalt pass away  
 Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee,  
 Because the fare will fare too high for us,  
 To follow thee."

Then Arthur woke and called,  
 "Well, I am blown," or, "I am flown;"  
 "Am blown along a wandering windy wind,"  
 For blown is blowed, else what is blowed but blown?  
 "Who spake? A dream? O, light up all the gas,  
 Go 'way!" he said, and shrilled the voice again,  
 More shrilly than it shrilled before, "All right; I'm ga'wayin!"

This heard the bold Phil Sheridan, and spake,  
 For never yet his lips he oped, but spake  
 Or took he summat; summat for his throat:  
 "Oh me; mind not these dreadful dreams, but rise;  
 I hear the steps of Modoc in the west,  
 And with him many squaws and braves  
 Once thine, now grosser grown than heathen,  
 With rashen rations of the government,

And right good cheer from spoilen sutlermen.  
 Arise, go forth, and cast a fly or two."

Then spake good Arthur to Phil Sheridan:  
 "Far other is this country in the West  
 Whereto we move, than is the Restigouche,  
 Wherein for salmon I have fishen oft,  
 And caughten raiment damp and awful colds."  
 And yet he smiled—they all did, more or less—  
 And went.

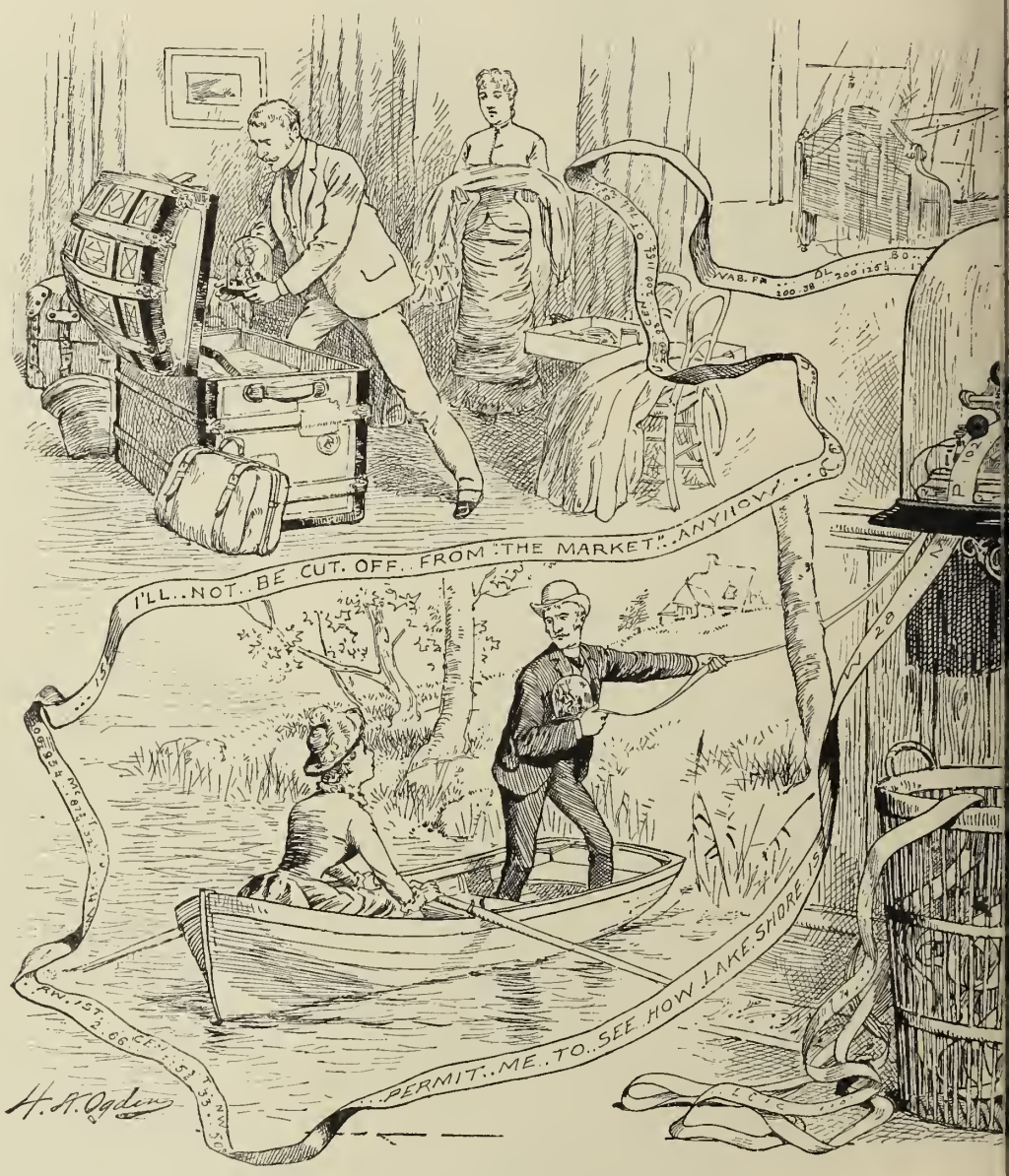
Due west his buckboard ceaseless went,  
 And old man Modoc, and his tribe,  
 Came from the sunset bounds of Lava-bed,  
 And all the Creeks came creaking down to him,  
 And the Crows shrilled about him with the Kaws,  
 And the Pawnees brought in their uncle's pledges,  
 Whereat he laughen, saying, "Yes, I know,"  
 As one who had been there himself, long time ago;  
 And Cheyenne their Arapahoes at him—  
 The only hose they war, and them they wore  
 The full-orbed round of the full-orben year.  
 Came the Pueblos; and the Utes came to Sioux  
 For guns and whisky, for their health was poor,  
 And their crops famished for the white man's drink.  
 Came the Navajoes, calling him by name,  
 And saying that a genuine Chippewas  
 Of the old block, and that he Ottawa  
 Their wishes well; and the Spokanes came  
 And whispern in his ear, "Osage," they said,  
 Of Oriental Washington, behold the Okanagus,  
 Of Western Washington, the only Irish Indians  
 In all your land. "Sho, shonee!" quothen he,  
 And in Nesqually mood he said, "We Otoo  
 Makah break, and end this council  
 Wichitas outlasted all my patience.  
 And I fear me much that lest I may  
 Kickapoo Indian till his own Blackfeet  
 Shall break his Flathead."

He Comanche to laugh,  
 And turned to where the swift Gros Ventre winds  
 Its rocky way. He took in his right hand  
 His rod of split bamboo, Excalibur,  
 And strongly wheeled and threw the fly, and lo,  
 The silken line, outflung upon the tide,  
 Tangled, and lay upon the dancing waves  
 A fiery, wild, untamed "Y and dot."

ROBT. J. BURDETTE.

UNDESERVED REPROOF.

THE voice of the old Judge was choked with emotion as he went on speaking:  
 "Miserable creature, six times have you appeared before me at this bar. Drink has drowned in you all sense of shame—made you insensible not only to disgrace, but to any feeling of humanity. Your children are branded with the stigma of a drunkard's name, and starved by a drunkard's appetite. Rum shows itself in your trembling limbs and in your bleared and watery eyes; it has made of your nose a warning beacon—  
 "Chudge, tondt you gall no names to dot nose. Dot nose vas a pig, high-doned nose as you nefer see, unt, Chudge, dot nose was yearful ashame of me. Chust you vatch him plush."







## BALLAD OF A BOLD BACHELOR.

WHEN I was young I dwelt among  
 A group of maidens gentle,  
 And somehow grew, as fellows do,  
 To be quite sentimental :  
 I kissed the girls, and pulled their curls,  
 Played " Buzz " and " Copenhagen ;"  
 Now they are flown, and I am grown  
 A sensible old Pagan.

For once I met a gay coquette  
 Enchanting, sweet and charming,  
 And in a week I found my cheek  
 Had wrought a deed alarming :  
 I lightly swore, as oft before,  
 Affectionate assurance,  
 And vowed a life without a wife  
 To be beyond endurance.

I used to write her every night  
 A sugar-sentenced letter,  
 With raptures of a lavish love  
 That knew of nothing better :  
 I wailed my woes in plaintive prose  
 As doleful as a hearse is,  
 And jammed my joy, like any boy,  
 In very spoony verses.

My postage bill increased until  
 My bank deposits dwindled ;  
 Her misses came and fed the flame  
 That cunning Cupid kindled :  
 I bought bouquets, and penned my praise  
 In language fine and fervent ;  
 To end the note I always wrote—  
 " Your *most* devoted servant."

Alas, the stationery gay—  
 The reams of tinted paper !  
 Alas, the ink I used to think  
 Had magic in its vapor !  
 Alas, that I should ever buy  
 Such loads of things to give her !  
 When I recall them, one and all,  
 It makes my conscience quiver !

For woe is me ! I did n't see—  
 Love made me so short-sighted—  
 How vain it was to woo, because  
 She seemed so much delighted :  
 For she had money, I had none  
 To make my pockets jingle,  
 And so I live a fugitive,  
 In blessedness that 's single.

·FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

## THE BLESSINGS OF A DAY.

GOLD is not the only thing that glitters. Much the greater part of the great sum-total of daily shine emanates from substances decidedly more humble and more common. Tin cans and broken glass can shine if only the sunlight gets to them. Not less insignificant things make our daily bread repose in cheerful serenity in our stomachs. In the long run I know that my comfort depends on the consciousness that my behavior warrants me in being careless of a fireproof coffin when I die, but my happiness from hour to hour, or, it may be, my misery, I owe to the reflections which trivial and unimportant things call into existence in my mind.

Here is a list of yesterday's small blessings :

On waking to lie abed ten minutes longer.

To be able to put on big shoes instead of the small ones of the previous night.

Pleasurable surprise at finding umbrella not taken during breakfast.

Comfort of being at office in time to read paper and assume studious attitude before Smith gets down.

Consciousness that Smith is late.

*Ditto* that he is very late.

Momentary thrill at throwing mucilage pot at organ-grinder below window.

Self-commendatory consciousness that Smith has a head on him.

Comfortable feeling all day over Smith's state and his resulting idleness.

Much comfort in loafing because Smith does even less.

Complacency at refusing two cocktails before dinner.

Comfort in a B. & S. taken with Smith and in benevolent recognition of his state.

Dinner, and in particular the cold apple pie with cheese.

Self-congratulation that I have not got to marry girl with frizzy hair engaged to Jones.

Comfort in thinking Jones *has* got to marry her.

Comfortable nap in office chair while preserving appearance of work.

Satisfaction at hearing Smith say he has had two more drinks, because myself have had none.

Joy at finding Mrs. Rogers not at home and leaving card.

Tea.

Novel.

Cigar.

Bed.

THE paternal achers—the gov'nor's teeth.

DE FOOL NIGGER am like an ostrich. He stix his nose in a glass ob beer, jes' like de bird puts his bill in de san', an' tinks nobody ain't a-lookin'.



AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

AN esteemed subscriber writes to say that he was "inexpressibly surprised and pained" to observe that in the last issue of LIFE place was given to a "plebeian and venomous" attack upon Newport, which commonwealth, he informs us, is the "centre of aristocracy, refinement, and fashion in this country." Furthermore, he charges LIFE with consorting in opinion with that literary and therefore low-flung person, Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, who has recently advanced the ignorant and ill-bred theory that the true aristocrats of America are infrequently found in the haughty and exclusive coterie known broadly as the "first circle of New York society." He then takes LIFE by the throat and bloodthirstily demands to be "categorically informed"—

- 1st. *What is the first circle of American aristocracy?*
- 2nd. *Is it not a lawful aristocracy?*
- 3d. *Cannot the American aristocrat lay as valid a claim to blood as his congener of Europe?*
- 4th. *What are the requisites of eligibility to admission to American aristocracy?*
- 5th. *Is not the American aristocrat the "noblest product of modern civilization, progress and refinement?"*
- 6th. *Where is the centre of American aristocracy?*

Under this fierce compulsion, LIFE stands and delivers, categorically, as follows :

1st. The "First Circle of American Aristocracy" is a generic term applied to a number of persons who have formed a social confederation with the object and privilege of calling themselves American aristocrats of the "First Circle." The adjective "American" is here used to distinguish this aristocracy from other aristocracies, notably English, for the same reason that honest Broadway jewellers label some of their wares "Parisian diamonds" and others simply "diamonds." Awkward explanations and much confusion are thus prevented by muzzling the foreign investigator of our social system with this simple but ingenious device.

2nd. It is the legal right of every American citizen to call himself what he pleases, except in the case, for example, where WILLIAM SMITH calls himself AUGUSTUS BROWN upon a cheque, in characters fairly similar to those with which said BROWN embellishes *his* cheques, and presents the same at said BROWN's bank to his, SMITH's, pecuniary advantage. Except in this case, which some authorities claim to be irregular, WILLIAM SMITH is also free to subject his name to a process of evolution which may eventually bring it out as DE SMYTHE or even DESMYTH. It is also lawful for said SMITH to call said BROWN what he pleases, conditionally upon BROWN's not being offended, or upon BROWN's being physically inferior to SMITH. Therefore it follows that both SMITH and BROWN can lawfully call themselves aristocrats, or can apply the term to each other, provided in this second case their wives visit and are otherwise upon agreeable terms.

Now if the law sanctions BROWN's calling himself an aristocrat and calling SMITH one, and empowers SMITH to do likewise in regard to himself and BROWN, it is clear that the future social condition of DESMYTH and VAN BRUYNE (BROWN—BROWNE—BRUYN—VAN BRUYNE) is "lawful aristocracy." Now if JEREMIAH JONES be seized with a burning to call *himself* an aristocrat, he can lawfully do so, but he cannot lawfully compel either DESMYTH or VAN BRUYNE to apply the term to him, for the reason that



*Mrs. Gwendolyn Van Style* : AND, GRIFFIN, ALWAYS REMEMBER TO OFFER THE SALVER FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S CARD.

*Griffin (elevating himself to tiptoe)* : YES 'M.

*Mrs. G. Van S.* : AND, UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES, GRIFFIN, REMAIN WAITING IN THE DRAWING-ROOM UNTIL I COME DOWN, AS YOU DID YESTERDAY.

*Griffin (lets himself softly down to his heels again)* : BUT SUPPOSE, MEM, AS I TAKES HIM TO BE A GENT, MEM, WHAT 'LL BEAR WATCHIN', MEM.

Mrs. JONES' pew is fourteen rows back from that of Mrs. VAN BRUYNE, and she was once brazen enough to get Mrs. DESMYTH's dressmaker to sell her some of the same trimming with which that exclusive lady garnished her Easter bonnet. Thus having only one vote, although JEREMIAH JONES parboils *his* name and moulds it into (JEREMIAH JONES—J. MEYER JOHNS—J. MEHR JOHN—VER MEHR ST. JOHN), he is less an aristocrat than either DESMYTH or VAN BRUYNE, who have two votes apiece, and hence must be content to move in the Second Circle of New York Society, and be snubbed by DESMYTH and VAN BRUYNE, with the privilege of snubbing in turn the luckless PETER ROBINSON, who, not having been voted an aristocrat even by himself, is still groping in the Third Circle of New York Society, feebly consoling himself by patronizing JACOB HIGGINS and MIKE MURPHY, both of whom, being vulgar enough to possess intelligence, grovel in the Fourth Circle of New York Society.

This state of affairs continues for, say fifteen years. Meantime PETER ROBINSON, by steady devotion to the art of making friends

and unloading stock upon them has acquired four times as much money as was originally possessed by VAN BRUYNE, while the latter gentleman's substance, by an unfortunately unsuccessful attempt to hold up the wrong side of a Western pork market, and by the natural drainage incident to an English son-in-law, a steam yacht and other aristocratic accoutrements, has oozed away until now less than an eighth of its original bulk remains. In the meantime, by beautiful degrees, DESMETH'S fortune has ebbed through the usual Wall Street channel, he having affectionately endeavored to make pin-money for Mrs. DESMETH by acting on a "pointer" in oil confided to him one day in strict secrecy by the grovelling but intelligent HIGGINS, who happened just by chance to be ROBINSON'S broker.

Now to lack money is worse than unaristocratic; it is exceedingly bad form. Time and tide and an English son-in-law and a steam yacht wait for no man, and Mr. VAN BRUYNE'S bank account shows an abysmal void. The "season" is approaching, and with it his British son-in-law's father's second wife's cousin's stepmother's uncle, the haughty and powerful EARL OF GAMMON, who is coming across the pond to see his dear sister's stepdaughter's cousin's stepson's father-in-law, be fêted by the First Circle of New York Society for a brief year or two, and recuperate from a recent heavy loss incurred by having incautiously backed the wrong horses at both the GRAND PRIX and the DERBY. To further this latter end he will bring with him his niece, the Lady GLADIOLA VIOLET PLANTAGENET GWENDOLYN BEAUCHAMP, and his son, Lord LAUNCELOT ST. JOHN HERBERT GORDON FITZHUGH GARNETT CHOLMONDELY ARCHIBALD GEOFFREY LANCASTER-TOMKINS.

Of course this addition of three persons to the VAN BRUYNE household is intrinsically a cypher, but the fact that a real Earl, a genuine Lady and an indisputable Lord, British at that, are coming, entails a swelling of expense which would be ruinous even in prosperity. But Mr. VAN BRUYNE does not quaver. No member of the First Circle of New York Society can quaver where money is concerned. He is grandly rolled to the office of the opulent but "Third Circle" ROBINSON, who humbly receives him. He grandly states his gracious willingness to sign his illustrious name to a note for \$200,000, with a mortgage on some weak-kneed railroad stock as collateral. ROBINSON feels like resenting the bewildering impudence by a kick down stairs, but that he here sees a



### AUT CIRCUM AUT PANEM.

*Uncle Reuben*: NOW, WENUS, YO' KNOW DE ARGYMENT: YO' CAWN'T GO TER DAT DISREPTABLE SUKKUS 'N HAB DAT NEW GOWN, TOO. SO TEK YO' MONEY AN' HAB YO' CHOICE. I 'VISES DE GOWN."

*Aunt Venus*: WALL, RUBE, I GUESS DIS YER OLE GOWN 'LL HEV TER DRAGGLE A WHILE LONGER. NOW, DAT 'S 'CONOMY, HAIN'T HIT?

chance to become at least a Second Circler. So he joyously writes a cheque, bidding Mr. VAN BRUYNE take his own time about the mortgage—note—everything. Mr. VAN BRUYNE grandly accepts the cheque, nonchalantly tosses it to his obsequious banker, and rolls home again to cable an elaborate note of welcome to his noble friend the Earl, who accordingly secures a pass and comes over on the next steamer.

Meanwhile, through some occult channel, the astounding news reaches VER MEHR ST. JOHN, the Second Circler, that VAN BRUYNE, the First Circler, has actually had a tremendous business transaction with ROBINSON, the Third Circler. Immediately then, Mrs. ST. JOHN calls upon Mrs. ROBINSON, who has tact enough to accept the insultingly displayed condescension without a murmur. VER MEHR ST. JOHN proposes



ROBINSON's name at his club, and the ROBINSONS are Second Circlers from thence on. During this time the Earl has arrived, and has been wined and dined and fêted by all the First Circlers; Lady GLADIOLA VIOLET has been in a perennial state of floral siege, and Lord LAUNCELOT ST. JOHN HERBERT has been raved over and Delmonicoed to that extent that he was twice enabled to see more bewilderingly elaborate ophiological collections in portions of his own private wardrobe than could be seen in many visits at home to the Zoo.

Now comes that tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads ROBINSON to fortune. Mr. DESMYTH, the First Circler, has heard of ROBINSON's transaction with VAN BRUYNE. His own fortune is in similar need of half-soling. Being less bold than Mr. VAN BRUYNE, and less opulent in weak-kneed railroad stock, he resorts to strategy to gain the same end. He gives a stately dinner to the proud Earl of Gammon, and nearly stuns ROBINSON by sending him an invitation. It is strictly a stag, for, of course, neither Mrs. VAN BRUYNE nor Mrs. DESMYTH could meet a Second Circler on the affable terms of a dinner, and, making the affair a stag, enables Mr. DESMYTH to invite ROBINSON and leave Mrs. ROBINSON out. Mr. ROBINSON accepts and meets the Earl, who learns that he is the richest man in the city.

*A month elapses.* The Earl borrows \$50,000 of Robinson upon an unendorsed note. Mrs. DESMYTH sends her cards for an afternoon tea to Mrs. ROBINSON, who accepts. Mrs. ROBINSON meets all the First Circlers, and is thenceforward invited everywhere. She is now very cool to Mrs. ST. JOHN, the Second Circler, and cuts dead her own cousin, Mrs. JACKSON, who is still a Third Circler. Still the VAN BRUYNES have not recognized her, and that is bitterness, for the VAN BRUYNES lead the set.

*Two weeks later.* Astounding news! The Earl of Gammon announces that Lord LAUNCELOT ST. JOHN HERBERT is betrothed to Miss MOLLIE, second daughter of ROBINSON. The VAN BRUYNES immediately call. Mr. VAN BRUYNE asks ROBINSON to dinner. Triumph! The ROBINSONS are First Circlers.

*A month passes.* Terrible disclosure. Mrs. DESMYTH's diamonds discovered to be paste. Real stones in pawn at Soap Fat and Tallow Bank. Announced on street that ROBINSON refused to loan DESMYTH \$1,200,000.

*The next day.* DESMYTH has failed. Offers to pay 10 per cent. to creditors. Terms accepted. First Circlers all sorry for poor, dear Mrs. DESMYTH, and studiously strike her name from their selected list.

*A week thereafter.* ROBINSON has purchased the DESMYTH cottage at Newport. Gives a ball at home in honor of Earl of Gammon. Grand affair. Two reporters attend each guest. Mrs. ROBINSON and Lady GLADIOLA VIOLET, seated upon two golden divans, receive the First Circlers in royal state. Some of First Circlers pretty mad at this assumption of superior caste, but, as the affair is under the auspices of the VAN BRUYNES, who lead the set, what can they say?

*Two months go by.* Wedding. Lord LAUNCELOT ST. J. H. G. F. G. C. A. G. LANCASTER-TOMKINS and Miss MOLLIE ROBINSON. All First Circlers attend. Father-in-law's present to Lord LAUNCELOT \$3,000,000, four houses, and twenty-one square yards of old master gems. Lady GLADIOLA VIOLET returns to England to marry Hon. EDWARD FITZGERALD CECIL DOUGLASS GUY MAJORIBANKS, third son of the Duke of Boncomboro', to whom she has been betrothed by family contract since four years before her birth. Rumor says that before leaving she

told RUTHERFORD DE STAMPES, who addressed her, that "English ladies never married into American aristocracy, whatever example might be set them by their male relations." Upon investigation this proved to be painfully true.

*After two years.* VAN BRUYNE and ROBINSON lead the First Circlers. VAN BRUYNE is a trifle ahead, for *his* grandfather was already rich before ROBINSON's grandfather got out of the clam trade, and his blood is therefore at least twenty years older. The DESMYTHS have recovered a million, and are beginning to work up a little among the Second Circlers. JACOB HIGGINS, who was a Fourth Circler, got rich by a flyer in Lake Shore and married Miss GERTRUDE DESMYTH, by which he became a Second Circler with a fair chance of seeing his posterity become First Circlers. Mike Murphy became an habitual literary person, and thereby nearly lost his position as a Fourth Circler, but happened to marry Miss BULLION, consented to become Mr. MICHEL MURIVÉE, received \$10,000,000 from his father-in-law and is now a Third Circler. VER MEHR ST. JOHN lost his money and dropped out altogether.

3rd. The American Aristocrat *can* lay as valid a claim to blood as his congener in Europe, and no one will dispute it but the congener.

5th. The "requisites" of eligibility to admission to that position of American aristocracy known as the "first circle of New York society" are set forth in answer to No. 2.

5th. The American aristocrat of "first circles" is certainly a remarkable product of modern civilization, etc.

6th. The "centre of American aristocracy" (First Circlers) is undoubtedly Newport.

## POPULAR QUOTATIONS.

(RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO NEW JERSEY CASHIERS NOW TRAVELLING IN CANADA.)

"I'LL make assurance doubly sure and take a *Bond* of Fate."

—*Macbeth.*

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this *Bank*."

—*Merchant of Venice.*

"*Change* amuses the mind yet scarcely profits."

—*Goethe.*

"T is chastity, my brother, chastity :

She that is clad in complete *steal*."

—*Milton, Comus.*

"Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall."

—*Raleigh.*

"A skip in time saves nine" (years?)

—*Wm. the Kydde.*

"T 'was for the good of my country that

I should be abroad."

—*Farquhar.*

J. K. B.

THE country Press—a cider mill.

A NOVEL idea—the plot of the story.

ALL that it is cracked up to be—flour.



"WOULD PUSSY LIKE A LITTLE TEA?  
'T WILL BRACE HER UP."

SHE BRACED; THOUGH SHE WAS NOT PAR-  
TIAL TO HOT DRINKS.

#### BALLADE.

SHE wears the daintiest of clothes,  
The most bewitching style of hat,  
She always has a troop of beaux  
Who ne'er can find out what she's at ;  
She's always bright and fond of fun,  
And you should hear her play the flute ;  
But, oh, ye gods what have I done?—  
I've seen her in her bathing suit !

I scarce had met this charmer fair,  
When I, a captive at her feet,  
Determined to do all and dare  
To win this maid of all most sweet.  
I waited on her morn and noon,  
I brought her offerings, flowers, fruit ;  
But, oh, ye gods, what have I done?—  
I've seen her in her bathing suit !

I thought her sometimes half divine,  
Too fair, too sweet for this cold sphere;  
In dreams I dared to call her mine,  
Then waked to shed a hopeless tear.  
Now paled my star, eclipsed my sun,  
Faded my love, romance to boot,  
For, oh, ye gods, what have I done?  
I've seen her in her bathing suit !

#### L'ENVOI.

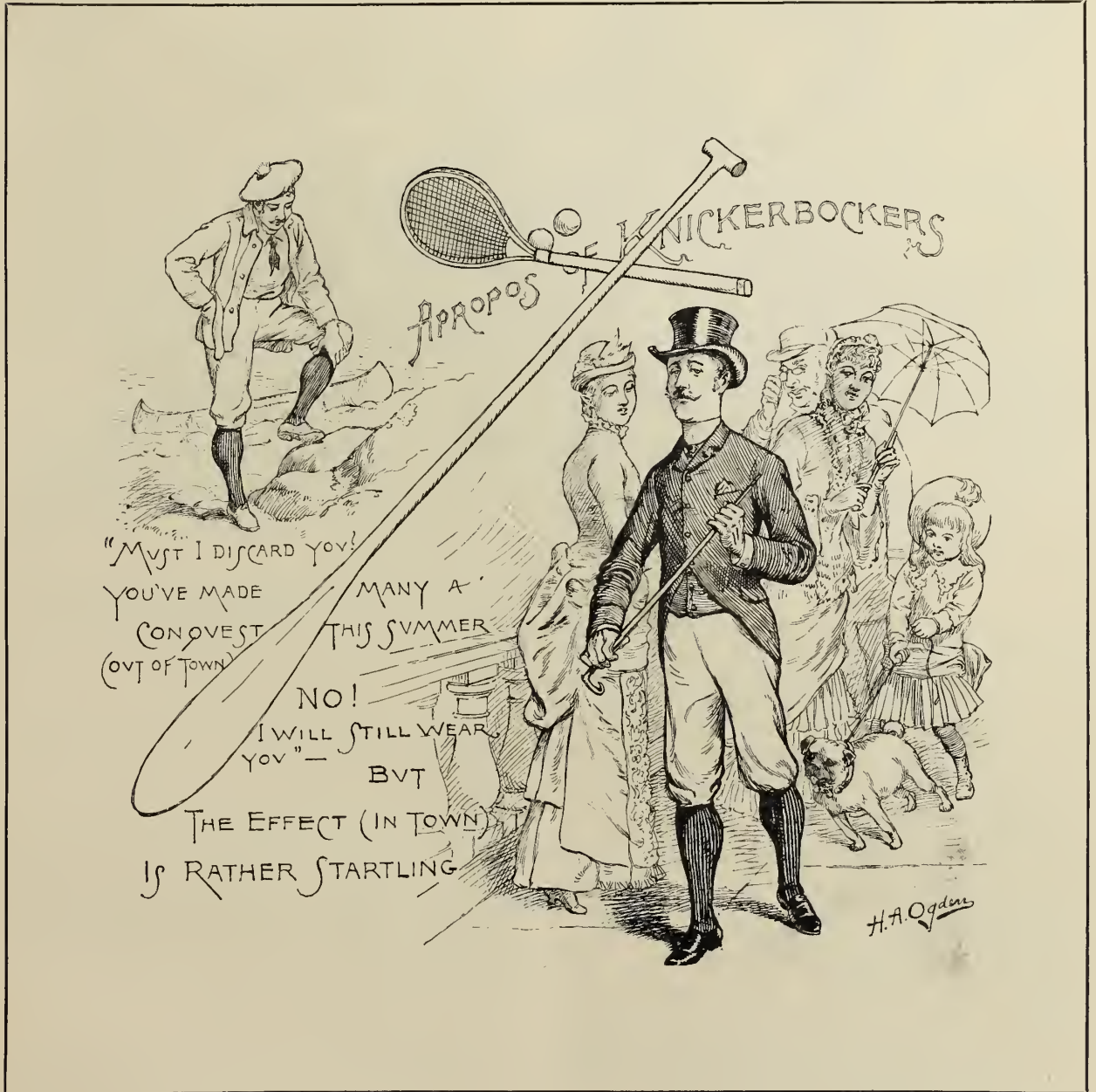
My earnest suit was scarce begun,  
Cupid had hardly aimed to shoot,  
When, oh, ye gods, what could be done?—  
I saw her in her bathing suit !

Oh, read this lesson as ye run,  
Ye youths whom Cupid e'er does shoot :  
If e'er a maiden would be won,  
Do n't view her in her bathing suit.

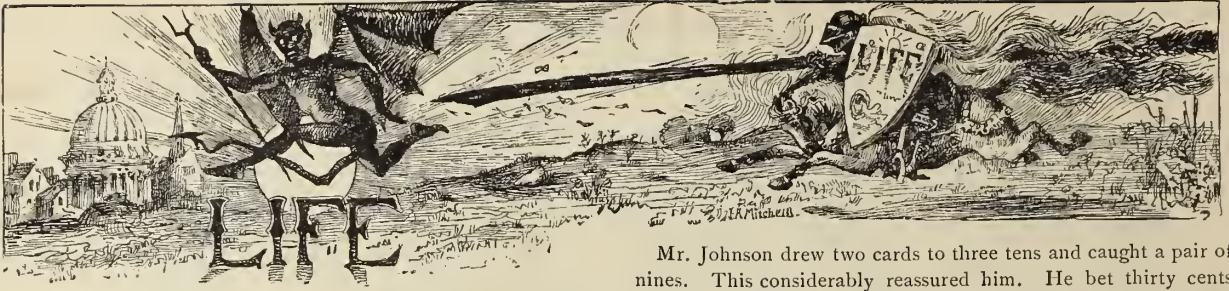
JAMES B. TOWNSEND.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, August, 1883.





GLORIA VICTIS.



VOL. II. SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1883. NO. 38.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

MR. JAMES H. STEVENS, sub-assistant junior deputy local inspector of boilers in this city is, according to our highly esteemed contemporary, the *New York World*, inclined to think that no man can properly inspect the bottom of a boiler unless he screws his eye to a pole and thrusts it in through the safety valve. Mr. Stevens may not be the most prominent scientist employed as a witness in the *Riverdale* case, but his candor shows him to be fully up to the standard of competence required for inspectors in this port.

\* \* \*

MR. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT is kicking like a mule.—  
*Albany Times*. Naturally. How else?

\* \* \*

IT is generally a cold day when an *Arctic* expedition gets left.

\* \* \*

THE Thompson Street Poker Club had an unusually quiet game, with the luck steadily against Mr. Tooter Williams, until an unusually tough jack-pot brightened up the interest. Mr. Williams glanced across the table and saw the eyes of Mr. Gus. Johnson shining with the light of something very big.

Mr. Williams passed.

Mr. Whiffles passed.

Mr. Johnson opened the pot with a defiant air and forty-six cents in mutilated coin.

The dealer, Mr. Rube Jackson, came in.

Mr. Williams promptly raised the bet two punched quarters and a ten cent stamp.

"Whuffer yo rise dat?" asked Mr. Johnson, whom this extraordinary action excited.

"Nebber yo' mine," said Mr. Williams sullenly. "Jess yo' put up er shut up—dat 's all."

"'Spose I'se got three jacks an' rise yo' back?" suggested Mr. Johnson.

"And 'spose I'se got a flisk—eh?—jess—jess 'spose I'se got a flisk—niggah:—whar 's yo' three jacks—eh?" Mr. Williams breathed very hard and glared at Mr. Johnson till even that gentleman's vest buttons were cold.

Mr. Johnson faltered, ran his hand over twice, sized up the pot, and decided he'd "jess call." They then proceeded to draw cards.

Mr. Williams thought he'd play what he had.

Mr. Johnson drew two cards to three tens and caught a pair of nines. This considerably reassured him. He bet thirty cents with the remark: "Now jess go ahead on dat flisk—jess fool away yo' substance much as yo' choose."

Mr. Williams thoughtfully raised him forty cents and a plug of tobacco.

Mr. Johnson saw the raise and retaliated by wagering a plated watch-guard and a pair of spectacles, borrowed from the Rev. Thankful Smith who sat behind him.

Mr. Williams raised back. And so it went until there was nothing left to bet except the lamp and table, which were common property, inalienable under the constitution.

"Now, niggah," said Mr. Williams, "jess show down dem jacks."

"I haint got no jacks," said Mr. Johnson. "I was lyin'. I had three ten-speckers, befo' de draw. Show down yo' flisk—dat 's what I want ter see."

"Well, I haint got no flisk," said Mr. Williams.

"What has yo' got? Show up yo' straight," demanded Mr. Johnson.

"Haint got no straight."

"Show up dat two par, den."

"Haint got no two par."

"What has yo' got den, niggah?" Mr. Johnson was beginning to have his suspicions.

Mr. Williams slowly and triumphantly skinned out three jacks and a pair of trays. Mr. Johnson rose to leave the room.

"I doan mine losen my substance, an' I doan mine a squar' beat, but I doan draw no mo' cyards agin a liar."

\* \* \*

FOURTEEN hundred parrots arrived here Thursday from Tampico. This shows just how the pollytical situation stands.

\* \* \*

FORMERLY: "The Republican Party must GO!!!"  
Now: "In view of recent facts, and in consonance with the opinions of the ablest political economists who have investigated the subject, we are of the opinion that if the Republican Party should at any time be pleased to consider the interests of its Democratic adversaries, it might be induced to think seriously of taking a brief vacation, and we shall be glad to hear propositions to that effect."

\* \* \*

"I CAME, I saw, but I decline to admit that I am conquered."  
—Courtney.

\* \* \*

"I SEE the papers are making a great fuss over the fact that I refused to allow a Mr. Wales to be presented to me. He was nice enough looking, but Papa Griffin says a girl can't be too particular with these foreigners, especially when you do n't know the family."—*Mary Anderson*.





“DECEIVERS EVER!”

*Mildred (who is “willin’”)*: HARRY, THEY SAY WE’RE ENGAGED!

*Harry (who is thinking it over)*: BUT WE KNOW WE’RE NOT, DON’T WE!

BY THE SEA.

I LAY on the rocks and watched the sea,  
As it sparkling danced ’neath a sunny sky;  
The warm, sweet wind just touched my cheek,—  
And I sighed that romance had passed me by.

I gazed at the sea, and sky, and shore,  
Till a sudden sight made my pulses bound,  
For a little way from my rocky nook  
Was an open parasol, low on the ground.

’T was large, and white, and of India silk;  
Its top tilted down was my *vis-à-vis*;  
But I guessed its lining—such shaded rose  
As paints the murmuring shells of the sea.

Beneath, on the earth, spread a soft gray rug;  
The fringe of a shawl I could also note;  
And trailing outside of the parasol disc  
Was a bit of a lace-trimmed petticoat.

My heart beat high with expectant hope,—  
Shall I find my romance here by the sea?  
While life endures will fancy repeat  
The memories tender of white pongee?

No longer I lay on the rocky shore,  
Watching the ocean’s foamy creep;  
Softly to windward I stole for a view,—  
’T was somebody’s baby sound asleep.

PHILIP H. WELCH.

“A LITTLE less than kin, and more than kind (?)”—  
your “Uncle.”

LOVE laughs at locksmiths, did you say?  
Perhaps so, but I sometimes wonder  
If love can laugh at all the locks  
That parting lovers cut and sunder.

TO SPEAK of the thread of an argument would imply  
that the whole thing is a “yarn.”

## AGNUS FATUUS IN WALL STREET.

## I.

*Absence of occupation is not rest;  
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.*

—COWPER.



HE father of Agnus Fatuus had made a blunder—one usual to New York merchants in the middle of the 19th century.

He had begotten a son, Agnus of this simple tale; had sent him to school without educating him; had sent him to college to complete studies never begun; and lastly, having amassed a snug fortune in the huckleberry exporting business, had left this son just rich enough to unfit him for any possible usefulness in life. All of which was very orthodox and, so far as precedent goes, eminently respectable.

Agnus' first years of emancipation were spent in wrestling with his costume—particularly his cravats—in dancing with girls, and in "seeing life" with their brothers, and in trying to persuade himself that club life in New York really compares favorably with euthanasian suicide.

Results: A fellow's clothes are a great bore. Cost a lot of money and no end of trouble. No one ever notices them unless they are loud or badly made. Girls good enough fun when actually on the floor, but, for the rest, they giggle so and *make believe* such an awful lot, a fellow can't feel very comfortable or safe with them.

The chaps are good enough, only they are always busy down town in the dull part of the day, and usually talk a good deal about stocks and things out of business hours.

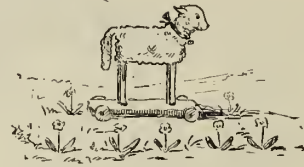
In fine, Agnus became bored to the point of letting his tailor dress him, so long as he, the tailor, steered clear of conspicuous idiocies. (Mem. The luckless Sartor, by the way, steered himself finally into a very conspicuous idiocty, trying to dress the last crop of New York dudes so as to pass for English aristocrats over on a tour.) Wearied to the extent of sending bouquets to the girls instead of going in person. Disgusted with the clubs so much as not to care if one half of the members whipped the other half with canes, were called liars, and expelled for blackguardly conduct. Fatigued so that even a stolen supper-party out on the road, comprising half a dozen, where three kept themselves and three did not, presented no more attraction than the opening of a new Sunday-school. *Bref*, worn out for want of new mental occupation.

The choice lay between taking to drink or taking to business. Drink is bad. Bad form, bad for a fellow's

looks, bad for his head, bad for his pockets. Besides, the lush nowadays is something ghastly. Nobody goes in for that sort of thing except young cads or old married men.

Then business? Business can't be such bad fun. Plenty of fellows make it pay even from a monied point of view. Of course a man can't go into dry-goods or huckleberry exporting, or actual trade. That was all well enough twenty or thirty years ago, but no wise fellows do it now unless they carry on the old man's business—then it's proper enough. But *business*, stocks. McMentor says your broker does it all; you really need n't learn anything about it unless you want to. If you buy or sell a stock and it goes up or down you make.

So Agnus Fatuus took a cab and went to the pur-  
lieus of Wall Street.



## II.

*Lucciole per lanterne.*



AGNUS FATUUS had chosen as his brokers Messrs. Raquemin, Shearum & Co. (O. U. Raquemin, member N. Y. Stock Exchange; Weale Shearum, member U. S. Mining Exchange), and although slightly acquainted with the individuals, he had never before visited their office.

The office was small, not to say cozy, furnished inexpensively but judiciously with four chairs, five spittoons and a "ticker." A faded carpet aided the spittoons in keeping the flooring from being soiled. The "ticker" appeared to be noisily unwell, as from a surfeit of tape. Four men stood peering at this, and one of them seemed to speak as follows:

"I'm condemned if the sanguinary stock is n't going up! Here it is at  $\frac{3}{8}$ , 500 at  $\frac{1}{2}$ ! What the Hereafter did I get on the wrong side for! Just my sainted luck! Here she comes at  $\frac{5}{8}$ ! Snorter, run up and cover mine at  $\frac{3}{4}$ ; put in a stop-order at  $\frac{7}{8}$  if you can't do better!"

Snorter, who wore two gorgeous rings, a pencil and some dirt on one hand, and three more gorgeous rings, a small pad of blank paper and a trifle more dirt on the other, fled as one who pursues an escaping prey.



The click of the "ticker" mingled with the renewed chorus of oaths and fractions, when Shearum turned and beheld Agnus standing in the room.

"Hello! Fatuus, how are you? Want me?"

Agnus explains that he wants to learn the ropes, and gets condensed information thus:

"Fellows at the Board trade in crowds. S'pose you give me an order to buy a hundred St. Peter at three. Snorter or some other pad-shover gives out the order. His man goes into the St. Peter crowd and buys it, gives us up, delivery is made here, goes into your account, you sell it out at four and a quarter—covering brokerages both ways—and you make one per cent. clean at once if it's bought and sold regular."

"Then there are irregularities sometimes in the business?" asks Agnus.

"How d'ye mean?"

"Why, you said I would make something if it was all regular."

"Oh, thunder!" exclaims Shearum. "I meant if it was bought and sold regular way; not bought seller three or sold buyer three. You see, do n't you?"

Agnus lied, and said "Yes."

Shearum then remarked, "Oh! it's simple enough when you understand it. Why, I've known young fellers come down here and go to tradin', and know it all in a week."

N. B.—Shearum omitted to go on and state what they knew at the end of a month.

"Then," said Agnus, "all I have to do is what you say to make one per cent.?"

Shearum assented "Providing the market goes right."

"And everything goes regular, as you call it," remarked Agnus. "By the way, how much *is* one per cent.?"

Shearum looked at him fixedly for a moment, then spat at the nearest cuspidor, and said sententiously, "What did you say?"

"I merely asked what one per cent. was."

Shearum had got himself together, and he replied, "Why, one point of course. Do n't you see?"

"Yes," answered Agnus, looking at Shearum's watch-chain for fear of catching his eye, "I see, but how much does that give me?"

"Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face. Suppose you pick up 100 St. Peter at 3, and pass it out at  $4\frac{1}{4}$ , an eighth each way makes you take just a hundred. Of course interest is n't counted, but that don't amount to anything unless there's a squeeze, you know, and then it would n't likely be more than an eighth for carrying. You understand now, don't you?"



(To be continued.)



MR. ISAACS, OXGUSE ME, BUT HOW TID YOU GET OF DOSE VINE GLODINGS?

VROM DER RAILTROAT, MR. KUPFENHEIMER.  
DER RAILTROAT!

YAS, MR. KUPFENHEIMER, MY LEETLE PENCHAMIN, HE VAS GILT IN DER GONEY ISLAND GRUSH DOO MONTS AGO; AND SO I SENTS MY MODDER-IN-LAW TOWN PY DER LONG ISLAND DRAIN EFFERVY DAY, UNT LAST VEEK SHE VAS SMASH UP IN DER GOLLISSON. DER BOLICY BAYS, MR. KUPFENHEIMER. I HAVE A LARCH VAMILY.

### A MODERN FABLE.

A DOG, on a warm summer day, lay down in the Shade, and soon fell asleep. He was Awakened by the Noise of a huge Bull approaching his shady resting-place.

"Get up," said the bull, "and let me Lie down there!"

"No," replied the Dog, "you have no Right to the place; I was here First."

"Well," said the bull, looking Innocently at the dog, but with a ferocious Twinkle in his left Eye, which made the dog's spinal Column run cold and his lower Jaw give way, "let us Toss up for it."

"Thank you," said the dog Politely, "I never Gamble," and he walked Away.

MORAL: Virtue has its own reward.

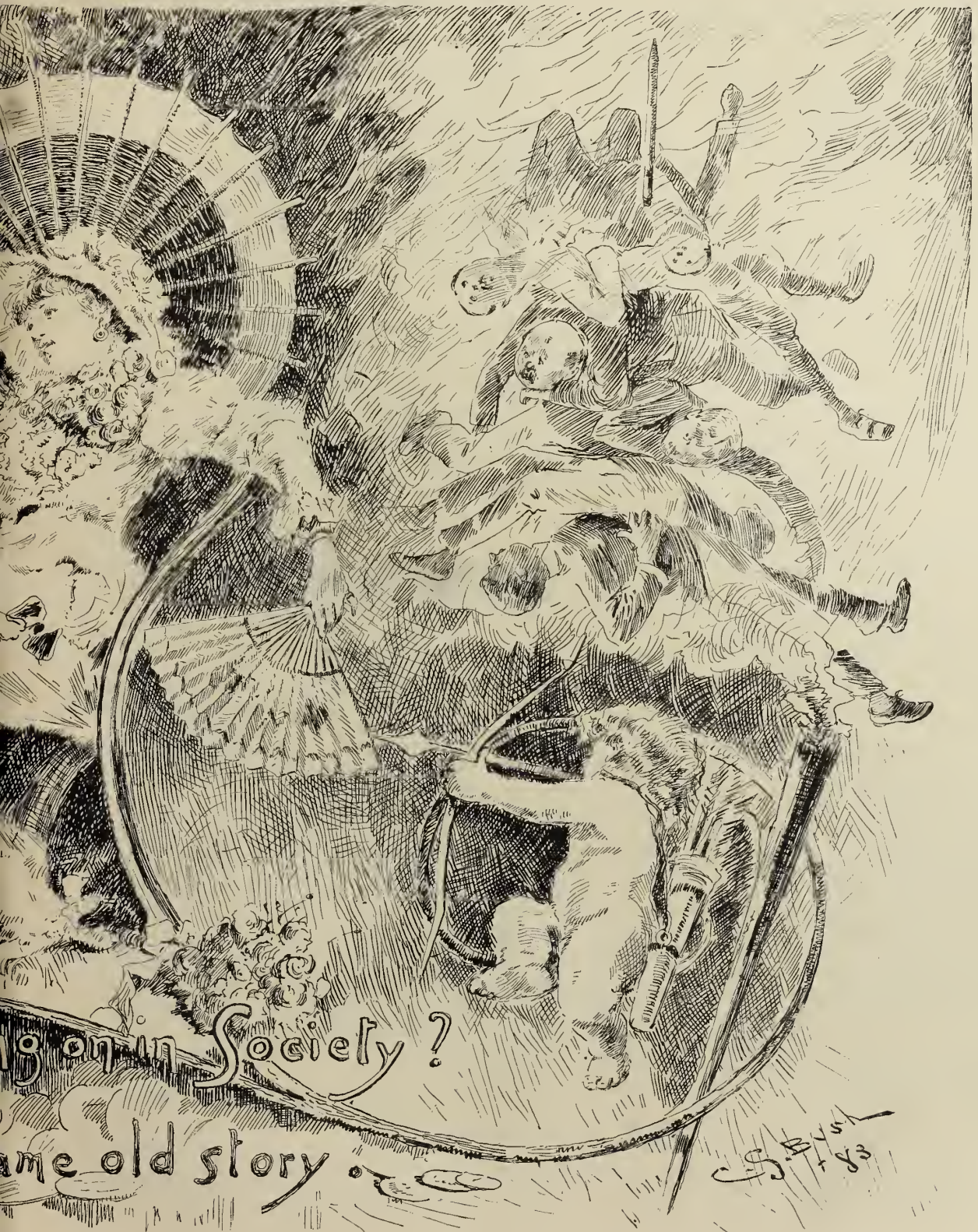


# The Siren of a beach



What is going on  
The





ing on in Society?  
ame old story.

S. 183



“THE DANISH BOY’S WHISTLE.”

“ Oh, whistle an’ I ’ll come to you.”



[Nearly every engineer on the New York and New England Railroad has a sweetheart or wife in New Britain, Conn. Every train would whistle a salute to some fair dame, and the din grew so fearfully ear-splitting that the authorities have had it stopped.—*Daily Paper.*]

IT’S noon when “Thirty-five” is due,  
An’ she comes on time, like a flash of light,  
An’ you hear her whistle, “Too-tee-too!”  
Long ’fore the pilot swings in sight.

Bill Maddon’s drivin’ her in to-day  
An’ he’s callin’ his sweetheart, far away—  
Gertrude Hurd—lives down by the mill,—  
You might see her blushin’; she knows it’s Bill.  
“Tu-die! Toot-ee! Tu-die! Tu!”

Six-five A.M. there’s a local comes—  
Makes up at Bristol, runnin’ east;  
An’ the way her whistle sings an’ hums  
Is a livin’ caution to man an’ beast.

Every one knows who Jack White calls—  
Little Lou Woodbury, down by the Falls;  
Summer or winter, always the same,  
She hears her lover callin’ her name—  
“Lou-ie! Lou-ie! Loo-iee!”

At Six-fifty-eight you can hear “Twenty-one”  
Go thunderin’ west, and of all the screams  
That ever startled the rising sun,  
Jehu Davis sends into your dreams;

But I do n’t mind it; it makes me grin—  
For just down here where the creek lets in,  
His wife, Jerusha, can hear him call,  
Loud as a throat of brass can bawl—  
“Jee-rooo shee! Je-hoo!”

But at 1:51, old “Sixty-four”—  
Boston Express runs east, clear through—  
Drowns her rattle and rumble and roar  
With the softest whistle that ever blew;

An’ away on the furthest edge of the town,  
Sweet Sue Winthrop’s eyes of brown  
Shine like the starlight, bright an’ clear  
When she hears the whistle of Abel Gear,  
“You-ou-ou, Su-u-u-e!”

An’ ’long at midnight a freight comes in,  
Leaves Berlin sometime—I do n’t know when—  
But it rumbles along with a fearful din,  
Till it reaches the Y-Switch there, and then

The clearest notes of the softest bell  
That out of a brazen goblet fell,  
Wake Nellie Minton out of her dreams—  
To her like a wedding bell it seems—  
“Nell, Nell, Nell! Nell, Nell, Nell!”

An’ somewhere late in the afternoon,  
You ’ll see “Thirty-seven” go streakin’ west;  
It’s local, from Hartford; same old tune  
New set for the girl that loves him best.

Tom Wilson rides on the right hand side,  
Givin’ her steam at every stride;  
An’ he touches the whistle, low an’ clear,  
For Lulu Gray, on the hill, to hear—  
“Lu-lu! Loo-Loo!”

So it goes on all day an’ all night,  
Till the old folk have voted the thing a bore;  
Old maids and bachelors says it ain’t right  
For folks to do courtin’ with such a roar.

But the engineers their kisses will blow  
From a whistle-valve, to the girls they know,  
An’ the stokers the name of their sweethearts tell  
With the Belle! Nell! Dell! of the swaying bell.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.



THAT GREEK PLAY.

NOT being blind, we are obliged to notice the return to bulletin-prominence of the above-named pamphlet by that pseudo-Harvard man, “Miss” Norman. This gentleman noses about in literature and society with the same unconscientious facility with which a butterfly sips nectar.

The results of his dipping into the “White” flower of Greece, his sipping of Nortonian honey and his nibbles at the Longfellow social seed cakes, are honey-combed in his “Greek Play” and in an article in an English magazine giving startling revelations of his affectionate relations with a man upon whose corpse he rode into prominence.

There was a certain social officiousness about the publication of this pamphlet by this author, which makes it of value to a collector of biographical relics. From any other standpoint it can only be criticised as we should criticise the collection of photographs, with dates and endearments underneath, in a young woman’s scrap book.

This notice is placed here somewhat incongruously, we admit, but it is only due to the lack of a column headed “Obituaries.”

A “FREE”-THINKER is generally a man whose opinions have cost him, in reflection and research, just what they are worth—nothing.



AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

NEWPORT Sept. 14th, 1883.

To the Editor of LIFE.

PARDON my intrusion upon your unwillingness to candor, but as in your last issue you evaded my question of legitimate American Aristocracy by an attack upon parvenus not entitled to the name, I beg you again to consider it. *Ab uno disce omnes.* Take any of the well-known Knickerbockers of New York—the F. F.'s of Virginia, the Mayflowers of New England, the Huguenots of South Carolina, or the Creoles of Louisiana, trace their pedigree to its source and see if from their blooded grandfathers, to the manner born, they do not justly inherit the refinement and *esprit de l'ancien regime* which mark the true aristocracy.

KILL VON KULL.



*Ab uno disce omnes.* We cannot wantonly mention persons in private life, but our esteemed subscriber of course knows Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS (*née* KOBBLESTON), whose name is conspicuously displayed in the record of every social occasion, by our highly esteemed contemporary, the *New York Sun*, and other court journals.

Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS (*née* KOBBLESTON) is a Knickerbocker from that quaint little centre of Knickerbocker pride known remotely as Waibac, and is, beyond question, to Knickerbocker circles what that rude implement, the kingbolt, is to a Murray Hill drag. So important, indeed, is Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, that each morning our highly esteemed contemporary, the *New York Sun*, and other court journals, give unlimited space in leaded nonpareil to a record of her daily movements, to the end that her humble admirer, the public, may know where Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, was on the previous day; whose dinner Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, condescended to grace; whom Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, vouchsafed to meet on that happy occasion, and, so far as vulgar type can convey such refined gorgeous-

ness, what millinery Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, deigned to wear. As the Knickerbockers who live in ineffable but somewhat mildewed grandeur on Stuyvesant and Washington Squares admit to their exclusive teas whomsoever Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, admits to her more elaborate receptions, it must be conceded that for an example of Knickerbocker aristocracy, our selection of Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, is fitting and judicious.

Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, is indisputably a Knickerbocker. As the entire civilized world knows, her father, KILIAN KOBBLESTON, was the son of DIETRICH KOBBLESTON, whose wife, GRETTA VAN VRIES, was a granddaughter of WOUTER VAN TWILLER VAN VRIES, whose uncle, LEYDEN VAN VRIES, was among the Walloons who came over with PETER MINUITS in 1624, and settled at Walle Bocht, on what is now known as Austincorbinwyk, or Long Island.

LEYDEN VAN VRIES was, therefore, the fountain-head from which the aristocracy of Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, sprang, and to LEYDEN VAN VRIES we must therefore look for those elements of grandeur which have been so abundantly transmitted. Unfortunately history is criminally frugal with particulars in this great case. It merely mentions that in 1624 one PETER MINUITS brought over a number of convicted Dutch heretics, to whom America or jail were absolute alternatives. Armed with the consciousness of right and some little brandy, these Walloons purchased land from the natives. The Knickerbocker method of purchasing land was simpler and more effective than that employed in these effete days. It was merely to get the susceptible savages drunk, and then by the tender of two cakes of red paint and a cracked mirror, induce their chief to sign a deed for as many square miles of land as the Walloons thought they might want. When the Indians recovered from this cheap debauch and repented, the Walloons fell upon and massacred them, thus forestalling all tedious or unpleasant litigation. A quaint chronicler thus describes one of these enjoyable occasions.

“Actinge by ye authoritie of ye Govern’r, ye armd partie crossed ye Hudson on ye nyghte of ye 25 of Feb., 1643, and fell upon ye Indians. No resistance they offerde, and in ye stillness of ye nyghte ye noise and brute of musketrie and ye shrieks of ye ruthless savages were hearde on ye islende (Manhattan). Menne, women and children were slayne; infants, bounde in theyre barke cradles, were flunge into ye icie river, and ye franticke mothers, who did plunge to ye rescue, were forcd back until they were drownde. Among these were two children of LEYDEN VAN VRIES by a younge Indian mayde, whome he did himself drowne for he had taken unto himself a new wyfe in New Amsterdam. LEYDEN VAN VRIES was then mayde governor of ye new colony, which praised Godde for his valoure.”

This is the first mention made of LEYDEN VAN VRIES, the first narration of how he acquired title to his property, and the first historical index to his character. A similar American aristocrat, Mr. JESSE JAMES, was recently made famous by acquiring property in the same way, and would no doubt have sired a long line of a species of Missouri Knickerbockers, but for painful circumstances over which he had no control. But this is irrelevant.

Of LEYDEN VAN VRIES' subsequent life history says nothing, simply mentioning that he “did dye of a blow upon hys hedde,

being struck with an ayle mug during a quarrelle in ye taverne of JOHN VAN WYCKE."

Concerning WOUTER VAN TWILLER VAN VRIES, nephew of the foregoing, history is silent, so the present generation is indebted for knowledge that he existed at all, to the patient researches of the little old gentleman who works up pedigrees to order in the Society Library building, and who has traced his own lineage back to Japhet.

Of GRETTA VAN VRIES we find one mention—that she married, in 1798, DIETRICH KOBBLESTON, who himself was never mentioned before nor has been since. We are indebted, however, to the aforesaid little old gentleman who worked up Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS *née* KOBBLESTON's pedigree in the Society Library at \$75 a page (*vide* the gilt-edged volume on her library table), and who has traced his own lineage back to Japhet, for the information that, in absence of contrary evidence, it is probable that DIETRICH KOBBLESTON was lineally descended from LISPENARD KOBBLESTON, who is mentioned once in history as having "purchased" land from the Raritans, at the exceedingly low price of one gallon for a hundred acres. There is a DIETRICH KOBBLESTON mentioned as having been confined for debt in the old jail at the corner of Dock street and Coenties slip, where for four years he thrived by hanging his shoe out of the dormer window for alms; but for some occult reason this fact is not entered in the emblazoned volume which lies upon the table of Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, and which was so carefully prepared for her by the aforesaid patient little old gentleman in the Society Library building, who has already traced his own lineage back to Japhet.

Of KILIAN KOBBLESTON, father of Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, modern history says much. His father's portion of the noble estate wrested by LEYDEN VAN VRIES from the ruthless savages had dwindled, and so, when he came of age, he embarked in the grocery business (wholesale) and derived therefrom a revenue sufficient to enable him to marry and do the world a tremendous favor by siring the present incumbent of the proud name, Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, after which generous feat he unfortunately expired.

Of Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS' (*née* KOBBLESTON) marriage with the plebeian but opulent JOHN HOPKINS, it is better to say but little. Indeed, when the patient little aforesaid old gentleman in the Society Library compiled the \$75 pages of the pedigree which lies upon Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS' (*née* KOBBLESTON) library table—having first traced his own lineage from Japhet—he makes but the barest mention of the affair, dismissing it, in fact, with the line:

"M. June 17th, 1869—JOHN HOPKINS."

Below, however we find the following, which is of more importance:

"HAD ISSUE:

March 12th, 1871—LISPENARD VAN VRIES KOBBLESTON.

Sept. 3rd, 1873—KATRINA KOBBLESTON VAN VRIES.

April 29th, 1875—LEYDEN VAN VRIES KOBBLESTON.

Dec. 10th, 1879—WOUTER VAN TWILLER VAN VRIES KOBBLESTON. Ob. Dec. 30th, 1879.

May 19th, 1882—GRETTA KOBBLESTON."

Thus we see that although the gross name of HOPKINS obscured the Knickerbocker effulgence for a while, it is now emerging, scintillant with LISPENARDS, LEYDENS, VAN VRIES and KOBBLESTONS enough to perpetuate the family pride through endless time.

We do not find, however, even among the \$75 pages compiled by the patient little old aforesaid gentleman in the Society Library Building—who has traced his own lineage to Japhet—any mention of the other branches of Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS' (*née* KOBBLESTON) family. We know that she was the daughter of KILIAN KOBBLESTON. But by whom? KILIAN KOBBLESTON was the son of DIETRICH KOBBLESTON. DIETRICH must have had a mother. Who was she? Who were her parents? What were theirs? It thus appears, by going back three generations, that out of fourteen not only possible but necessary ancestors of Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS (*née* KOBBLESTON), the patient little old gentleman in the Society Library—who has traced his own lineage to Japhet—has only scored four, leaving ten absent and unaccounted for. This only leaves to Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS (*née* KOBBLESTON) one drop of KOBBLESTON and VAN VRIES blood to twenty-eight of blood which is unknown. The unknown is the abhorred of the aristocrat, and therefore Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS (*née* KOBBLESTON) has excellent reason for holding twenty-seven twenty-eighths of herself in profound contempt, which perhaps accounts for her perpetual expression of chilly *hauteur*. The worst is, that until each hiatus of the fourteen left by the patient little old aforesaid gentleman in the Society Library Building—who has traced his own lineage to Japhet—in the \$75 pages of the pedigree upon Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS' (*née* KOBBLESTON) table, is filled, it is impossible to decide whether that estimable lady is indeed a Knickerbocker or not.

#### AT A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE FROM BYRON.

MY nose is red, but not with beer,  
Nor grew it pink  
From too much drink,  
As some men's noses have, I fear.  
(No, dearest reader, for the sun burned it most horribly  
at Narragansett Pier.)

#### JOSHUA'S SPOON.

ABRAHAM and Joshua had been invited to a splendid dinner.

It was impossible for Joshua not to make capital out of such an opportunity; accordingly he managed to slip a silver spoon into his boot.

Abraham was green with envy at Joshua's success, for he had not even manipulated a saltspoon.

But an idea struck him.

"My frents," he cried, "I will show you some dricks."

Taking up a spoon, he said, "You zee dees spoon?—Vell, it ees gone!" he cried, passing it up his sleeve. "You vill find it in Joshua's bood."

It was found.



DRESS.

A PUN is said to be a breach of good taste; then a couple of them must be a stylish pair of trousers. And what of a brace? But we are trespassing upon the territory of the unmentionable.

MOST men and salades need good dressing to be palatable.

PROVIDENCE arranges the eternal fitness of things, but the tailor the infernal misfitness of clothes.

LADY NABBERTON talks of reforming dress, but forgets that she is deforming it. There is division on this point, however.

BILLS of long standing and trousers of long sitting are better receipted.

THE point of a swell's existence is his shoes; but a woman's existence is sometimes even more point-lace.

THE proverb: "Beauty unadorned is best" was invented by a Frenchman at his first sight of a lady in low neck and short sleeves. It might have been said equally truly of a cannibal queen.

ONE swallow does not make a summer, nor one swallow-tail a summer novel.

A LADY'S boudoir is a powder magazine; preparatory to an expedition into the very heart of the enemy, she has a little brush and then raises her colors.

THE devil is not so black, nor a woman so fair as she is painted.  
L. VAN NECK.



*Village Preacher*: HAIN'T I DONE GONE TOLE YO', EPH, DAT IT 'S WICKED TO COTCH FISS ON DE LOD'S DAY?

*Ephraim (who has n't had a bite all day)*: WHO 'S COTCHIN' FISS? YO' CAWN'T 'CUSE ME.

RECIPES FOR POPULAR SERMONS.

V.

ORATORICAL ORTHODOXY A LA REV. JOSEPH C--K--.

BOIL or roast some unctuous egoism turned heavenward—(this is as good as religion itself and comes much cheaper.) When quite warm pick off all the healthy feelings and chop them a little but not very small; cut up a large bunch of applause of God in the style of a congratulatory address and mix with the unctuous egoism.

Boil some vulgar pomp hard, mash and mix with off-hand references to foreign travel, garbled accounts of the philosophy of Lotze, intemperate statements regarding prohibition and a gill of feminine missionary spirit. Beat this mixture very thoroughly together and use it without notes and with a humid handkerchief. This salad is said to make even the "jerked meat of salvation"\* toothsome.

\* "Logic is the jerked meat of salvation." BUSHNELL.

VI.

FOR A FANTASTIC SERMON A LA HOMILETICAL MONKEY OF BROOKLYN.

Make a nice paste and lay into a deep dish, turn yourself upside down in the centre. This will draw the attention under it and prevent it from boiling over; it also keeps the moral crust from falling in and becoming clammy. Lay in the ejaculations, add a little seasoning, such as the dirty stories you might tell, the dirty stories you are going to tell next Sunday, and presidential prophecies; make a wide incision in the upper crust, so that when the pie is nearly done, you can pour in half a teacup of smiling liberality touched up with an unswerving belief in the bottomless pit.

Secure the edges of the crust with newspaper paragraphs and ornament it with impressions of a cornet around the edges. Bake for an hour and in serving make each cut from yourself in the centre.

CLERICUS.



### THE DIFFERENCE.

HORN OF PLENTY.

PLENTY OF HORN.

### PANTOUM.

IN AUGUST.

BRIGHT shines the sun overhead,  
(Hear the wind rustle the trees!)  
Mid-summer clovers are red,  
Tempting to pilfering bees.

Hear the wind rustle the trees,  
Running in waves through the corn,  
Tempting to pilfering bees.  
Brilliant and fair is the morn.

Running in waves through the corn,  
Bending its loftiest plume,  
Brilliant and fair is the morn,  
Scented with flow'ry perfume.

Bending its loftiest plume,  
What does it hear in the air,  
Scented with flow'ry perfume,  
Tossing the curls in her hair?

What does it hear in the air?  
What can it see in her eyes?  
Tossing the curls in her hair,  
Polly looks up in surprise.

What can it see in her eyes?  
"Darling, I love you," I say.  
Polly looks up in surprise,—  
What do her glances betray?

"Darling, I love you," I say,  
Drawing her close to my breast.  
What do her glances betray?  
Only the leaves know the rest.

Drawing her close to my breast,  
(Bright shines the sun overhead,)  
Only the leaves know the rest.  
Mid-summer clovers are red.

H. L. SATTERLEE.

AN English cattle-dealer, who also acted in the rôle of local preacher, gave a sermon on the text: "Sorrowing most of all for the words that he spake, that they should see his face no more; and they accompanied him unto the ship." A few days later he absconded leaving behind him heavy debts and sorrowing creditors. This was practising what he preached, to the extent of a practical joke.



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WHAT SHE SAYS :

GOOD-BYE.

*What she does not say :* WE HAVE HAD SUCH LOVELY TIMES TOGETHER ; AND AFTER ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED YOU CALMLY SHAKE HANDS AND GO AS IF—WELL, MEN *are* BRUTES.

WHAT HE SAYS :

GOOD-BYE.

*What he does not say :* THERE HAVE BEEN TIMES WHEN I WOULD SWEAR THAT YOU CARED FOR ME, BUT I KNOW HOW YOU HAVE TREATED OTHER FELLOWS AND I'LL BE HANGED IF *my* SCALP SHALL DECORATE YOUR WIGWAM.



THE END OF THE SUMMER.



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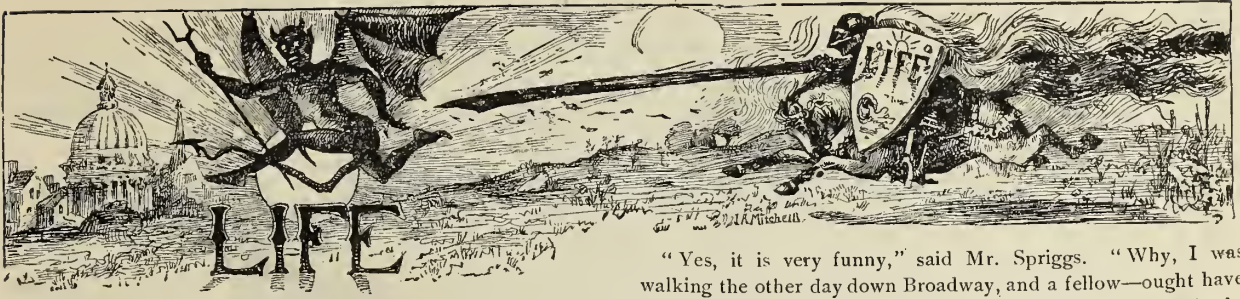
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VOL. II. SEPTEMBER 27TH, 1883. NO. 39.

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DR. MARY WALKER says she will go on the Greely Relief Expedition. It can be seen from this that Lieut. Greely is really in great danger.

\* \* \*

MR. HENRY IRVING has already produced an impression upon American citizens, judging by recent words of our esteemed contemporary, the *N. Y. World*, which says that in "Hamlet" he looks as "solemn as a mule in a snow-storm."

\* \* \*

"I NOTICE it is reported that galvanic action caused the *Riverdale* explosion. I do not believe it. I have tried galvanism and it won't work."—*S. J. T.*

\* \* \*

OUR highly esteemed contemporary, the *New York Times*, has always modestly undervalued its worth to the reading public, but the red-letter day of its self-depreciation was reached last Tuesday when it sold itself for 2 cents, notwithstanding that intelligent persons would rather pay 10 cents than go without it. Formerly a man with 4 cents in his pocket and content in his heart could buy a *Times*. Now he can buy a *Times* for 2 cents, and keep the other 2 cents—to buy another *Times*. The 2 cent dose of news, sound doctrine and fearless criticism administered by the *Times* seems to become even better than the 4 cent bolus we knew of old—and that is saying enough.

\* \* \*

THEY were discussing mistaken identity: "Hi was 'avin' a turn down Pell Mell one harfternoon," said Mr. Gordon Gordon, "not doing anythink, when an old yardsman came hup hand harsked me hif Hi could n't raise 'is pension. ' Bless me 'art,' says I, 'Hi'm not hin the pension hoffice, me boy.' ' But,' says 'e, ' m' lud Juke, cawn't you give me a letter to the 'Ome Secretary? Hi was with your Grace at Waterloo.' ' But Hi'm not the Juke hof Wellington,' says Hi. But blawst me, the fellow would n't believe hit, do n't ye see?"

"Sacre bleu," said Monsieur Bienelevé, "I know zat myselef. I was once in ze jardang of ze Twilleree, an' smokeen mon cigarette, wen I pass ze gar of l'Umpr-r-rer Napoleong. To my gr-r-reat constarenayshong ze gar pr-r-resent arm, and give me ze saloo. I tol ze offeysare I was no l'Umpr-r-er, and he seem vare mouch sar-prise."

"Yes, it is very funny," said Mr. Spriggs. "Why, I was walking the other day down Broadway, and a fellow—ought have known me, too—a fellow came up and slapped me on the back, and says he, 'Why, suffering Moses! when did *you* get back?'"

\* \* \*

THE intelligent detectives now working at Stratford have finally brought their eagle eyes to bear on a mysterious green and white sloop with a captain and crew consisting of one man. This is the most graceful way they can think of, to acknowledge that they are all at sea.

\* \* \*

TO a man who goes to the Polar Sea with full knowledge that his expedition, if successful, can do no earthly good to the world, present or future, the intelligent press devotes columns upon columns of praise, and the government is called upon to strain its mighty arm to the utmost that he shall be brought back to the "honors" to which his foolhardiness entitles him, even at the risk of lives more precious than his. The fate of Dr. Thuillet, however, the member of the Pasteur Scientific Mission who died recently in Alexandria while studying Asiatic cholera for the benefit of millions of men, is dismissed with a two line paragraph. There is a poetic justice in this which is refreshing.

\* \* \*

PRINCE BISMARCK has 17,000 German microscopists to aid him in discovering trichinæ in American hogs. When a hog is suspected one of his chops is secretly sent to a microscopist. If the microscopist lives, the hog is sound. The system gives entire satisfaction to the Prince, on account of the frequency with which the disease is discovered.

\* \* \*

"AN invoice of gloves three feet in length is on the way."—*N. Y. Tribune*. St. Louis girls are brightening up.

\* \* \*

MR. TALMAGE says that the modern newspaper is "a public sewer, through which flows a great deal of matter which had best be kept under ground." When one recollects how many of Mr. Talmage's sermons have been published, this does not seem to be exaggeration.

\* \* \*

MR. JOHN L. SULLIVAN is now worth \$50,000. Boston genius is beginning to be appreciated.

\* \* \*

IT is evident that there is something wrong with the masonry of the Brooklyn bridge. The grip won't work.

\* \* \*

"MARWOOD, the English hangman just dead, never failed."—*Boston Post*. Never failed, eh? Well, perhaps he did n't, but wasn't he connected with the suspension of a good many others?

## WISHING.

FOUR white fingers in my hand,  
Tapered, soft, and slender;  
I'm to wish a ring on, and  
Tell her something tender.

All my wits have gone to sleep  
While she lets them linger;  
What a charm it is to keep  
Hold of this small finger!

Shall I tell her, doubting eyes  
Looking upwards sweetly?  
Cupid in their gentle guise  
Captures me completely.

What's the wish? Ah, love, you know:  
Needless my endeavor!  
I would hold this finger so,  
Wishing on forever.

F. D. S.

## DISMAL.

THE three brothers, Solomon, Jacob and Joseph Benjamin, stood in their shop discussing the day's earnings.

"Und dot military goat wid golt buddons, how much, eh?" said Solomon, the eldest brother and head of the firm.

"Six tollars und a hallef," said Joseph.

"Is dot all he gif you?" exclaimed Solomon in agonized tone. "I paid sefenty-five cents for dot goat! We are ruint gompledely."

## AGNUS FATUUS IN WALL STREET.

## III.

*Quien pregunta no yerra.*

AGNUS said "Certainly," and felt that Ananias could have borne Geo. Washington's hatchet in triumph before him.

Shearum looked at the "ticker," and remarked, "Bison and East Shore looks pretty sick. Glad none of you fellers are long of it."

One of the "fellers" said with a chuckle, "I'm saved if I'd dare to go *short* of any sanctified stock on the whole angelical list. The redeemed bulls are just fixin' things to play merry Paradise, and do n't you forget it!"

Snorter entered breathless.

"How's the market?"

Snorter replied with lightning rapidity: "St. Peter's three-quarters, Patagonian a half, Pond shares five-eighths, Canada Northern a quarter, Cheyennes preferred seven-eighths, Kentucky an eighth—lending flat."

"How's money?"

"Lots offering at a quarter."

"There!" said Shearum blandly to the dazed Agnus, "you see the market's got no strength, and there's sure to be a rally as soon as the shorts try to cover."

Agnus said "Certainly; any one could see that," and sadly went up-town to wonder at the precision, clearness and open simplicity of stocks.



That evening after dinner Agnus sought "points" of old Silenus at the Club. There is no man living like unto Silenus for giving away valuable information about stocks and indeed about all profitable investments. At sixty years he is a debt-ridden pauper. He has given away so many points for making fortunes that he remains himself impecunious.

Silenus said, smoking one of Agnus' cigars the while, "Nothing, my boy, like Catskill second preferred. The Company has no debt worth mentioning, its resources are enormous, traffic returns foreshadow plainly ten per cent. dividend all around. Only road in the country Bill and Jay and Russell and I can ever talk about and all agree on. It's at twenty-six now. It will be two hundred when the crops begin to move. You're safe in buying every share you can get at under thirty!"

"Thirty, what?" asked Agnus.

"Thirty nothing," replied the sage, "I said just plain thirty."

"Yes, I know you did, but I did n't quite catch your meaning," said Agnus. "Now suppose I tell the brokers to sell me a lot of this what d'ye call it at thirty, what do they do?"

Silenus, nettled, replied: "I said *buy* it at thirty or under, not *sell* it."

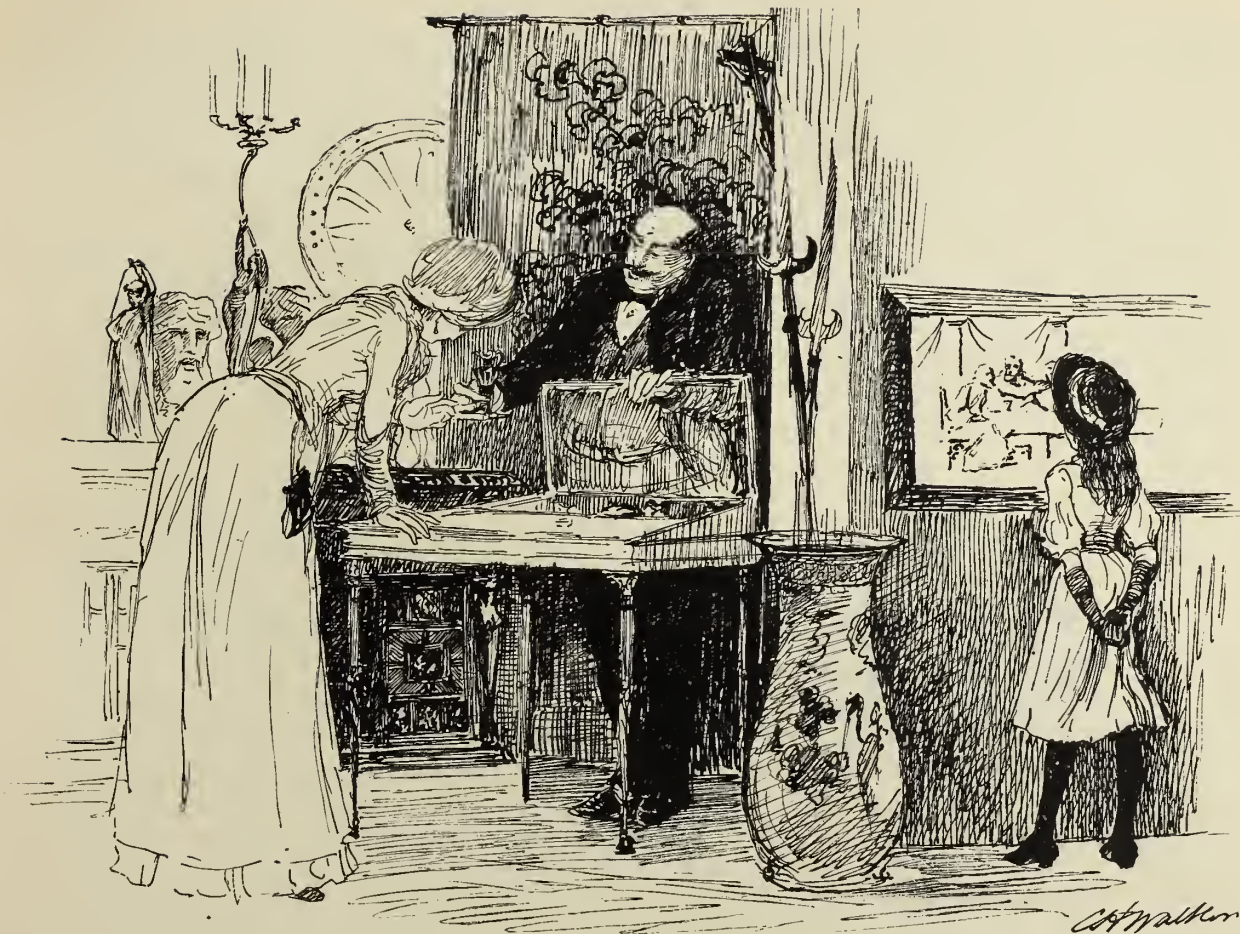
"Yes," answered Agnus, "but I do n't suppose it really makes any difference, does it?"

Silenus gasped.

"You see," said Agnus, in a burst of confidence, "I was down to-day looking into stocks and to-morrow I'm going to go in for a speculation; so, as every one says you always give a fellow points, I thought I'd ask your opinion. Of course I rely on my own judgment, but I would like to hear what you've got to say, you know."

Silenus glared at him and rose, saying in a voice tremulous with rage and the brandy-and-sodas of half a century,





THE EFFECTS OF TRAVEL.

Scene: Venice—A Bric-a-brac Shop.

Edith (who is admiring a bas-relief of the Last Supper): OH, MAMMA, DO COME HERE—THIS IS THE LOVELIEST TABLE D'HOTE I EVER SAW!  
—[Fact.]

"You rely on your *what*?"

"On my *judgment*," meekly answered Agnus.

"Judgment be \*\*\*! you infernal young \*\*\*! You have n't got the brains of an acephalus mollusk. You come to me for a point, \*\*\* your stupid \*\*\*, got it all wrong and then tell me you are going to use your own *judgment*! Come to me, \*\*\* your chuckle-headed \*\*\*, just as you'd got a \*\*\* pump for water. You'd *better* go into stocks! You're just one of those everlasting \*\*\* idiots who blunder into fortunes in Wall Street!"

"I think I will make money," answered Agnus unmoved; "lots of chaps do make money, you know."

"Oh \*\*\*!" roared Silenus, "this is too \*\*\* much!" and off he stamped, blowing off maledictions at every step.

Agnus unabashed turned to young Fitz Asinus who was smoking a cigarette at an adjacent table.

"Very violent old man, Silenus."

"Yaas," replied Fitz Asinus, "ghastly! Called me a \*\*\* dude the other night because I remarked that he never wore gaiters. Besides, his trousers are baggy, and I do n't believe his morals are good."

Agnus warmed to this youth, he was so pure and his scarf was really a marvel.

"Tell me," said Agnus, "if you were going to invest in stocks which would you do?"

Fitz Asinus said that he never did such things. He

\*\*\* We regret not having this font among our types. The manuscript is in Ancient Blasphemic.—ED. LIFE.

understood that those vulgar brutes in Wall Street smashed the hat of every fellow who went near them. In point of fact they were subsidized by the retail hat trade at a percentage on each hat destroyed. Of course a man could n't go through the street with a crushed hat. It would stain him for life.

"But," he added, "I would n't be afraid of buying Oceanic Mail. I have a cousin who travelled on one of their boats and he said the meals were really excellent. The waiters were very civil and there were lots of real charming girls on board who did n't get sick the whole way over. I would feel a confidence in Oceanic Mail because, you see, my cousin knows all about it."

"By Jove!" said Agnus, "that's a good idea; I will go in for Oceanic Mail!"

And he did so the following morning.



IV.

*O hominem fortunatum!*—Quint.

AQUEMIN, SHEARUM & CO.'S office was gladdened before noon by Agnus' second visit. He whispered nervously to Shearum.

"I am acting on good advice and have determined to do something in Oceanic Mail."

"All right," said Shearum, "what do you want to do?"

"Well," replied Angus, "you probably know best, having more experience in the mere details. Suppose you do some for me?"

"Right enough,

but do you want me to buy the stock or sell it?"

"Why," chuckled Agnus, "now you are at fault! I

can't sell it, for I've been thinking it all over and I have n't got any of it, so I must buy it to operate with, you know. Of course I do n't exactly mean to teach you anything—that is, not offensively—but I fancy you know the general run of the business—that is, the mechanical part of it, better than I do; but I want to keep you straight at the start, you see, and I have n't any stock to sell even if I wanted to."

Shearum evidently was crushed, for he simply gazed at Angus and made no reply.

"So," continued Agnus triumphantly, "perhaps you'd better buy me a nice lot of it."

Shearum inquired how many shares he wished to give an order for.

Agnus had not thought of this, but met the emergency with decision.

"How many can you buy to-day?" he asked.

Shearum thought he could buy a million if there was no limit as to quantity.

"What would they cost?" asked Agnus.

"Probably thirty odd million dollars," was the reply.

"Oh! but I have n't got so much money."—This dejectedly.

"How much do you want to invest?"

"Say twenty thousand dollars?"

"Got a cheque?"

"Here it is."

"Endorse it to us. Do you want all this margin invested?"

"Why certainly."

"No limit?"

"Yes, twenty thousand dollars."

"I mean as to price?"

"Yes—that is, no, certainly—"

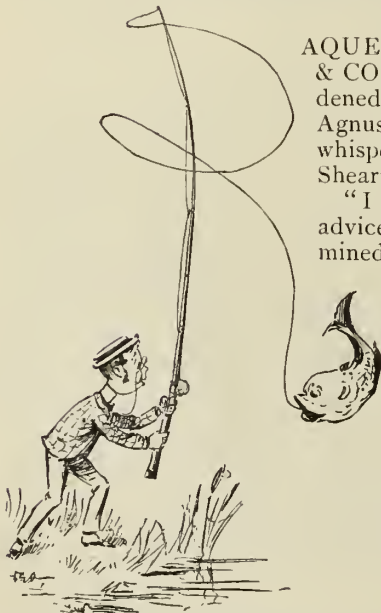
\* \* \* \* \*

The scene at the Stock Exchange was worth noting. Oceanic Mail led the excitement. The stock had been dull for months. Suddenly it was taken as fast as it could be offered. Excitement grew. Something was up in that stock. Eager brokers fairly shrieked their advancing bids; others caught the frenzy. Pale men in distant offices, gazing at the quotations, asked what was the cause of the neglected stock suddenly leading the market. Brokers never lack information. A good broker would rather make it himself than to be without it. Vanderbilt was buying it; Jay Gould was caught short of it; the market was oversold, and Russel Sage was covering it; heavy orders from a German syndicate had come over by cable; London bankers were going to put it up to par; it was to be amalgamated with Suez Railway and the Third Avenue Sleeping Car Co.

Agnus Fatuus, the innocent cause of the mad hub-bub, was speedily told that his orders were filled and that he was the owner of seven thousand shares. He grasped Shearum's hand.

"How cheap you have got 'em!" he said to the broker. "Why it's less than three dollars apiece!"

Shearum groaned.





"We have bought them for you on margin," he explained; your purchases average about twenty-eight and a half dollars per share. If you were to pay in full for them you would have to pay us about a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars more."

Agnus fell full length on the floor—annihilated.

"Do you mean to tell me," he gasped, "that I owe you a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars already?"

"No," answered Shearum, helping him to rise, "you do n't want to take up the stock, we'll carry it for you."

"Carry it where? Oh Heavens! what can I do?"

Shearum said, "You can sell it out if you wish."

"Sell it out!" shrieked Agnus.

"Sell it out! and let the man be very particular not to leave any. Let him be extremely careful not to leave any of these detestable shares about. If he can't sell them pass them off on somebody somehow. One hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars! Mother of Washington!!"

"Don't be uneasy, my dear friend," said Shearum soothingly; "let's see how it turns out."

Swiftly and noiselessly the reports came in. The stocks began to decline, but sales for Agnus' account were made at the top prices of the flurry. Shearum did some figuring and said:

"Fatuus, you are in rare luck. What do you suppose you have made?"

"A confounded ass of myself," answered Angus.

"You clear about thirty-five thousand dollars; your stock was bought at an average of about twenty-eight and a half and sold out at an average of about thirty-three and three quarters. You make about thirty-five thousand dollars."

"Do you mean it?" said Agnus.

"So much that I will give you a cheque for it as soon as the account can be made up."

"I think I will go up town," said our daring speculator; it has n't tired me at all, but I'll go home and lie down. These intricate combinations where a chap puts his whole brain-force into a speculation are really rough on the nerves. I'll look in to-morrow. I advise your being very careful, Shearum, and you'd better not operate until I come down again. These transactions want a calm head and great executive ability. Ta-ta!"



RONDEAU.

MA chère amie, I oft-times rue  
That e'er I saw your eyes of blue,  
So archly do they look askance;  
They pierce my heart as with a lance,  
And I am fain compelled to woo;

And then your lips of ruby hue,  
As fresh and sweet as mountain dew,  
Might well an anchorite entrance,  
Ma chère amie.

I would that I could say adieu  
To all my follies, and to you;  
How gladly then I'd fly your glance,  
And lips whose smiling makes me dance  
To all your whims, and they're not few,  
Ma chère amie.  
WM. J. DUGGETT.

RECIPES FOR POPULAR SERMONS.

VII.

FOR A PRESBYTERIAN SERMON AT THE END OF VACATION.

A LA FIFTH AVENUE.

Text, Jer. VIII, 20. "The summer is ended and we are not saved."

BOIL down your salvation till it begins to fall apart. Set it aside till it is quite liberally cool; it may then be made more pleasant to the guests by little glittering Universalist hopes stuck in at intervals. Then stir gently a few affectionate greetings, and when this comes to a froth, add a heaping table-spoonful of the necessity for thankfulness and the incentive to good works, with a few hints of the studious way in which you have spent your own vacation and place this around the salvation. Serve with hearty handshakes around the edges of the dish.

VIII.

FOR A PATRIOTIC SERMON A LA SAINT OF PLYMOUTH.

TAKE a text that has "freedom" in it. Surround this with as many captious criticisms of foreign countries as are available (the newspapers will generally furnish a sufficient supply; if not, read up Robinson's congressional speeches). Stir this rapidly over an intense heat, throwing in, at intervals, statistics of the wheat crop, allusions to the increasing prosperity of the South, political tirades of a Civil Service Reform tendency, admiring references to the Puritans and to any historical or noteworthy characteristics of your own city.

When the whole is at boiling point, sprinkle in a little of the Revolution, about twice as much of the Rebellion, and some classical quotations in the original tongues. Then warm over some moral platitudes, seasoned with fervid rhetoric. When the whole is sufficiently cooked (this may be discovered by sticking into it a straw of common sense; if nothing adheres to the straw, it is done) heat your plates over a register of any creed, and be sure the dish is served smoking hot.



H A Ogden

'T WAS  
THE CONSCIOUSNESS THAT THE FAITHFUL HANNAH HAD CHARGE OF THE HOUSE, HAS AT





VER THUS.

D MATERIALLY TO THE HON. ERASMUS SCHOOLCRAFT'S SERENITY OF MIND THIS SUMMER.





### SONG OF THE DESERTED DAMSEL.

I AM forsaken and forlorn,  
In little shreds my heart is torn ;  
I rue the day that I was born.  
Oh, dear, oh !

From morn till eve I weep and wail,  
And at my love do often rail—  
He was a Sophomore from Yale !  
Oh, dear, oh !

I only wish I now could find  
Another youth just to my mind  
As he was, and as sweet and kind.  
Oh, dear, oh !

For now I have a heart to let,  
Although I never can forget  
The softest youth I ever met.  
Oh, dear, oh !

Oh ye, who 've any heart to spare,  
And wish a lock of dark brown hair,  
Come, quickly answer to my prayer.  
Oh, come, oh !

L. D.

## BOOKISHNESS

### DR. CLOTHIERS.

HE was a superb type. No! not a type, for his equal had never before existed, nor is it likely to exist. He was evolved out of the north-winds and a Scandinavian pine-forest. The Creator projected him into the universe for the unique purpose of showing humanity what manner of creature the present halting, decrepit homo can be in the ideal. He lived on four kreutzers, twelve pretzels and three schooners a day, and between times he gave lectures and read Kant until he was pretty well steeped in Kant. Never having known any women, he naturally enough considered them mundane angels, perfection improved by a few recent patents. (N. B.—This story will—for unity's sake—not be continued past the bridal ceremony.) She was tall and deliciously undulating. She had the suppleness of the willow and the weeds of a widow. She dropped her parasol and he picked it up and presented it to her amid a blaze of light that shone from her brilliant eyes and the aureole of golden hair that covered his head. Of course a romantic incident of this kind set him on fire. A distant relative died and left him one or more millions which he almost forgot in a few days—until the possibility of using it recalled to mind its existence. Natural vanity, nudged into activity by an enterprising young American,

prompted him to cut his hair and buy some decent clothes. Thus prepared he was unadvisedly launched into the presence of his beloved. He had never moved in society, but he assumed the grace of a courtier with the natural ease of the supernatural Scandinavian, and his conversation shone with the scintillating brilliancy of all northern lights. A yachting party was projected for a sail across the Atlantic and executed. The poetry of foam blended with the loving gurgle of the caressing billows, and the lambent rays of the Harvest-moon kissed the sky-scraping top-sails as the death-knell of each departing day was sounded by the watch. Whenever the gentlemen wanted an hour's quiet they lashed themselves in the shrouds. It was so awfully jolly and natural, you know. When the shrouds became too populous the Norseman stretched himself out in the burgee. The Titianesque widow was on board. Clothiers had now known her several weeks and seen her about four hours daily. She began to think that he liked her. Late one night, leaning over the taffrail, on the lee side, about midships, he proposed to her in this novel way : He said "I love you." Her vanity was fearfully wounded and her sense of the eternal conventions was deeply outraged. That a man of god-like form, and exquisite perfection of manners, a fine mind and an exuberant bank-account should offer himself to the Empress of all the Russias (*de jure* if not *de facto*), made her hopping mad. Women usually are very angry under such circumstances. It is such an unnatural and brutal thing for a man to do. She recovered. They reached New York. Later they became acquainted with a Mr. Mellow-ham. He was of the noble and nearly extinct *ancien regime*, a very courteous old bird done up in Boston style. He thought women such fools that they could live on compliments uttered in a youthful style and on anecdotes of their interesting but defunct grandmothers. He was a brilliant talker but left no record of it. A prominent feature of his old-time courtesy was the breaking every day of more engagements than he kept. It is sad that now-a-days courtesy is at so low an ebb. But Mr. Mellow-ham had the eye of an eagle with a patent telescopic rifle-sight attachment, and no sooner did he light on Clothiers with his prescient orb than he saw destiny and heroism written (*pica type*) all over him. The oracle was fulfilled and the demigod took some introductions from old Mellow-ham to the English Aristocracy and through Fitz-noodle's influence succeeded in restoring to his loved one her fortune which belonged to her. Of course the Emperor of Russia could not withstand the Trinitarian appeal of a Scandinavian hero, the English aristocracy, and justice. But we are going too fast. Before his departure from America an attorney suggested some documentary evidence touching his identity and his right to the money he had inherited. This fired the Northern blood and Clothiers fired out the attorney, Scandinavian style, *i. e.*, by the door. Birds of a feather flock together. One day a young blade told the Empress a story, quite proper, but displeasing to her, whereat she fired him out, Russian style, footman in attendance—all very natural but unpleasant for the ones fired. Change of scene.—Newport is a sad eye-sore and the summer residents are a desperate crowd, in whom inanity and vulgarity vie for supremacy, but many English visitors and some with real titles—just think of that, reader—may eventually leaven the mass—nay must ! for all that is musty, must.

The sad sea-waves were maundering weird, wild threnodies, and the dank, damp fog (not quite up to English fog, but passable in a crowd) was shrouding the excuses for rocks on the dull Newport shore in a veil of illusion, like tulle. These bad sea-waves had plashed fitfully on the cooings and simperings—of white girls and red—for many long centuries, but now they were to be astonished into silence, for the naïve, worldly, proud, simple, impregnable, haughty, irresistible, graceful, cold, affectionate, Empress stepped down from her throne of mighty pride and laid her head on the Clothiers' shoulder like any other woman. Later Clothiers came into another paltry £500,000, and it was darkly hinted that he even had a title or two (Scandinavian to be sure, which is of course, not up to being English, but better than none) of the rhapsodic joy of a little mystery about his birth. With these handles they might possibly have squeezed into Society in England, with the aid of some all-potent Duke, and it is devoutly to be hoped that they did.

P. S. In this many-sided world the ultra possible is highly improbable and the improbable still possible.



AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

NEWPORT Sept. 21st, 1883.

To the Editor of LIFE.

YOU are evidently not a believer in the truth expounded by Darwin—that natural selection and the survival of the fittest influence the higher not less than the lower forms of life. You no doubt acknowledge that careful breeding and training, preserved through successive generations, evolve the race-horse or the short-horn bull of Durham, yet refuse to admit that these are factors in the production of ladies and gentlemen. Judge us by Darwin and by the *Lex Naturæ*. The physical body of man is absolute serf to the laws of nature—why not his mental and spiritual body? Do they not likewise partake of his inheritance? If the untried colt of *Æolus* commands a price among his fellows of unknown ancestry, why should not man, the noblest of all animals, be similarly ennobled by his pedigree?

KILL VON KULL.



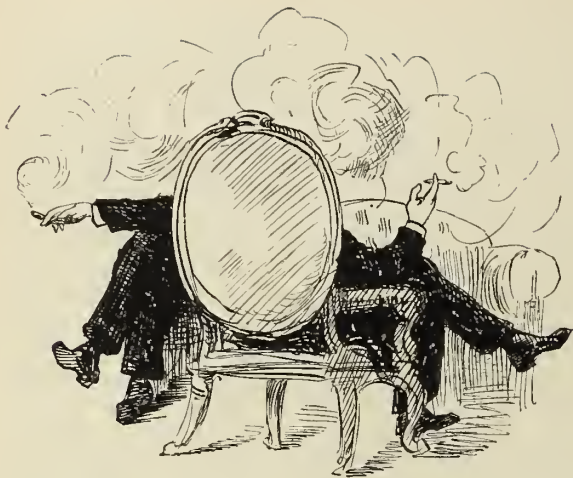
We believe, with our esteemed subscriber, that careful breeding and training, or hybridization, influence the human not less than the animal or vegetable families, and deplore that it is just this bald fact which makes trouble for our mutual friends of the First Circle. Enforced obedience to the law of Natural Selection entails the swiftness of Leamington and the carniferous or lacteal talents of the Durham dynasty to their posterity, but it can clearly be demonstrated that the method by which these barnyard aristocrats are evolved would be exceedingly painful if applied to the patrician clique of New York. There are certain phenomena observed in this ultimately gratifying process of improvement which necessitate a discriminating rule, against which, if they stopped to think, the most refined cattle and intelligent pumpkins would rebel, and which certainly would be ruinous to the peace of mind of every Knickerbocker in the State.

FARMER HIGGINS, for example, procures the most opulent squash exhibited at the Lenox International Natural Selection and Mutual Improvement Vegetable Show, and plants it in a sequestered Fifth Avenue corner of his farm, together with a

haughty and exclusive cantaloupe, whose genealogy has been traced to the first case of colic incurred by the Pilgrim Fathers. Here he expects these distinguished esculents to enjoy that seclusion so dear to the aristocrat—to swell and bloom; to enjoy each other's society and snub the beets and radishes in the adjoining lot; to spend their whole time in inviting each other to fertilizer receptions and guano luncheons and phosphate teas, and, in return, so profusely to perpetuate their kind and cover his farm with patrician produce, that he shall be exalted away over the head of Farmer Blibbs, the First Prize Carrot grower, at the next county fair. That is what Farmer Higgins does. Now what do those ungrateful squashes and cantaloupes do? Why the squashes not only spread over all their own ground, but climb the fence and invade the privacy of the lettuce and gossip about the corn and make fun of the cabbage and run over the beets and choke the life out of the parsley, flaunt their jaundiced flowers in the face of the sweet pea and insult the celery till it is ready to die, and riot on and use up and waste meanwhile more of Farmer HIGGINS' fertilizer in a week than would suffice to feed the rest of the farm a year. And the cantaloupes? Well, what the cantaloupes do *not* do, would be much nicer to tell. But they bear fruit? Oh, yes, they bear fruit—plenty of it. If they did not, Farmer HIGGINS would have rooted up the squash long ago, even were it as opulent as Mr. TILDEN's barrel, and would have fed the cantaloupe to his swine, although its genealogy extended to the cramps of WILLIAM THE CONQUERER—so mad is he at the disregard they show for the rights of his other vegetables. Yes, they bear fruit—luxuriously. It swells, and swells, and swells, until each squash is twice as opulent as the squash that bore him, and each cantaloupe so important and haughty and exclusive that it would certainly draw the line at its own grandfather, were that eminent gourd still above ground. At last the day of ripening and reckoning arrives, and the elated HIGGINS gathers his aristocrats and carts them in triumph to the fair. Alas! The committee—inexorable judges, full of prize-melon and hay-seed philosophy and applejack—award the championship again to the hated BLIBBS, and tell the blasted HIGGINS never again to allow such vegetable intimacies on his farm, because "it spiles the mellings and Korrupts the squash." Next season the saddened but wiser HIGGINS will isolate his riotous squashes and quarantine his lofty melons so rigidly that neither can get at the other and by association "spile" and "korrupt."

Now let our esteemed subscriber take, in higher life, the similar example afforded by the dwelling together of the affluent but low-flung tribe of PUMPKYNS, and the disdainful but moth-eaten family of VAN KANTALOUPE, whose glorious ancestor, NICHOLAS KARTOFELVAN KANTALOUPE was first suzerain-resident of Waibac, having wrested that venerable Mecca from the ruthless savages by a rough-and-tumble massacre in 1634.

Colossal fortunes are usually gathered like truffles. AURELIUS, PUMPKYNS I. begins life with a regard for other people's rights as small as the respect he entertains for himself. His nature is hard-shelled without and flabby within, like his stock in trade; but he is all maw, and when he opens his mouth he takes in a great deal. So it comes to pass that when AURELIUS sleeps with his fathers, his millions outnumber his years, and the same pass unto that son who has by most precocious bursts of meanness in early youth shown that he is best fitted of the family to guard the molluscous hoard so wearifully heaped. The clam-trade is not conducive to an æsthetic style of dress or manner, and old



*Secretary Lincoln:* BY THE WAY, CHANDLER, DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ARCTIC NAVIGATION?

*Secretary Chandler:* NO, DO YOU?

*Secretary Lincoln:* NOT THE FIRST THING.

*Secretary Chandler:* THEN LET'S SEND OFF ANOTHER EXPEDITION AND GIVE THEM MORE DETAILED DIRECTIONS.

"AUREEL," as he loved to be called by his intimates, was a blunt, plodding man, who in his well-to-do prime was pronounced vulgar and in the days of his crushing moneyed power considered eccentric. These eccentric qualities, physical, mental and moral, are inherited by PUMPKYNS II., who at once, by still-dredging in Wall Street ooze, and by a system of highway robbery too vast for the nippers of the law to compass, proceeds to augment the mighty pile with a heartlessness and zeal which must make the ghost of his frugal father caper with delight.

Meantime, these forty years have wrought awful changes in the house of VAN KANTALOUPE. The suzerainty of Waibac has been lost to the heirs, through the impertinent intrusion of that vandal instrument known technically as a foreclosure. Perhaps it is because the brain power of the great NICHOLAS KARTOFEL has weakened as it filtered through his posterity, and possibly because tremendous estates are no longer procurable by a cheap outlay of bad rum and worse gunpowder, as they were in the days of the statesman of Waibac, but it is certain that the princes of the house of VAN KANTALOUPE, in order to meet the demands of the sordid rent-gatherers, and keep up the family pride, are compelled to that method of domestic economy familiar to the trade as "jumping" the tailor, "playing" the grocer and "choking off" other hardened vendors of the necessaries of life.

Now in these days it comes to pass that that most careless or grossly ignorant or vicious gardener, Fate, plants together the gilded sprouts of PUMPKYNS II. and the haughty VAN KATALOUPE suckers in that exclusive portion of our Metropolitan Garden, Murray Hill, where they cannot help but commingle and observe each other's ways. They commingle and observe—but alas! the result. PUMPKYNS VAN KATALOUPE, one sequel to the commingling, has now only the PUMPKYNS' vulgarity without the PUMPKYNS'

power, and the spendthrift prodigality of the VAN KATALOUPE clan, without their stupid Dutch honesty and icy virtue; while in VAN KANTALOUPE PUMPKYNS (heir-apparent), the other sequel, may be observed the once well-sustained *hauteur* of Waibac simmered down to a chronic stiff neck, combined with a grossness of fleshly indulgence which probably makes the tough old ghost of PUMPKYNS I. creep, and a reckless, wanton extravagance which must certainly make him howl.

In the above case, as our esteemed subscriber must admit, hybridization has improved neither stock from an aristocratic standpoint; for PUMPKYNS VAN KANTALOUPE can trace his pedigree only on his father's side of the house, and VAN KANTALOUPE PUMPKYNS only on his mother's, and this, as can readily be seen, makes both their families lop-sided.

It is a fallacy too often indulged in on this side of the pond that dollar-getting is an aristocratic occupation. It is not. Worse than unaristocratic, it is exceedingly bad form. Your true aristocrat lives upon his patrimony. He toils not, neither does he spin, and, as Solomon in all his glory owed neither Poole nor Smallpage, nor Bell, it is doubtful that Solomon was arrayed like one of these. Your true aristocrat, therefore, is idle. He is born in idleness and educated in idleness; he marries, dies and is buried in idleness, and he leaves an estate of idleness to the children who come after him, together with an enormous transmitted talent for doing nothing. Now, if money were like malaria, and would cling to a person in spite of his most violent endeavors to shake it off, it might be possible for the aristocrat to keep the paternal dollars, or subject them to the law of increase. But a large estate is like a large army, requiring brains to bring it together, and brains to keep it together; and, as brains are not ancestrally obtainable as easily as money, and but seldom transmitted with money, your true aristocrat's property soon shows a disposition to crawl away from his heirs, and they know neither enough to whistle it back or tie it up. By hybridization with a dollar-getter some little fresh acquisitive talent may be infused, but the resultant, as we have seen, is a mongrel—neither an aristocrat nor a dollar-getter, but with the worst qualities of both and the good points of none.

All this strictly agrees with the hypothesis of DARWIN and HAECKEL, according to which our mutual friends, the First Circle, are inexorably governed. Conclusively proving this, is the fact that examples of the phenomenon of Reversion are often to be seen in American aristocrats. The apostle of Pangenesis is gloriously vindicated as we behold in our youthful LEYDENS, VAN VRIES, KARTOFELS and VAN KANTALOUPE, the same qualities which characterized their ancestors 8,000 years ago, when the primal founder of American aristocracy swung from branch to branch of his own family tree by his tail, and the first of the dollar-getters grubbed for truffles on his own acres and account, without the impertinent restraint of a social ring through his nose.

Our esteemed subscriber will see that it is just this law of Natural Selection which kills both the Aristocrat and the Dollar-getter in time. The Aristocrat must live. To live he must have the means of subsistence. The means of subsistence, in these effete days, are brains or money. The former is an improbable property with him, as we have just seen, and the latter, in his hands, fleeth as a shadow and continueth not. His effort at Natural Selection is therefore the Dollar-getter's daughter, and the union is his destruction as an Aristocrat.



The Dollar-getter, on the other hand, must get into Society. To get into high Society he must have blood. His Natural Selection is perforce the Aristocrat, and the industrious Dollar-getter so perishes in the future luxurious First Circler.

Of course, could the law of Natural Selection be enforced in our First Circles with as harsh wisdom as in our barnyards; if, in a word, only the fittest were allowed to perpetuate the race—the result would be different. But this means Survival of the Fittest, and that means extermination of all the puny, the feeble-minded, the lazy and profligate. Surely our esteemed subscriber cannot mean to enforce the law of Natural Selection to this cruel and destructive degree. He certainly would not have only those marry who were fit to marry, and only those survive who were fit to survive? Certainly not. It would make him too sad to walk up Murray Hill and see crape on every other door.

A REVOLTING spectacle—now to be seen in Spain.



A CASE FOR THE SOCIETY PREVENTING CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Scene during operations on the monument to John Brown (now in process of erection by Alfred Tennyson).



THERE has been a good deal of activity among the theatres during this preliminary season, and some exceptionally entertaining plays—considered as models of all that is rotten in Denmark and elsewhere—have been observed by an acutely critical and a not less acutely suffering public. You will permit me to draw the veil rather closely upon this part of the season. However, it is not necessary to veil it wholly. Our sins, it is said, teach us the worth and the charm of virtue. What the stage is not shows us very distinctly what the stage ought to be. It is, therefore, in a contrite spirit of self-study that I beg to refer to a few of the astonishing incidents which have marked out the beginning of the theatrical year. Our feelings were, need I tell you, harshly harrowed by our dear Mr. Wilde's play "Vera," which succumbed so gracefully at the Union Square Theatre several weeks ago. I am willing to confess now—for Mr. Wilde is in Europe, thank the Lord—that "Vera" was a melancholy *tour de force*—with the force left out. It was as limp as the poet himself in knee-breeches. Those who found disappointment in "Vera" turned with cheerful emotions to "Excelsior," which draws crowds to Niblo's Garden, that remarkable temple of the drama and the female leg. The female leg divine fills a very impressive part in "Excelsior," and is not half so bad as it might be. The characters in this piece, which is allegorical or symbolical or poetical or something of the sort, say all they have to say in pantomime. There is not, *à posteriori*, either slang or pigeon English in "Excelsior," unless some of the pantomime stands for either of these indispensable features of the American

Drama. "Excelsior" is, to the eye, a very beautiful thing, and its correctness as a guide to terrestrial ethics is shown in its representation of civilization, of the triumph of darkness over light, by means of the Brooklyn Bridge. Nothing could be more satisfactory. Unfortunately, the Bridge is badly painted and arranged by the Titian who is employed to manufacture scenic splendor for the Kiralfy Brothers. I should hardly be obliged to inform you that Mr. Ferguson's new play, which was seen recently at the Twenty-third St. Theatre, and which is called "A Friendly Tip," is a masterpiece in its way. Even Bartley Camp-season, however, was reached last Monday night, when "Yakie" was produced at the Twenty-third Street Theatre. "Yakie" is a mellifluous title for a play, and "Yakie" is the work of a "professional" humorist. I have found, oddly enough, that "professional" humorists are at times extremely unprofessional. They leave their humor at home, that is to say, when they go at their day labor. The humorist who wrote "Yakie" is Mr. C. B. Lewis, known to fame as M. Quad. He has provided, luckily, a "funny synopsis" of this play, and, as this synopsis tells the whole story, the account of the third act is borrowed from it gratefully: "Act III. is one of the grandest sets on the stage. It is Louvisa's eighteenth birthday. The will is to be opened. The villain foiled. The guests made happy. Wrong righted. The lover raised to the top notch of joy, and Yakie shows a forger a trick worth two of that and an old coat to boot. There are tears, songs, dances, music, and such a happy ending that you had rather walk home than not, and you'll wonder why this comedy was n't brought out fifty years ago." As a matter of fact, the spectator "would rather walk home than not" after the first act of M. Quad's play.

These plays are the most remarkable productions of the preliminary season, though a modest word of praise might fairly be written for Mr. Boker's tragic drama "Francesca da Rimini," in which Mr. Barrett howls vigorously at the Star Theatre.

Our ancient goddess of kicks and winks, Marie Aimée, is trying hard to sing in "La Princesse des Canaries" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. There is a vast amount of humor in one of Aimée's

bell or Fred Marsden could not write anything so intensely amusing—unconsciously amusing, of course. The best scene in "A Friendly Tip" is when the hero, a dude, falls into a dynamite machine and is blown sky-high. The spectator, at this point, blows a sigh of relief. He flatters himself that the play is ended and that the dude is in atoms, a hero of shreds and patches, floating in the ambient air. But the transparent young man in tight trousers falls to the stage and takes up the play where it was cut short. Mr. Ferguson is not a bad actor, though as much can not be said for his play. The extreme height of the preliminary winks, though that lively French woman was classed some years ago with the pyramids and the Shapira manuscripts: It is useful, nevertheless, to have a reputation behind one. "La Princesse des Canaries" is a respectable opéra-bouffe, and it is also said to be inoffensive. The virgin innocence of it is revealed in the opening scene where Pédrille sings:

" Ici, plus d'une grande dame  
Donne ses rendezvous d'amour,  
Et vient y couronner la flamme  
De quelque galant de la cour."

By and by, Mademoiselle Pepita comes on and declares in choice *Parisienne*:

" C'est pas que j' suis d' la pose,  
Mais maman me l'a dit:  
Il faut garder qué'qu' chose  
Pour son futur mari."

What could be more chastely innocent than that? But is not this bad teaching in an opéra-bouffe? The libretto of "La Princesse des Canaries" is rather slow and obscure, and would, perhaps, be more spirited if it were less moral. Mademoiselle Angèle, who has returned to us with Aimée, has a handsome form, a not very pretty face, and a voice which one can hear without strain. She is a much cleverer woman than she was four years ago. But her physiognomy is distressing when she opens her mouth to sing. Aimée shines, as it were, in the portly shadow of Angèle.

Miss Morris has been writhing in "Camille" at the Third Avenue Theatre. Yet it is worth one's while to weep over Miss Morris, who happens to be a woman of genius. But "Camille"!—save us from this scourge. Let us rather turn to the frisky Wyndham Company and "Pink Dominos," at the Union Square Theatre. "The Merry Duchess," at the Standard Theatre, is full of John Bull—yet a tolerably good comic opera. We are waiting now to see Miss Davenport in "Fedora" and Henry Irving in "The Bells." Miss Davenport will be a wholesome Fidora. Mr. Irving has been introduced to you. He is a famous actor who makes strange grimaces, utters green English, and is called "genius" by some and "charlatan" by others. Of course, we shall know all about it. Meanwhile, we have Mr. Barrett, and we have, too, the illustrious Tom Keene, and we have Harrigan and the Mulligan Guards. Then there is "Prince Methusalem" at the Casino, and the delicious wit of its choice song:

" Of all the silly rotlet  
In this or time gone by,  
The dudelet is the dotlet,  
The dotlet on the i." VIXEN.

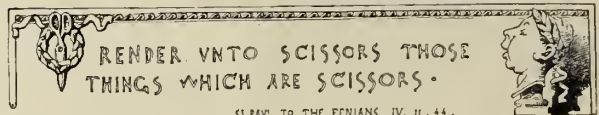
" A STUCK-UP cuss"—the man in the moon.

" BUT yet a woman"—Dr. Mary Walker.

" A COMMON cross"—his X mark.

THE worse for ware—a careless servant.

OUT of sight, out of "mind"—a disobedient child.



ST PAUL TO THE PENEANS IV., II., 44.

TO A COW.

WHY, cow, how canst thou be so satisfied!

So well content with all things here below,  
So unobtrusive and so sleepy-eyed,

So meek, so lazy, and so awful slow!

Dost thou not know that everything is mixed—

That naught is as it should be on this earth,

That grievously the world needs to be fixed—

That nothing we can give has any worth,

That times are hard, that life is full of care,

Of sin and troubles and untowardness,

That love is folly, friendship but a snare?

Prit! cow, this is no time for laziness!

The cud thou chewest is not what it seems!

Get up and moo! Tear round and quit thy dreams!

*Exhumed from the Sun of 1871.*

YOUNG ladies should not forget that Goliath died from the effects of a bang on his forehead.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

" I'M disgusted with everything and everybody," exclaimed Brown, peevishly. " Wherever I go there is fraud."—*Boston Transcript.*

So many young woman are being abducted from St. Louis and other Southern towns that a tide of female emigration to those parts is anticipated.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

" WHY do n't you ask a blessing?" said the boarding house keeper to the boarder. He looked all over the table, and gloomily answered: " I'd like to know what for?"—*Merchant Traveler.*

" I AM speaking," said a long-winded orator, " for the benefit of posterity." " Yes," said one of his hearers, " and if you keep on much longer your audience will be here."—*Congressional Record.*

ON July 13th the school teachers of the state had a picnic at Glen Onoko. If while there they learned that Mauch Chunk is pronounced " Mock Chunk" and not " Much Chunk," the picnic has not been in vain.—*Philadelphia News.*

THE New York *Sun's* boom for Holman seems to have died a-bornin'. Holman gets smaller and smaller the more we look at him. There is n't enough of him to put away in alcohol to keep through the heat of a presidential campaign.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

A HUMORIST was once called into the Presence of the Managing Editor and Solemnly Reproved for the Dullness of his Wit. " Your jokes," quoth the Editor, " are so Bad that I am Daily Compelled to Print them in that Nondescript department entitled ' Pearls of Thought.'"—*Denver Tribune.*

" No, Joseph, the Steam Heating Company was not formed for the purpose of heating steam. Steam is heated before it is made—that is to say, when you heat the steam—no, when you make the steam—no—well, confound you, do n't you know that steam is hot, anyway, and does n't have to be heated by a company?"—*Scientific American.*

THE Princess Louise has given a picture of her own painting to the Dominion National Gallery as a memento of her residence in Canada. On account of the high social position occupied by the lady, the management of the gallery has concluded not to ask her whether the picture is intended to represent the " Death of Cromwell" or " Sunset at Sea." They will call it " A Study," and let it go at that.—*Norristown Herald.*

" AH! good morning. Going to church to morrow?" " Church! Oh, yes; I guess so. Who holds forth?" " Oh, let's see. Miss Crescendo is to sing an aria, Miss Pianissimo will warble a bit, Bravura he is to hum on the tenor side and old Andante will come in somewhere on the chorus. It will be way up." " But who preaches?" " That makes no difference. Some fellow who will touch up our transgressions mighty light."—*Not from the New York Observer.*



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# LIFE

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for then it is so lively  
at the hotel

The festive  
looks  
so jolly

So, does the ocean

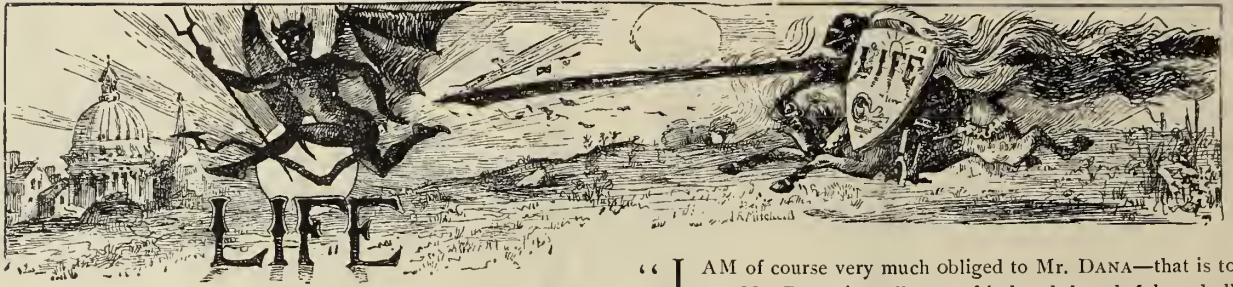
your  
favorite game  
mumble-the-peg, you  
can play  
at will

One can be romantic  
at his will.

Give me my vacation  
later on" says Lancelot  
Healthlift

while you have no girls to  
annoy you (but the land-  
lady makes you go to church  
with her all the -same)





VOL. II. OCTOBER 4TH, 1883. NO. 40.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

BY all means let us have another game of hide-and-seek among the hummocks and floes and icebergs and glaciers in the land of frozen horror. There is so much to be gained. We may lose a ship and her crew, lose the vessel and men going in search of her, and lose fifty other floating coffins in search of her searchers; but some day, perhaps,—O blessed fortuity!—some hero may escape the icy jaws which closed upon him, and though the frost has deprived him of limbs, and the snow robbed him of eyesight, and the scurvy and consumption have claimed him for their own, may be able to whisper, ere he dies, that once he saw the star Polaris describe a circle about the zenith, measured the year by but one day and one night, found the compass to refuse allegiance to anything, and recorded the temperature and atmospheric pressure of the place—all for the benefit of men who never have been there, never could go there, and never would go there if they could. It is a most noble and improving pastime, worthy the profoundest admiration, most untiring zeal, vastest expenditure and most dauntless heroism. True that astronomers know the exact position of Polaris at the pole; electricians can tell to a certainty the behavior of the compass in latitude 90°; meteorologists can guess pretty nearly what the temperature and pressure is likely to be, and geographers set down with tolerable accuracy the physical characteristics of the place, but the eye of civilized man has never seen these things, and the sight of them is a guerdon worth whole hecatombs of lives. Yes, let us push forward to the pole, until the asperities of the horrid journey are softened to travel by a corduroy road of the bones of the brave but sadly foolish men perished by the way. Then, when the task is accomplished, let us build a mighty cannon and shoot scientists to the moon, with materials to shoot themselves back, for really, with all our telescopes, we know only half as much about the moon as we do about the North Pole.

\* \* \*

PRINCE George of England has settled the question. He says that Niagara is really quite grand. Aha! Didn't we always say there was something in Niagara, after all?

\* \* \*

WHERE was GOVERNOR BUTLER on the night of the Stratford murder? Is there proof positive that MR. TILDEN was at Greystone?

“ I AM of course very much obliged to Mr. DANA—that is to say, Mr. DANA is really very kind and thoughtful, and all that, and I know he means well, but—well, Mr. DANA is very kind, I am sure, and really—but first tell me if damp powder can be dried, and if one bass drum is all that goes with a boom?”—*Holman.*

\* \* \*

“ WILL you please state that Miss Anderson is not the only dignified American. I too have in my day refused to see the Prince of Wales, although at the time, I held three jacks.”—*Schenck.*

\* \* \*

“ YOU perhaps have noticed in the advertising columns of many local contemporaries a little paragraph to the effect that I now sell war maps for tuppence?”—*J. G. Bennett.*

\* \* \*

THE Queen of Servia undertook to write poetry and is now 1,000,000 roubles in debt. Who, in the face of this fact, can be an infidel?

\* \* \*

“ FROM what I read in the papers, about harmony existing at Buffalo, I am inclined to believe that during my summer vacation the dictionary has been somewhat changed. Be kind enough to state that perfect ‘harmony’ reigns likewise in my establishment.”—*Satan.*

\* \* \*

THE latest addition to the ranks of Roman believers is SITTING BULL, the two MRS. BULL and fifteen or twenty of the little papal bulls. With a choice selection of Irish bulls now, his Holiness the POPE might emigrate to Texas and make a fortune in the cattle trade.

\* \* \*

AFTER discovering that the “chromatic scales of the vibrator were not in unison,” Mr. Keely has decided to briefly postpone the running of his motor until Mr. Tilden is inaugurated.

\* \* \*

“ I NOTICE that MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA says, ‘The United States, as at present controlled, is a paradise for women.’ Now what I want to know is, *where* is MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA? Let me get at him.”—*Susan B. Anthony.*

\* \* \*

“ TALK about Western Union, or Denver,” said Mr. Hopkins to a speculative friend,—“fiddlesticks! Why, I got something last January at 35 and yesterday it was 84.” “Gracious alive, man,” said the other, “what was it?” “A thermometer,” said Mr. Hopkins.





PROGRESS.

*Elder Sister :* GERALDINE, WHY DID YOU TAKE SO MUCH TROUBLE TO SNUB THAT HANDSOME, MANLY YOUNG FELLOW WE JUST MET ?

*Geraldine :* O, THAT'S HARRY HARDLINES. HE HAS N'T A CENT TO HIS NAME, AND HE'S GOT A MOTHER TO SUPPORT ; AND THAT SORT OF THING IS N'T GOOD FORM, YOU KNOW, NOW-A-DAYS.

“ A SON SUCCÈS.”

“ Laugh if you like—the boy in me,  
The boy that was revived, to see.”—DOBSON.

LAUGH if you like—the boy in me,  
The boy that was revived, to see ;  
But I grow young at the thought when she  
Of old was mine.

For her—“ *Diable !* ” What was her name ?  
Have I forgotten it ? Fie, for shame !  
For her 't was first I longed for fame,  
In olden time.

On her neck first my kisses pressed ;  
To her eyes first my muse addressed ;  
She was the first by whom caressed  
In sweetest fashion  
I learned to whisper woman's praise  
In well-worn forms and tender phrase ;  
And she forgot my youthful days,  
And showed compassion.

Her cheeks—in a lily, a berry red ;  
Her eyes where Love and Beauty wed.  
Ah, Beauty is Youth's guide, 't is said—

So let it be :  
For not to love, is not to pray ;  
Who never loved was never gay,  
Nor lived a life in a single day,  
Like you and me.

You might have given at least a sign  
That she took his gold, as well as mine—  
But come, old fellow, drink your wine ;  
Then to the play !  
I'll join your toast with just a sigh—  
It's always better to laugh than cry ;  
And if, as you say, he loved her—why,  
“ *A son succès !* ”

By the author of “ Better things than this,” etc., etc.





## FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

### LECTURE I.—DROWNING.\*

1. Go through his pockets.
2. If there are any trees round hang the subject up by the legs to let the water run out. If you are in a city use a lamp post.
3. If the subject be a small man pummel him with your fists to start the circulation. If he be a large man give him a shock with a galvanic battery.
4. Endeavor to start respiration by blowing in his nostrils with a pair of bellows. If you can't get a pair take one.
5. Pour down his throat a mixture of 4.76 brandy, 2.29 ipecac, 1.07 paregoric, 1.00 ammonia, .88 Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Be very careful to get the exact proportions.
6. If the above remedies produce no effects, as a last hope, sing "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By" to him, or read him a funny article from *Punch*. If he then shows no signs of writhing let him be. He was born to be drowned.
7. Go through his pockets again.

\* If you live on the coast learn the above directions by heart. If not, paste them in the back of your watch for ready reference.

*Pat:* BY THE POWERS! BRIDGET, THAT CHLOCK BEYANT IS MUDDLIN' ME BRAINS. WHIN WE KEM ABOARD IT STHRUCK TWO, AN' IVER SINCE 'T IS ONLY WAN, WAN, WAN! DO THE CHLOCKS IN THIS COUNTRY GO BACKWARDS, I'D KNOW?

A CRYING evil—street-venders.

A WHINE-MERCHANT—a dealer in bad spirits.

A GREAT many people think that Jay Gould is a bad man, and some even express doubts of the moral excellence of Samuel J. Tilden; for it does not seem unreasonable to suspect that the great worldly success of these gentlemen has been won at some cost to their moral natures. It would be interesting to know what they think of themselves and their chances in another state of existence; but Mr. Gould, when lately he told so many things about himself, left this out, and neither to Mr. Dana nor to Mr. Watterson has the Sage of Greystone confided his anticipations.

Some data in the matter are afforded by the facts brought out in an informal yacht race on the Hudson on Thursday between the *Atalanta* and the *Yosemite*, in which the latter craft, carrying Mr. Tilden and

120 lbs of steam, came in ahead, and it transpired that 70 lbs was the limit Mr. Gould allowed the *Atalanta's* boilers. Hence we discover that Mr. Gould's eagerness for the unknowable is to that of Mr. Tilden as 70 : 120; and thence conclude that Mr. Tilden's conscience is almost twice as comfortable as Mr. Gould's. But it is not absolutely safe to jump at this conclusion, because it is possible that the figures given only attest the superior firmness of Mr. Tilden's nerves; and further it is hinted and may be true that Mr. Tilden did not know how much steam his engineer was carrying; though even in this case it is in the Sage's favor that, unskilful as he is in the details of the stoker's craft, he should trust himself to his engineer and take his chances.



BUT NATURAL.

I MET her at the beach least year,  
 And danced her down a dozen dances;  
 Arrayed in swallow-tail 't was clear  
 I stood the very best of chances;  
 We lingered on the Promenade  
 And parleyed personal reflections :—  
 She even hinted that her Pa 'd  
 Have no objections.

I own I felt encouraged then  
 To rid my heart's prevailing passion,  
 So in the manner of all men  
 I made love in the modern fashion ;  
 I soiled a pair of broad-cloth knees  
 And grew as sentimental as a  
 Poor mortal can—in slow degrees—  
 On the piazza.

This afternoon upon Broadway  
 I passed her looking sweet as ever,  
 I wore my summer suit of grey—  
 'T is rather shabby, true,—however,  
 I raised my hand to touch my hat,  
 Responsive to the smile she 'd show me;  
 It grieves me sore to mention that  
 She did n't know me !

DEMPY.

What was her delight when—*unconscious no doubt of the fair one's rank in life*\*—he rewarded her services with a penny which she ever after wore on her watch chain ! *Se non é vero é ben trovato.* On another occasion, a party of maiden enthusiasts were so happy as to pick up a glove dropped by the object of their admiration—four fingers, a thumb, the palm, the back—seven precious fragments to treasure in their desks !”

Now this is about the most ineffable trash with which an actor has been smeared by way of advertisement, even in this age of toadyism and puffery. If the author adhered simply to facts or to sensible criticism, the book would be of value, even were it clearly stamped with his agent's ear-mark, for it certainly contains much information about the actor which is of interest; but as it is loaded down with frippery and maudlin sentiment, it will prove as nauseous to the public as it no doubt has already to Mr. Irving himself.

AGNUS FATUUS IN WALL STREET.

V.

*Assem habeas, assem valeas.*



HAT evening at the Conglomerate Club Agnus Fatuus was sublime. He magnanimously treated Silenus to wine. He knew it was wine, for the list said so and the price was a wine price; otherwise he might have thought it rancid soda water debauched by New England rum.

Silenus learned of the day's operations. He expressed no surprise, but significantly asked Agnus how long he thought his luck would last.

Agnus gave him the capitalist smile—that

smile which only illumines the human face when a rich man affably converses with a poor but well-meaning friend—and informed his guest that there did n't seem to be much luck about it; that making profits on stock operations called for judgment and nerve.

“And can you buy these ready-made?” sneered Silenus.

Agnus explained that he was naturally endowed with great mental force and rare grasp of mind in financial matters. That he would make Silenus himself rich if he (Silenus) would but follow good counsel and benefit by his (Agnus') experience.

The aged, wary, scarred veteran choked—voiceless

\* The italics are ours. ED. LIFE.

BOOKISHNESS

WITH a royal fanfare of journalistic drums comes Mr. Henry Irving to our stage, and with his coming an anonymous 200 page compilation, entitled “Henry Irving. A short account of his Public Life,” published by William S. Gottsberger, New York. In the preface, the author modestly says :

“ This little book does not pretend to be more than a compilation. The author has had no special opportunities for obtaining any private information, and has never “interviewed” Mr. Irving. The history of his progress as an artist is public property for those who know where to seek it ; but to those who do not, or who lack time and patience, the facts and opinions here collected for the first time cannot fail to be interesting, if the man and his art appeal to their sympathies.”

This reads very smoothly, and promises well. Further, the author says :

“ The facts remain : the great fact—Henry Irving himself ; and the accessory fact that he is *the* English speaking actor of our time.”

Here we begin to perceive the *griffe* of the advance agent. Now read :

“ We have heard a story of a damsel of good degree whose dream in life it was to touch Henry Irving, if it were but the hem of his garment, and who, to this end was content to wait outside the theatre after a performance of Hamlet, and open his cab door.



*Baggagemaster (to old lady who has been causing him a great deal of unnecessary trouble):* WELL, MUM, I JUST WISH YOU WAS AN ELEPHANT AND THEN YOU 'D ALWAYS HAVE YOUR TRUNK RIGHT UNDER YOUR EYES.

with rage and purple with amazement at the audacity of this callow recruit. Then hoarsely, as if speaking under a pillow, he grunted, "Go on, Sir."

Agnus informed him with calm zeal that the first point was to select a good stock. Then to order it bought, and, lastly, to rake in the profit.

Silenus, husky with suppressed emotion, said:

"Suppose the stock do n't advance?"

"Ah!" replied Agnus, "it's *got* to advance if your brokers understand their business and you do n't lose your nerve. Besides, you don't buy it exactly, anyhow; the broker margins it with something or other, you know, and then the tape tells the whole story."

Silenus rolled his eye-balls fearfully.

"Tape?" he gurgled.

"Yes," said Agnus, "these brokers have a thing they call a ticker, and there's a paper tape comes out

of this from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M., and this works the prices up, you know. You would soon understand it."

"Oh! I would, would I?"

"And you think *you* understand it, you infernal mud-brained lunatic! You jack-assified parody on a cabbage head! You idiotic driveller of nonsense which would be rejected in a political platform! Give me some air! Bring me a gun! I'll kill him and nail his skin on the club door as a warning to fools! Bring me a gun, some one, or I'll kill him with a spoon!"

Agnus fled to young Fitz Asinus.

"That violent old Silenus is cursing me again," he moaned.

"Fearful old brute," replied Fitz Asinus, "what is he swearing at you for now?"

"I was giving him some points on stocks," said Agnus, "and he began to threaten my life."

"Really! Fatuus, it almost serves you right. He has n't got any money, you know, and it always makes a man with no money mad to talk about such things with him. I never talk about money unless I know a fellow has got a lot, do n't you see; then he feels flattered by the attention unless he is a coarse brute like a bank president and jealous of what you know, do n't you know."

As Fitz Asinus arranged his bang at the mirror Agnus sighed and said:

"I wish I knew as much as you do, old man. I am a miserable fellow—no tact—only fit to make money. I made \$35,000 to-day."

Fitz Asinus raised his eyebrows under his bang.

"You made thirty-five thousand dollars! How?"

"I followed the point you gave me last night. Bought Oceanic Mail."

"The point *I* gave you! Lord! Why did n't I keep it myself?" groaned Fitz Asinus. And he went out and wept bitterly.

Agnus sought old Cræsus (firm of Cræsus, Midas & Co., brokers and bankers). That magnate was reading the money article in an evening paper for information. (Mem.—The article had been written by a financier who earned eighteen dollars a week and owed thirty-six for beer.)

A half hour's conversation closed as follows (Cræsus speaking oracularly):

"So, my boy, do n't be misled by to-day's transaction. Never touch a non-dividend paying stock. Buy only good stocks, through a solid house; then the interest earned carries the stock until you can sell out at a profit. The stock business under these conditions is safe, pleasant and profitable, the element of dangerous gambling eliminated, and operations are based upon logical premises afforded by the yield of the harvests, the moving of the crops, the general business outlook of the country, and the phases of the money market. Do this and live within your income and you must accumulate wealth. Violate these rules and your occupation becomes gambling, your end poverty."

"By Jove! I will," said Agnus. "I'll buy a lot of the stocks you have named!"

How he bought on the morrow and how he fared is told in the next chapter.



VI.

*Cœur qui consillent ne paient pas.*



HE warmth with which Agnus was received at Raquemin, Shearum & Co.'s was effusive. He had a good balance to his credit, was young, and wanted to gamble.

These are they beloved of brokers.

Agnus now had really good "points," and of

course his remaining transactions are easily described.

He invested his fifty-five thousand dollars quietly, calmly, dispassionately, as margin in buying that solid investment stock Central Railroad of Alaska. The stock was gilt-edged. Families held it and ate of the fruits thereof. Trust funds sought it. A few leaves of this rich vine scattered through the contents of a loan-envelope would make even silver mining stocks good as collaterals. The bank president with the bushiest eyebrow (the bushiness of the president's eyebrows is always the measure of the bank's solidity) never hesitated to pass it as good. The market price of this sample of securities, more than secure, was but \$112 per share. It paid clock-work dividends of seven per cent.

Agnus was safe.

Safe until ugly rumors spread, safe until large blocks of the stock were hurled upon the market by panic-stricken holders, safe until the grizzly and the polar bear, and the black bear of Europe (with a strong Hebrew accent), and the Cinnamon-bear (with a perfumed handkerchief), and the cave-bear (fresh from a beer-tunnel) jumped upon it and tore the hollow entrails of it. Safe until the Receiver unmercifully appointed to try to save the half-rotten ties and rusty rails on which its borrowed cars were running away with widows' savings, could call a halt and by strenuous borrowing raise the value of the wrecked property to a point where himself and the lawyers were justified in stealing the remains.

Alas! poor Agnus Fatuus!

Where now is the dainty suite of apartments with easy access to the club? Where the unlimited wardrobe, the envy of rising dandies? Where the luxurious evenings and the idle days? Gone! Fled forever by way of the Central Railroad of Alaska!

Raquemin, Shearum & Co. themselves were crippled. They could not help him. Beside the city-houses, Newport villas, jewelry, lands, paintings and other trifles owned by their wives, both Raquemin and

Shearum were pauperized. The pair could hardly have raised half a million of dollars—unless the venture offered were an exceptionally good one.

Fitz Asinus told him flatly that there was no use trying to help a man who carried an umbrella with a beastly wooden handle. All the correct men had hammered silver handles to their umbrellas. He wanted to do what was right, you know, but he had seen Agnus with the same scarf-pin now for a week, and if a man would set himself up as eccentric, how could any one help him?

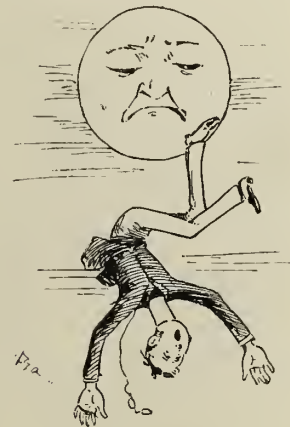
Silenus spoke to Agnus but once after the crash. It was in a street-car a month or two after the Central Railroad of Alaska had gone into the hands of a receiver. What he said was—"Can't you conductors ring your condemned bell-punches outside instead of springing the thing off in a passenger's ear?"

That night the driver of Agnus' car called him aside and threatened to "punch" him on the ground of "not dividing fair on his knocking-down." And this driver was a red-nosed man, who smelled of too recent onions and wore no cravat.

Alas! poor Agnus!

The moral of his fate is not buried in the bottom of a well. It is not that kind of a story. The moral is that a sufficiently large credit balance, and acting on good "points," would bankrupt the Rothschild family before three o'clock P.M.

MANAT.

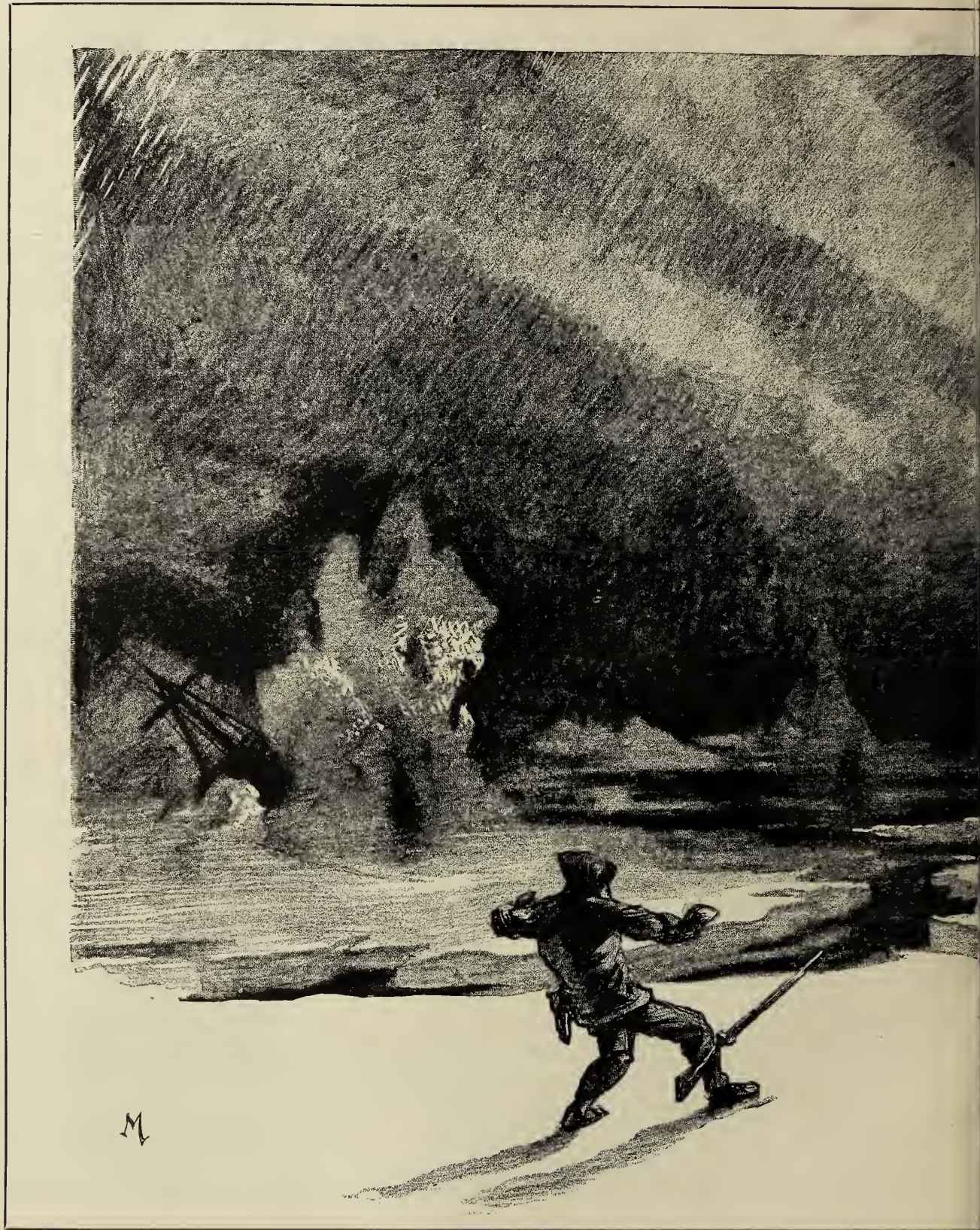


NIHILIST SONG.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little Czar;  
Now I wonder how you are!  
Up above the world you shy,  
Light with dynamite—Oh! my!

As your flying sceptre's spark  
Lights the prisoner from the dark  
Mines of cold Siberiá,  
Twinkle, twinkle, little Czar!





M







## AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

No. IV.

"I do not like the office ;  
But, sith I am entered in this cause so far,  
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—  
I will go on."—*Othello III. 3.*



LILY.

AIRY, fairy Lily !

Dot leedle Deutch gal, Lily !

Ven I ekshd her off she love me,  
She shoomps righd oop, by shinks, und shoves me—  
"Go vay, Hans, you silly."

Lily veighs two hoonert pound,  
Airy, fairy Lily.

Ven I gourt dot Lily  
(Lily vos a vidder),

I do n'd gif somedings away,  
I do n'd tell her vot I say—

She's no pig vool, needer:

Schmile und schmile youst all de vile,  
Vhispers noddng oudt, but schmile,—  
Dot 's youst like a vidder ;  
Vot off she veigh tree hoonert pound,  
Dot ish no heft for a vidder.

Ve gets married righd avay

Off I do n'd gif her der midden.

Lily 's so pig ash a bale of hay,  
But she 's youst like a kitten.

When ve fighd, den we agree ;

Lily vos de gal for me—

Vot off she veigh seex hoonert pound,  
Dot shblaindid vidder, Lily !

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

A DANGEROUS summer resort. Man-chased-her-by-the-sea. Why not change its name to "Villain-still-pursued-her-by-the-sea."

THE fires at Mt. Desert will not go out until the last Phair Philadelphian leaves the place.

WHEN LIFE inadvertently, yet with benevolence, gave place in its columns to the various conundrums of our esteemed subscriber "KILL VON KULL," several weeks ago, and kindly endeavored to slake his violent thirst for genealogical information concerning American Aristocrats in general and our mutual friends the First Circlers in particular, it was unaware to what a fearful length it was committing itself. The subject seemed easily and naturally exhaustible. The questions were, as he took pains to state, "categorical," and LIFE's reply was couched in as trenchant and yet musical language as possible. But a second attack on LIFE and time and space followed, and still another, until now the vista of possible controversy which looms up stretches to infinity. LIFE is now called upon to give place in its columns to a swarm of letters from other esteemed subscribers, some meekly inclined to dispute its canons of genealogical faith, others belligerently advancing a sweeping denial of its statements, others paying it the sweetest tribute of incense and balm, others in fierce but somewhat unorthodox rhetoric berating the audacity which prompted any exposition of a social democracy, and some capering with delirious gladness over the possibility of having their own private axes ground, and clamoring to be allowed to "touch up" this or that social demigod of their own especial clique. One enthusiastic gentleman—whose script and orthography are brilliantly unconventional, but whose ideas cannot wholly be grasped, owing to his having expressed them in that variety of idiom peculiar to Limerick, in the South of France—has evidently somewhat misconceived impressions of LIFE and its mission, for, after an exuberant burst of derision, he entreats us to "go for thim dudes," and "make it hot fur the bloats"—by which latter term, it is to be supposed, he means our esteemed friends who control the public highways leading from this city to the boundless North and West, influence the rise and fall of certain hydraulic securities, possess the bobtail conveyances running on our streets, and are otherwise enormously powerful persons.

To these esteemed subscribers, collectively, there is but one answer to be made—LIFE is neither a snob nor a socialist. It as firmly refuses to admit that mono-phalangeal shoes, affectionate trousers, altitudinous collars and a telescopic hat necessarily make a man a fool, as it declines to acknowledge that these picturesque articles of apparel, or a heavy bank account, a lop-sided pedigree, a *retroussee* disposition, an extensive acquaintance or a listless drawl, can entitle an ignorant idler or a riotous profligate to be considered a gentleman. It does not believe that to the shop-girl, the nurse, the cook, the housemaid and the seamstress, however excellent in morals and womanly in disposition, justly belongs the title "lady," no more than does it to that purse-proud and tip-tilted person of grand estate and immense patronage, who sinks all that is lovely and loveable in her sex and shows only the ugliest and most unbearable traits which humanity can evolve.

Neither is LIFE a social republican. The wildest clamor for universal suffrage drops into a hush at the presentment of Shakespeare and Mr. OSCAR WILDE or Napoleon and MR.





A LA CAMPAGNE.

*Cadmium (soliloquizing)* : RATHER PICTURESQUE SORT OF OLD PEOPLE—QUIET LIFE—SIMPLICITY—OUT OF DOORS—NATURE.

*Old people in question* : TAKIN' A PHOTOGRAM OF THIM DID APPLE TREES IS IT HE 'S DOIN'? IS THE YOUNG MON IN HIS RIGHT MOIND, D' YE THINK, MR. MULLIGAN?

AH, IT 'S WANDERFUL, MESSUS MAGINNIS; THERE 'S WAN HAS SET THREE DAYS IN THE LANE BELOW A DRAWIN' OF PAT RILEY'S PIGS. IT BATES ALL WHAT SOME IS WILLIN' TO DO TO MAKE A LIVIN'.

ARCHIBALD GUNTHER upon the same intellectual plane, notwithstanding that the anatomist's unsentimental scalpel might demonstrate the difference between them to be scarcely worth mention. There are lines of caste drawn by man as sharp as are those of latitude and longitude, and, in most cases, just as imaginary. To steer for any one particular fashionable harborage, it is no doubt necessary to take most accurate observations with the social quadrant and port or starboard the cordial helm in accordance with the result; yet to neglect this precaution is neither to incur risk of wreck nor yet that of remaining always at sea. The compass of common-sense is usually a sufficient guide, except to that port most frequented by our friends the First Circlers, where of course it would not do at all.

But here is another letter.

NEWPORT, Sept. 27th, 1883.

To the Editor of LIFE.—Thanks for the socialistic sentiments expressed in your reply to my last letter. I might have expected them from Karl Marx, O'Donovan Rossa or Denis Kearney, but to receive them from LIFE occasioned me at least faint surprise. I had known for some time that Nihilism was represented in this country by vagabond exiles, but I was unaware that among American institutions, pure and simple, I could find so zealous an exponent of its principles, or rather lack of them. Does Mr. Rossa own stock in your journal, and is Mr. Kearney an editorial writer?

KILL VON KULL.

We regret to say, that notwithstanding most earnest solicitations, Mr. Rossa has up to the present time persistently refused to assume the control of this journal, and that none of Mr. Kearney's editorials have yet appeared in our columns, owing to the hopeless impossibility of cold type doing justice to his vigor and general brilliancy of style. Mr. Karl Marx would be pleased to write for us, but for the unfortunate fact that he is dead. The Nihilists write us from Siberia that they are too busy, trying to keep warm, to even think of American Aristocracy, much less write about it, and hence, fortunately, the pleasure of replying to Mr. KILL VON KULL's letters devolves upon the editor.

Now as regards Nihilism in this country. Recent reports from Buffalo would seem to indicate there is some. There may be a great deal. But an intimate knowledge of Nihilism involves a familiarity with dynamite, tri-nitro-glycerine, dualin, pyroxyllin, fulminating silver and other playful compounds, which are fickle and possessed of unpleasant habits. Hence the Editor of LIFE has been laggard in investigating the subject. But there *is* in this country a something which appeals more strongly to the American sense of humor, and that is a tendency to establish an autocracy, which is, of course, the natural offspring of the Constitution our forefathers framed.

Mr. KILL VON KULL is responsible for the statement that "Nihilism is represented in this country by vagabond exiles."

At present we are not prepared to dispute this. There have been a great many vagabond exiles sheltered here, at one time and another. Some of them came over with Peter Minuits, some with John Carver and Miles Standish, some with Henry Hudson, plenty with Lord Baltimore, and not a few with Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake. Sad rakes they were too. They represented a species of No-Property-Rights Nihilism in those days, pretty much as the late lamented Mr. JESSE JAMES did recently, and were entitled to just about the same amount of respect. The views of their descendants correspond. Exactly what they represent, we have not as yet been able to determine. It is not an autocracy of wealth, as the bank account of the VAN KANTALOUPEs will show; it is not an autocracy of blood (*vide* the PUMPKYNS); it is hardly an autocracy of good manners, as those who have had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, will testify; it is certainly not an autocracy of genius,—witness the recent novel of Mr. HOWARD-HOWARD DESMITH, the original play of Mrs. BLANCHE DUNDERTEUFEL SYMMONS, and the late histrionic outburst of Miss GWENDOLYN PUMPERNICKEL—and it can scarcely be considered exactly an autocracy of morals, if the fruits of the season at Newport are considered. Perhaps it is not an autocracy at all. It that case, the extremist might oscillate towards the belief that it is Nihilism. Our esteemed subscriber seems to be possessed of facts in the case, and we respectfully await his statement.

*Eau de Cologne*—a bill for perfumery.

*Ecce homo*—shoot the dude.

*Ex "post" facto*—a blockhead.



MR. WYNDHAM and his company in "Pink Dominos;" Miss Charlotte Thompson in "The Romanoff;" Mlle. Aimée as Bettina in "The Mascotte;" the *debut* of Mlle. Nixon; Rose Eytinge at the People's Theatre, and the "Mulligan Guards Picnic" at the Theatre Comique—these were exhibited last week at the playhouses. This week we have Miss Davenport in "Fidora" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, the opening of Daly's with "Dollars and Sense," the Opening of Wallack's with "Masks and Faces" and some other entertaining events of the early season. You will perceive, therefore, that your dramatic critic is a somewhat hard-worked person whose capacity for observing the good and especially the bad of the stage, must be practically unlimited. Let us suggest concisely what was accomplished last week.

There was Mr. Wyndham at the Union Square Theatre with his Englishmen who pronounce "here" as "hyar" and who ought logically, therefore, to pronounce "bear", as "bar." Mr. Wyndham is a very lively actor, who wears new store trousers in every part that he does, and who talks glibly through his nose. His ability as an actor is chiefly demonstrated by his agility, or, if you will, pedestrianism. He is always on the go, and he makes his fellow actors go too. "Pink Dominos" is the representative piece of its class. The class was designed for the virtuous playgoer. It illustrates the genius of man as a gay deceiver of innocent woman. But the woman, for the cause of sound ethics, always has the best of it. Mr. Wyndham's bouncing efforts as the gay deceiver show all the fruits of ripe experience.

But, for real liveliness, give me "The Mulligan Guards' Picnic." or anything with a Mulligan in it. They make the dust fly at the Theatre Comique, and when a score of able-bodied men, representing the Celts and the "niggers" of the East Side begin to

### A STUDY IN CAUSE AND EFFECT.



(SPECIAL TO THE NEW YORK DRIBBLER.)

BUFFALO, JULY 20TH, 1883.—At the open air concert of the Saengerfest a large and enthusiastic audience witnessed the ascension of several beautiful fire-balloons, which after rising quietly for a few minutes, took an easterly direction before a strong breeze from the lake.



(SPECIAL TO THE NEW YORK DRIBBLER.)

ROCHESTER, JULY 21ST, 1883.—Last evening Prof. Hefflener, from the roof of his *new* barn, discovered three *new* comets by the aid of his powerful *new* telescope. This makes ninety-four comets which the Professor has detected in the past three weeks and entitles him to the prize offered by the Rock and Rye Appetizer Co., consisting of an elegant silver wine-cooler, mounted in antique bronze.

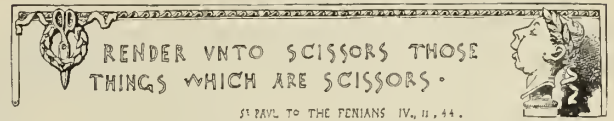


belabor one another on Mr. Harrigan's stage, the significance of action in the drama becomes overpowering. You should see the "Picnic," and, in fact, you should see all the Mulligan plays. They are full of certain picturesque American types—types that one is eager, all the same, to keep at a distance. They suggest Baxter Street and Catherine Market. Now, it must not be supposed that life in Baxter Street is without its own peculiar charm. Believe me, your Dan Mulligan, or your Mrs. Allup is—in fiction—a highly interesting and instructive character.

Here is the melancholy tale "The Romanoff": A very passionate Hungarian Princess whose name is full of consonants, is engaged to marry a blonde fellow, who, after the Russian fashion, carries his hat—and perhaps his heart—upon his sleeve. He has something to do with Nihilism and is shot by the police. He is brought into the presence of the Princess, with a large quantity of red paint upon his shirt. This is meant for gore. The Princess swears to avenge his death. She proceeds, therefore, to fall in love a second time. Her second lover turns out to be the betrayer of her first lover. The dilemma is awkward. The Princess loves one whom she ought to hate. In her despair she kills herself. That is an easy way out of a hard problem. The characters in "The Romanoff," like the characters in all plays which touch upon Russian life, have very disagreeable names. But it appears to be a theory among contemporary playwrights that a name with an itch to it must mean a great deal more than a name like Smith. Therefore, these dramatists write Russian plays—which are, oddly enough, inevitably slow. But "The Romanoff" is not much of a slow play. That is one of its merits. On the whole, it is not a bad thing and reflects some credit upon Mr. Harry St. Maur, its author.

Rose Eytinge and Aimée are tender reminiscences; yet both are still good actresses. But poor little Aimée should not try to sing "The Mascotte." Mlle. Nixon is a very pretty woman, with a charming voice. French opera at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, however, has been chiefly noticeable for a chorus of surprising ugliness.

We are convinced that the season has begun when the patriarchal head of Wallack's announces his intentions. Mr. Wallack set forth his announcement early last week. Mr. Wallack will, of course, contrive to offer for the edification of his patrons, that "legitimate entertainment which has hitherto marked his management. From this it might be inferred that Mr. Wallack will produce more plays like "Taken From Life," "The World," "La Belle Russe," and other illustrious examples of "legitimate entertainment." Fortunately Mr. Wallack means well, though he has a conveniently bad memory.



RENDER UNTO SCISSORS THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE SCISSORS.

ST. PAUL TO THE PERNIANS IV., II., 44.

HER PICTURE.

SUNLIGHT falls on her pictured face,  
Rimmed in a frame of gold;  
The selfsame pose of a careless grace,  
That I remember of old.  
'T was here we stood long years ago,  
She in that very dress!  
And I heard this syllable—sweet and low  
From her rose-red mouth, 't was—"Yes!"

So many years! And yet I'll swear—  
Now, standing in this place—  
I can smell the rose she hath in her hair,  
While I look upon her face!  
I feel the clasp of her slender hand,  
Gentle, yet clinging fast,  
And I almost feel I am young again,  
Though so many years have past.

And yet, could I live over the space  
Of those Indian summer days,  
Bring back to my life this sweet, fair face,  
The canvas here portrays,  
Were it wise to lose the peace that is mine,  
For the restless hopes that have fled?  
Not so; whatever is—is best.  
"Let the dead past bury its dead!"

WASHINGTON was the father of his country, and blowing out the gas on retiring is one of its smotherers.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

LAWRENCEBURG, Indiana, has a turtle that catches rats and eats them. Now, we're not saying a word against the fauna of Lawrenceburg, but we will admit, without a line of discussion, that they have either the fastest turtles or the slowest rats that can be found in all the vast, illimitable, fathomless, and eternal universe, and we've got money to put up on that entire statement.—*Burdette in S. F. Argonaut.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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HAVE READY:

MRS. ALEXANDER'S NEW NOVEL,

"The Executor."

16mo. Leisure Hour Series, \$1; Leisure Moment Series, 35 cents.

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By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, author of 'Renaissance in Italy,' 12mo, \$1.75.

"Perhaps we shall best praise Mr. Symonds's latest sketches by saying that we have never been so conscious of a keen desire to follow in a traveller's foot-steps as while turning over the pleasant pages of 'Italian By-ways.'"—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Mrs. Miller's In the Kitchen.

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The November number will contain an important paper by Dr. James McCosh, on "Thomas Carlyle and his Influence on the English Language;" a superbly illustrated article on "Wordsworth and the Modern Age," by Henry C. Pedder; the first part of a serial by Edgar Fawcett—a story of Newport and New York Society; and a paper on "Henry Irving and his Work," with engravings by Velten and Sheil, the frontispiece being one of the masterpieces of G. Kruell.

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MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, it appears, does not approve of the colossal statue of Liberty for New York harbor. So the whole thing will have to be abandoned after all!—*Transcript*.

MR. BERGH, the S. P. C. A. man, says it is cruelty to animals to catch fish with a hook. There would not be much fun in fishing if a man had to dive under the water and hold chloroform to a fish's nose until it becomes unconscious, and then hit it on the head with a hammer.—*Norristown Herald*.

THERE is a man in Vermont whose brains have dried up so that they rattle around like beans in a drum when he shakes his head. We have heard men without brains rattling with their tongues while they shook their heads at the audience, and think that the Vermonter's case is preferable.—*Texas Siftings*.

"WHY do these men run so fast this warm weather? Is anybody dying? No! How red their faces are. They will burst a blood vessel. See, they are almost fainting, but still they try to run. Poor fellows! Have they just escaped from prison?" "No, my child. They have summer cottages out of town, and are merely trying to catch a train."—*Philadelphia News*.

If you will let me take your stick of candy, I'll show you how I can swallow it, and make it come out of my ear." The candy was delivered. The young magician deliberately ate it. Then for the space of two minutes he threw himself into violent contortions. The candy failing to appear, he said to the expectant spectator, with an air of great disappointment, "I believe I've forgotten the rest of it."—*Peck's Sun*.

A NEW YORK critic says Oscar Wilde's "Vera" is "a good play to take on the road, and the sooner it is taken the better." The actor and actresses who appear in this play, we understand, are both capable and respectable, and why the New York critic should desire them to be subjected to rural ovations of indisposed products of the hen, is inexplicable. Let Oscar travel and read his play.—*Norristown Herald*.

MUSIC at home (the egotism of genius).—Eminent violinist—"Dell me—who is dat liddle pald old chendleman viz de vite viskers and ze bince-nez, looking at the bigchus?" Hostess—"It's my Uncle Robertson. I'm grieved to say he is quite deaf!" Eminent violinist—"Ach, I am zo zorry for him! He vill not pe able to hear me blay ze vittle!"—*London Punch*.

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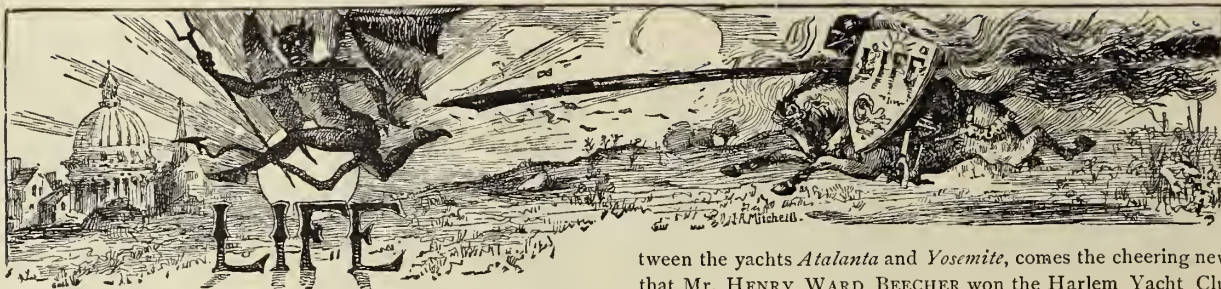
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VOL. II. OCTOBER 11TH, 1883. NO. 41.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

**I**N union there is strength, and it is sweet and comforting to observe the perfect harmony which now exists among the local leaders of Democracy. It augurs well for 1884.

\* \* \*

**W**E congratulate our reverend brothers in trade upon their recognition of the long-established fact that advertising and sensational acting are necessary elements of every well-conducted amusement. We shall now have flaming posters and dodgers for the church as well as for the theatre, and the *Police News* and *Day's Doings* will sink to insignificance beside the realistic services which will be conducted in our temples of worship, and thus another field of labor shall have been wrested from the devil.

\* \* \*

**T**HAT the spirit of '76 was no better than the spirits of '84, was nobly demonstrated by the Ancient and Honorables during their recent campaign in this city. The hardships and suffering of Colonial days certainly never called forth more endurance, nor did the enthusiasm of Bunker Hill rise to more sublime heights than the enthusiasm on Broadway. In those days the militia forces had but one head. Last week there were as many heads as there were Ancient and Honorables. This shows at a glance how much progress has been made. Then it was considered a great feat to march from Concord to Boston. Last week a march from Boston to New York excited no comment. The stoutest heart sank at every encounter in those much-vaunted days. Last week each encounter provoked but a smile—sometimes two smiles—occasionally a dozen. And there were lots of encounters.

\* \* \*

“**I** SEE that Mr. Steele Mackaye is credited with the invention of the chair which telescopes into a 9x12 space. I am not in the chair business, but I have money to put up on the statement that I have telescoped more chairs than any man in the country.”—*D. Davis*.

\* \* \*

**W**E are pleased to observe that closely following the nautical triumph of that young but vigorous skipper, Mr. SAMUEL J. TILDEN, over Mr. JAY GOULD in the recent race be-

tween the yachts *Atalanta* and *Yosemite*, comes the cheering news that Mr. HENRY WARD BEECHER won the Harlem Yacht Club race on Thursday. If the promised mill between the Hon. ROSCOE CONKLING and Gov. SPRAGUE comes off at the Madison Square Garden; if Mr. DAVIS keeps his contract as ballet master with the KIRALFYS, and Mr. TALMAGE does not disappoint Mr. BIRCH by failing to appear on the other end during Christmas week, sporting and dramatic matters will be elevated once more to their proper place in public esteem, from which of late they have fallen.

\* \* \*

**T**HE following card explains itself :

SANDUSKY, Oct. 4th.

To *W. W. Armstrong, Esq., Plaindealer, Cleveland, Ohio* :

I observe that the calumny has been revived, which I supposed was long since exploded, that I belonged to the Know-Nothings in 1854. It has no truth or semblance of truth. It probably arose from the political erudition I have recently shown in my speeches “that I am a Know-Nothing.”—*GEORGE HOADLY*.

\* \* \*

“**T**HE statement that the Long Island Railroad is subsidized by the Brooklyn coroner and the Undertakers' Union, is false and malicious. Although both have made fortunes since I obtained control, not one cent has either paid into the treasury of this company.”—*Corbin*.

\* \* \*

**T**HE cathartic oratory of our highly esteemed fellow citizen, Dr. M. H. HENRY, has done more to cool the bad blood existing between the liberals and conservatives of our medico-political arena, than the wildest and most generous phlebotomist could hope for. It is not yet decided whether homœopaths, allopaths, regulars, irregulars, hydropaths, electropaths and the other paths along which modern medicine runs, will meet lovingly on Oct. 18th, and thenceforward be merged into one broad sanitary highway, or whether they will diverge yet more widely, to meet only in the valley of the shadow; but it is certain, whatever the issue, that the counter-irritation produced by our fellow-citizen's disruptive effort will put all minor *ecchymoses* in the shade.

\* \* \*

**M**R. FREDERICK L. TINSLAR, engineer of the late lamented steamer *Robinson*, admits that he screwed down the pop safety valve before the explosion took place, and thinks that this may possibly have had something to do with the boiler's subsequent behavior. Mr. Tinslar is evidently a man of limited experience. He is provincial. He should come to this city and see how steamers run, not only with their pop valves screwed down, but with a boiler leaking at every patch, and a deck load of 5,000 merry passengers. They never explode because of the engineer's actions. When they go off, no one knows, or ever can find out, the reason.





FAME.

Scene, London—Time XIX. Century.

*American Tourist*: I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR; BUT CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE HOUSE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH?

*Commercial Man*: GOLDSMITH—WHAT MIGHT HIS BUSINESS BE, MUM?

*A. T.*: I REFER TO GOLDSMITH THE AUTHOR.

*C. M.*: O—EH—, I DON'T THINK HE HAS AN OFFICE IN THIS SQUARE, MUM.

A —'S RHYME.

I KNEW a man and knew his wife ;  
Great learning had they from the schools ;  
Yet candor forces me to say  
They were a pair of —.

They had a son who early drank  
From hard Experience's pool,  
Who knew much more than older folks,  
And also was a —.

These parents bought this boy a gun,  
With little bullets, hard and cool.  
Upon the gun was sweetly carved,  
"To our beloved —."

One grave old fogy shook his head  
And thereby gained much ridicule,—  
The boy went hunting with a friend,  
Another precious —.

Two walked away, and one ran back.  
Says he : " That gun was very cru'l."  
The startled neighbors shrieked and cried,  
" Where is the other — ?"

Last night I viewed a marble slab,  
All graven with a practiced tool,  
And read thereon these stony words:  
" Here lies a lifeless —!"

CAMPBELL PALMER.

" *New York*, Sept. 6, 1883. G. P. Westcott, cashier of the Coney Island Club pool rooms at West Brighton, has decamped with \$4,000 belonging to his employer. He was arrested, but while on his way to jail *overpowered* the officer and escaped."—*Boston Herald*.

The weakness of a West Brighton policeman, when his antagonist hits him with a thousand-dollar bill, is remarkable.

## APHORISMS.

BY "WOODCHUCK" PETE.

SOME cullid folks would radder go to a horse-trot on Sunday dan to Quarterly Meetin'.

De man doan' lib dat kin mix religion an' bizness. Ef hit 's a man's bizness to split kin'lin' wood and fill his ice-house on Sunday, dar you ar'! Religion am religion, an' bizness am bizness.

De mo' I reads de less I feels my ignorunce, and de mo' I feels my ignorunce de less I reads. Dey aint nuffin' like it to make a man proud.

Ef de bell-punch was manipelated in some chu'ches whar' de ungodly deacons pass de sasser, de parstor might hev br'iled chicken for his Sunday dinner instead ob rice.

De fines' po'try dat was eber writ ain't in de hymn-book or Lord Bayrum's pomes. Dar is mo' true po'try in a bill ob fair an' a good meal ob vittles dan you kin find on all de grabe-stones in a fust class seminary.

Piety am a sof' cushion dat res' de bones ob de aged wen de squint am gone out de eye an' de chillblains hu't so dat wen yo' har de fiddle yo' can 't sarve de debbil no longer.

De great loss of tishu am 'casioned by friction. Wuk am friction. So gib de body a chance to res'. Doan knock aroun' mo' 'n yo' kin he'p. Ef de fishin' am good, lay off. Nuffin' am healthier dan settin' in de sun. But nuffin' 'll wear de taps off yo' boots an' gib yo' r'umatiz in de j'int's like follerin' a plow an' shuckin' corn. Limber up de j'int's an' gib de body a chance to res'.

THERE was a young girl named Maria  
Who tried to sing high C still higher,  
But the confounded note stuck crosswise in her throat  
And they bounced her right out of the choir.

## CONCERNING HOMELY MEN.

THE efflorescence of female beauty in the Langtry type has had no counterpart in ideals of manly beauty in behoof of the maligned male sex. It is true that Mr. Oscar Wilde was hailed with an æsthetic hubbub as a type of manly grace. Yet, even with the boastful attributes of long hair and matchless legs, he failed to establish his rank and prestige as one of the gods of the earth. Others have failed too, whose names it would be idle to recall; and the abstract idea of male beauty is as vague and delusive as the free-thinker's notion of cosmos and the spirit of eternal truth.

And yet handsome men are seen in the park and at the clubs who are recognized as "lady-killers." Are they prigs and triflers? Ugly men console themselves with this reflection though they may be equally priggish and conceited. As tastes differ it is by no means rare for an uncouth, ill-looking fellow with the vices of a Lovelace and the manners of a cow-boy, to "cut out" a fair, sleek-limbed Apollo who dresses in exquisite taste, dances the german, makes costly presents, and writes verses in autograph albums. It is a hackneyed saying that none but the brave deserve the fair. Women admire men of brains and muscle, and marry squint eyes and bandy legs when the former qualities appeal to their imagination and taste. Handsome men do not always carry off the fairest prizes. They are successful, however, in a flirtation with a madcap girl

when a homely man would not dare touch the hem of her garment.

Sensible women profess to be wholly indifferent to the matter of a man's personal pretensions. "Would you marry such a one?" asks a confidential friend. "Marry that monkey-on-a-stick? Never. Under no circumstances. I'd see myself marrying *him*. When I marry (but I expect to live and die an old maid) it will be a *man*, and not a tailor's dummy." Such words are truly comforting to her ugly suitors. Instead of talking in corners and turning green with melancholy they trip forward and extend her courtesies which she is bound to reciprocate.

A woman of tact is expected to make advances to homely men. The dude can set his traps and plan his own campaign. But the grave has closed over many a weary, heart-broken bachelor whose sole obstacle to matrimony proved to be a pair of crooked legs or a broken nose. None but Shakers rejoice that so many men of quality have failed to make themselves fascinating to women. They do fail, it is true, and some of them ignominiously. The D'Orsays, Beau Nashes, and Brummels are rare, and their rarity increases. Every man would fascinate a woman if he could unless he has a constitutional aversion to the sex, and a corresponding love for the bottle. Still it does not seem improbable that every bachelor, whether he is fine-looking or as ugly as a Hindoo idol, has some quality which would enhance his matrimonial chances were he to overcome his shyness and timidity, or fall in with a plump widow. Sydney Smith thought that no female heart can withstand a red-coat. Simon Tappertit fascinated the sylph-like Miss Miggs with his slim legs. The love-locks adorning the marmoreal brow of ex-Senator Conkling excite warm sympathies for the fallen statesman whenever he shakes his hyperion curls. It has caused a great many hearts to flutter. So it goes. And there is another point worth emphasizing. Homely men are, generally speaking, good men; not goody good, but good enough. Mr. Samuel J. Tilden is plain looking and so is Governor Butler, but each has his lady admirers. The heart of fair woman is not to be caught with winnowed chaff. It is not to be stormed with grape and cannister. Soft glances, fine clothes and amorous ditties cannot quicken its pulsations if a woman has no sympathy with the fascinator who resorts to these makeshifts to excite her feelings.

It is also believed that homely men make the best husbands. In many homely men will be found

"The courteous, yet majestic mien,  
The liberal smile, the look serene,  
The great and gentle mind."

A great and gentle mind is a priceless possession. It is a matter of little consequence whether he who has a great and gentle mind has a hump on his back or takes his teeth out at night before lying down to peaceful dreams, and drops them in a tumbler. But some girls prefer handsome men and perhaps they are right, for Keats says, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."  
H. V. S.





No 1. While duck-hunting Pilkins discovers a bear.



No 2. He pours all his shot into the gun to make sure work.



No 3. And goes ashore in order to take steadier aim.



No 4. But being somewhat nervous shoots wide of the mark.



No 5. The bear however, comes down.



No 6. "Goodby: Mr Pilkins!"

PALMER COX

A SOFT ANSWER.

'T WAS past twelve at midnight when he rolled home and prepared to concoct some story for the lateness of his return. She, however, was awake, and with sharp-scented nose detected an odor of gin.

"What smell is that, my dear?" she remarked.

"Cloves," my love."

"But the other odor, sir?"

"Allspice, my sweet."

"But I smell something else."

"Oh, that's cinnamon."

"But I am certain I smell something that is n't spice at all."

"Oh, that's an apple I ate before I came in."

"Well, I should think," she replied, "that if you'd just taken a good drink of brandy before you came in and eaten a ham sandwich you would have had all the ingredients necessary for a good mince pie."

He sighed as he dropped to sleep, and murmured that he'd have done so if he had n't been afraid of bad dreams.

## STORY OF THE M. S. P. C. A. AND THE TIGER.

A MEMBER of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was one day walking in an African forest, when he encountered a tiger coming rapidly towards him. The M. S. P. C. A., belonging to one of the most aristocratic families of old New York, sought to repel the familiar advances of the stranger by the hauteur of his bearing. Now when an inhabitant of the African forest desires to display a great deal of hauteur, he proceeds to climb the most convenient elevation he can find, and this usually turns out to be a tree. The faster he climbs, and the taller the tree is, the more freezing is his behavior to be regarded. Our M. S. P. C. A. accordingly danced

lightly up a c a o u t h o u c h tree, and pretended when the tiger came along that he had risen to that height in order to pick a curious looking leaf which rested among the t o p m o s t b r a n c h e s. He believed

that the tiger seeing him thus engaged would pass on without disturbing him.

The tiger, however, proved to be a poor, country-bred tiger, quite unacquainted with the forms of good society; so notwithstanding the manifest preoccupation of the M. S. P. C. A., the discourteous beast sought to enlist him in conversation.

"Tell me, sir," said the tiger, "why you thus avoid me."

At these words the M. S. P. C. A. left off picking the leaf, and looked down with an air of surprise.

"My worthy friend," said he, "I am so short-sighted that I failed to see you coming, but observing a curious-looking leaf at the top of this tree, I climbed hither to gather it." By these words the M. S. P. C. A. betrayed his agitation, for he lied so abominably that the tiger must have conceived a boundless contempt for the educational facilities of New York City.

The tiger, however, suppressing an inclination to sneer, addressed the M. S. P. C. A. in his most seductive manner. "If you failed to see me then," purred the tiger, "now that you do see me, pray come down, and let us engage here below in sweet social converse."

"Ah, no," sighed the M. S. P. C. A., "that may not be, for it will probably take me about eleven hours to pick this curious leaf, and heaven forbid that I should detain you so long." But the tiger very obligingly volunteered to wait.

When the eleven hours had passed by, and the M. S. P. C. A., in spite of his earnest activity, had failed to finish picking the leaf, the tiger mildly expostulated with him, representing that darkness was rapidly coming on, and speaking with touching pathos of the domestic anxiety which his long absence from home must have occasioned. Still for four days the M. S. P. C. A. continued his indefatigable exertions in picking the leaf without completing the task. During all this time the tiger waited with unexampled patience, so eager was he to enjoy the sweets of social converse.

The sixth day was drawing to its close before the M. S. P. C. A. ventured to admit that the tiger's room would be preferable to his company. Thereupon the tiger became quite naturally exasperated, but refused to depart. Finally the M. S. P. C. A. frankly declared that as a Member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals he could not conscientiously detain the tiger any longer.

The tiger, on his part, declared that if the gentleman up the tree was really what he said, he could not conscientiously refuse to come down, and relieve the suffering of one who had eaten nothing but a seidlitz powder in fourteen days. The novelty of this suggestion surprised the M. S. P. C. A., and led him to question the soundness of his principles. But he is still up the tree.

MORAL: Tigers should not monkey with Mr. Berg.

### HINC ILLÆ LACHRYMÆ.

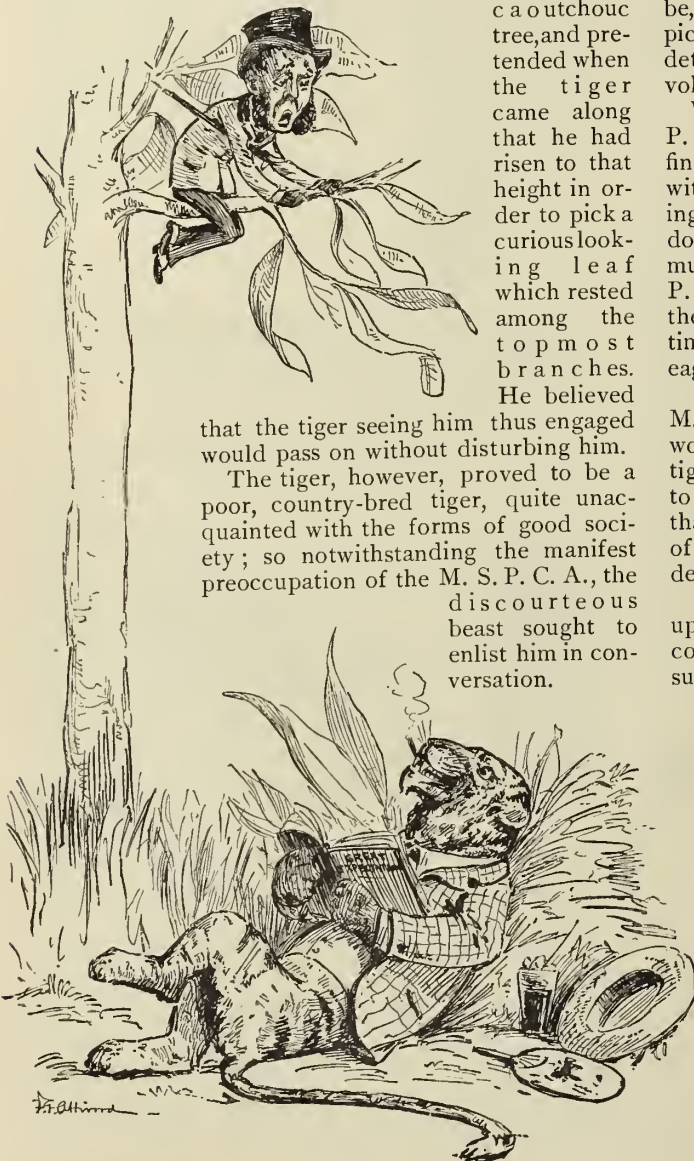
"The test of affection 's a tear."—BYRON.

A TEAR-DROP hung like a pearl  
On the fringe of her drooping lid,  
And I kissed her, my own sweet girl,  
While her fan her deep blushes hid.

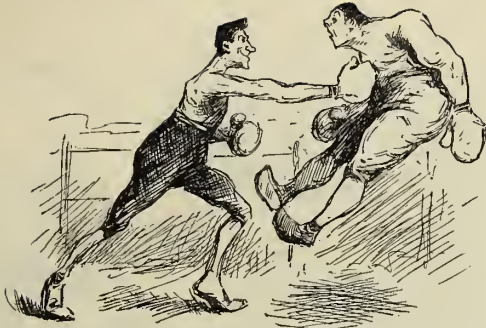
"Why so sorrowful, dear? If you knew  
How I love you!"—I gasp with a sigh.

"O, you goose, I'm not weeping for you,"  
Quoth the maid; "I have sand in my eye!"

H. V. S.







**BIS DAT QUI CITO DAT.**

YOU PUNCH HIM TWICE IF YOU PUNCH HIM QUICKLY.

*Au contraire*—a mule.

*Auctor pretiosa facit*—the author makes precious little.

*Un coup de soleil*—"The Republican party must go!"

*Un coup de plume*—a hen-coop.

*Fama clamosa*—hungry for clams.

*Favete linguis*—give your mouth a rest.

*Dum vivimus, vivamus*—while we live, let us take "Life."

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

**THE PICKALILY CLUB.**

WHEN the Pickalily Club was started, in the neighborhood of Harlem, a delegation waited on Mr. Teddy Mulvany at his new saloon, and explained to him that their purpose was to secure a room in his hostelry for the meetings of the association.

"An' phwat 's the objects av the Club?" inquired Teddy.

"Partly social, and partly political. We have chosen you as President, and if you have a room to suit us, you shall be Treasurer, so that you can have a sure thing."

"Sure an' that 's only roight an' fair," responded Teddy.

"And if you should want to run for the Assembly, Mr. Mulvany, you would find us a power in the ward."

"Bedad, sor, if the Assimbly should call me to 't, it 's safe to bet that I 'd be there at the openin'."

He showed the delegation a front room up stairs, which was furnished with a carpet and chairs and a table, and was kindly assured that the furniture would be good enough for a beginning.

At the first meeting of the Pickalily Club Mr. Mulvany presided, and was duly elected Treasurer, and a resolution was adopted, requesting him to furnish the club with a portrait of himself, such as they could have engraved for use on posters and banners and the like.

Mr. Mulvany was proud, and he furnished the portrait and paid a good price for it.

After a few subsequent meetings he began to reflect. As Treasurer of the Club his position was a sinecure, and he had not received a cent for rent of his room, and some little bills had been run up at the bar, by friendly members of the club.

He invaded another meeting of the Pickalily Club, and the light of battle was in his nose, and his oratory burst forth thus:

"I want to know phwat good yez are, anyhow. Long as this

shindig 's been goin' on, the rint hez been goin' on, an' not a dollar have I got out av yez fur dhrinks or cigars, barrin' the kegs av beer yez paid fur at factory prices, which laves Mulvany out o' pocket. This, now, is my ultimiferfanatem, d' ye moind? It 's foive dollars a noight fur the room, d' ye moind, yez, and buy the beer by the glass, d' ye moind, or yez do n't git in here no more, begorra, that 's flat!"

"If you go back on us," remarked the usual spokesman, "we will go against you in politics."

"Sure an' that 's the best thing cud happen to me, begorra. Phat 's a Pickalily Club, anyhow? Did anny wan av yiz iver pick a lily? It 's niver a wan yez 'll pick off o' Teddy Mulvany, an' if yez do n't kem down wid the dust, Oi 'll kem down wid a Tipperary blackthorn."

Nobody came down with the dust, and on the next meeting night of the Pickalily Club the room was vacant.

Mr. Mulvany caused a sign to be painted and put in a conspicuous place, and this is the legend it bore:

*The Pickasilly Club Don't Meet Here No More."*

**BACCHERINI'S MINUET.**

THE summer garden fades away,  
And dreamily I close my eyes,  
While softly as the fountains play,  
Beneath the star-bewildered skies  
Of Italy, I hear the flow  
Of rhythmic music sweet and low.

From dim Verona's gardens old  
There comes the breath of deep perfume,  
And cavaliers in lace and gold  
Move lightly thro' the gilded room,  
And to the stately measures beat  
The dainty touch of satined feet.

Behind the mask with Romeo  
I watch a form in robes of white,  
And see the soft and slumb'rous glow  
Of eyes divinely, darkly bright.  
(Hush! In the house of Capulet  
Breathe not the name of Juliet!)

\* \* \* \* \*

The vision fades into the gloom,  
And lo! instead I faintly trace,  
Far off in a Parisian room,  
A calmly beautiful dead face—  
And over Juliet, lying there,  
The music sobs into a prayer.

No more the balcony will know  
Her whispered passion and the pain;  
And in the orange groves below  
Will Romeo wait, alas! in vain.  
Ah, list! and hear the music sigh,  
How sad it is that love must die!

\* \* \* \* \*

The storm of plaudits, wave on wave,  
Brings back my wand'ring soul to me,  
With one last glimpse, a grassy grave  
Beyond the sullen English sea,  
Where Juliet dreams of Montague,  
Beneath the roses and the dew!

E. J. MCPHELM.







TIMMANY, TAMMANY, HARMONY, HO,  
ONE, TWO, THREE, AND OUT YOU GO.



OH, J. Sullivan ! Oh, J. L. Sullivan !  
 Oh, John Lycurgus Sullivan, all hail ! !  
 Thou bottomless infinitude ! Thou god ! Thou you !  
 Thou Zeus with all-compelling hand !  
 Thou glory of the mighty Occident ! Thou Heaven-  
 born !  
 Thou Athens-bred ! Thou light of the Acropolis ! Thou  
 son of a gambolier !  
 59 inches art thou round thy ribs ; twice twain knuckles  
 hast thou ; and again twice twain.  
 Thou scatterest men's teeth like antelopes at play.  
 Thou straightenest thine arm, and systems rock, and  
 eye-balls change their hue.  
 Oh, thou grim granulator ! Thou soul-remover ! Thou  
 lightsome, coy excoriator !  
 Thou cooing dove ! Thou droll, droll John !  
 Thou buster !  
 Oh, you ! Oh, me too ! Oh, me some more !  
 Oh, thunder ! ! !

WHALT WITMAN. (*per J. P. L.*)

## AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

No. V.

*Touchstone.* "Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners ; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked ; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd."—*As You Like It, III., 2.*

OUR respected subscriber, "KILL VON KULL," is angry. He declares that instead of replying "boldly and directly" to his letters upon American Aristocracy, LIFE has brazenly and in altogether a shameless manner resorted to base "subterfuge and sophistry," and has, in other sinful ways, dodged the issue. Laying aside all questions of "blood"—which he declares can "only be argued by orthodox believers,"—and utterly quitting the subject of evolution—to which he clung so tenaciously a fortnight ago,—he comes directly to war, saying that out of society man is "brutal and unrefined ;" hoists the black flag statement that "Society supports, encourages and gives impetus to literature and the arts ;" and concludes by fiercely demanding to know "where would Music and the Drama be," were it not for "the millions devoted annually to their cause by Society."

LIFE surrenders. It confesses to deep and measureless wrong. Out of society, man is "brutal and unrefined." Undoubtedly. So, too, for that matter, is woman. In society—how different !

Mrs. ELIZABETH KORCA-WALLOON, for example, is "in"

society. Her pedigree, which extends back to her birth, is unexceptionable, her wealth is boundless, and her social position as eminent and fixed as the Polar Star. Before she married she was a KORCA. There were pleasant rumors once afloat that in those happy days she was an expert on that detergent instrument familiarly known as the "Irish Piano," but the fact that PETER WALLOON engaged himself to her on the very steamer which was conveying home the body of his first wife is sufficient evidence to the contrary, and we are glad to state that as he was only sixty-four years of age at the time—while his bride was fully twenty-five—the marriage could not have been in the least degree mercenary. Now it was very unfortunate that Mr. WALLOON'S early and lamented demise left his grief-stricken widow a prey to misgivings on the subject of her *entrée* into that FIRST CIRCLE



to which she aspired. Most fortunate too was it that at this most desolate juncture both Mrs. STILTON and Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMMONS, benevolent *avant-couriers* of the FIRST CIRCLE, but not exactly FIRST CIRCLERS, came to the rescue and undertook to pilot her in. Of course, this was disinterested work, for beyond a few hundred drives in the Park, a couple of dozen luncheons and a score of opera parties, neither of these ladies received any material benefit from the acquaintance, other than the continued pleasure of Mrs. KORCA-WALLOON'S society, which those alone who know her can appreciate. Well, to make a long story short, by skillful soundings and dead reckoning, or in other words, by judicious cultivation of firmly established FIRST CIRCLERS—not too forward a cultivation, but just a gentle and clinging one, you know—Mrs. KORCA-WALLOON was safely towed at last to placid harborage and anchored, celebrating the event by an elaborate and bewildering series of *fêtes*, which must have caused the ghost of her late frugal and uxorious spouse unspeakable delight.

Certainly this was all just as it should have been. But several



## TWO SUMMER IDYLS.

AN humble boy, with a  
Shining pail,  
Went gladly singing  
Adown the dale,  
To where the cow with  
The brindle tail  
On clover her palate did  
Regale.

An humble bee did  
Gaily sail  
Far over the soft and  
Shadowy vale,  
To where the boy, with  
The shining pail,  
Was milking the cow  
With the brindle tail.

The bee lit down on the  
Cow's left ear ;  
Her heels flew up through  
The atmosphere—  
And, through the leaves of  
A chestnut tree,  
The boy soared into  
Eternity.



## ATMOSPHERIC.

*Old Gentleman (to his grandson from Philadelphia) :* JOHNNY, I'M AFRAID YOU ARE NOT HAVING A VERY LIVELY VISIT HERE. WHY DO N'T YOU GO OUT AND PLAY WITH THE OTHER BOYS ?

*Johnny :* MAMMA THINKS IT BETTER I SHOULD N'T ; SHE DOES N'T WISH ME TO MAKE ANY UNDESIRABLE ACQUAINTANCES.

envious persons had heard of the prenuptial accomplishment already referred to, and were alert to discover in Mrs. KORKA-WALLOON any symptom of unaristocratic congeniality with the LOWER CLASSES. Be it said to the credit of her refinement that she disappointed them and cheered her haughtiest new friends at one and the same time, by immediately drawing the line of acquaintance so closely as to even exclude her two successful but now frenzied pilots, who after being twice omitted from an opera party, and once snubbed at Mrs. OPHIR'S small and early, scurried off in consternation to find some fresh behemoth on which to get in some fine work ; much as our other little local tugs, after panting and straining their way through the Narrows with the *Servia*, should she be crippled, would gambol off to look for the *City of Rome*.

This same delicate consideration for others—that essence of true refinement only found in FIRST CIRCLES—cropped out once like an exquisite bud at a notable dinner.

“Why,” said Mr. MCABIE, the polished, unto Mrs. VERBRUSQUE, the urbane, at that enjoyable occasion,—“why have you placed me under so many obligations by embellishing my neighborhood by such an ornamental row of shops ?”

The great lady replied (observe the neatness of the repartee—so irrelevant, so evasive, and yet, so to speak, so fetching) :

“Are they not large enough for snuff boxes ?”

This, of course, in the FIRST CIRCLE. If the question had been put by a tobacconist to a tavern-keeper's wife, she would probably have been excessively rude and personal in her reply, but in this case, as we see, the unerring instinct of refinement had play, and the two were made friends for life.

But perhaps the greatest proof that refinement, as well as intelligence, is the guiding spirit of the FIRST CIRCLE, is found in the fact that among its members mere vulgar wealth, heaped up by greasy hands, has no influence. At no FIRST CIRCLES can the slow, unmoving finger be pointed with the remark that his or her sole recommendation is money. Indeed, wealth is often held in such abhorrence that the unfortunate young possessor of it will not be welcomed to a young girl's home oftener than seven times or so a week, while the youth of talent and ambition and moderate income is free to drop in as often as the well-instructed servant who attends the door will allow. Mothers who are attached to the FIRST CIRCLE are always proudest and happiest when their dutiful sons fall in love with a penniless girl, and





### BACK FROM NEWPORT.

*Bridget (unpacking a statuette of the Venus of Milo) :*  
 HOWLY VIRGIN ! BUT IT 'S BOTH ARRUMS I 'VE BROKE  
 ARUFF THE CRAYTHUR, AND DIVIL A THRACE AV THIM  
 ANYWHERE !

many a man has been shocked to see how frigidly he is received after the announcement of his engagement to an heiress.

Morals too, are such a requisite. Take the case of MR. ULRIC TADDOHL. Young, gifted and essentially refined, his inherited wealth is his only drawback. But for his brace of millions he might have been the idol of all careful and conscientious FIRST CIRCLE mammas. For two years he struggled manfully against the prejudice which runs in favor of poor men. At last a happy thought struck him. He bought a horse, went upon the turf, and jockeyed as if for a living. SOCIETY applauded the act, but was still lukewarm. Then he made his *coup d'état*, and sacrificed himself to ART, in the interest of the Drama—or at least something pertaining to the Drama—became famous, and now may claim, justly, the dainty arm and rosy, willing ear of even the shyest of girls, and is *the* bachelor success of the season.

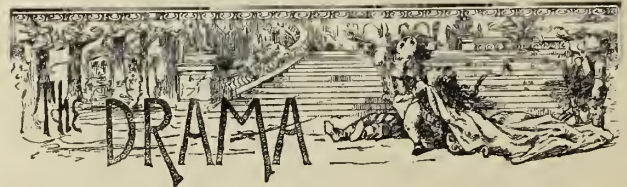
When a discussion of the merits of an engagement arises among FIRST CIRCLES, the moral and intellectual qualities of the prospective groom are alone the theme. His money is never alluded to, and therefore it can readily be seen of how little importance it is. We never hear of domestic unhappiness—of profligate husbands and giddy wives, or wranglings and separations and wrecked lives—as the results of marriage in the FIRST CIRCLE. Too careful an investigation is made into the habits of the man, and the woman's nature is too sedulously disciplined. No *clair-issement* has ever been known to occur on Murray Hill, no scandal has ever arisen at Newport, nor have private skeletons ever undergone resurrection in FIRST CIRCLES closets anywhere. Immorality goes hand in hand with vulgarity, and is therefore only to be found among the LOWER CLASSES.

But to a pleasanter subject. It cannot be denied that Art, Literature and Science owe not only their support, but their very origin, to FIRST CIRCLE SOCIETY. What novels are there extant like those by the Lady BLANCHE, who was Miss GNUTMEGG? What more aristocratic plays could be written, than those of Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMMONS, for cannot their pedigree be clearly traced three hundred years? They have brought her by sheer force of their ancestral merit to the proud position of Pilot-in-Chief to a FIRST CIRCLE which the grovelling SARDOU, whose effusions date no further back than to his own brain, is so far from being able to enter that he never allows himself to think of it. Have RISTORI, MORRIS and BERNHARDT, in their best days, ever acted like that born histrionic genius, Mrs. PUMPERNICKEL? Certainly not. Does TENNYSON by his slow LOWER-CLASS plodding, ever produce such verses as Mr. CYGNET DESBRO or Miss LITHIA VAN DAZZLE can dash off in a moment on an emergency or an album arising? By no means. Did MOORE ever compose, or MENDELSSOHN set to music, such a refined and delicate swan song as—

Pretty lips, sweeter than cherry or plum,  
 Always look smiling and never look glum,  
 Seem to say  
 Come away,  
 Kissy, come ! come !  
 N'yum, n'yum, n'yum,  
 N'yum, n'yum, n'yum !

Was such a song ever heard outside of the FIRST CIRCLE? Could the LOWER CLASSES appreciate it?\* Is it not the key note of refinement and *gout de la noblesse*?

\* Since writing the above we have learned that the song alluded to has been recently sung with great *eclat* in the *salon* of an Italian aristocrat, Signor GUGLIELMO MAGGLORI, and that several of the LOWER CLASSES, who were present, encored. The LOWER CLASSES are evidently rising to an appreciation of it.

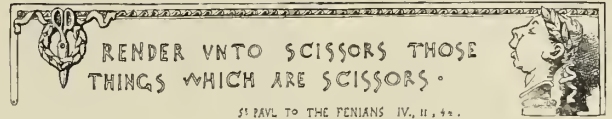


“FÈDORA” is the play of the moment. Perhaps you are acquainted with the fussy and ingenious person known as Victorien Sardou. He is usually looked up to here as the first of French play writers. His theatrical skill—which is quite as remarkable as Scribe's and very much like Scribe's—impresses certain observers prodigiously. But what is Sardou, as a matter of fact? A wonderfully ingenious fellow, who regards a play as one might regard a game of chess. Some of the best things written about Sardou were set down by that entertaining realist, Emile Zola. Zola was, once upon a time, a dramatic critic. His criticism was an exposition of realism applied to the stage. Zola believes sagaciously that characters in drama should be genuine men and women, that situations should be probable and logical incidents, that characters should not do on the stage what they could not or would not do in life. Now, Sardou makes his personages act as Sardou desires they should act. That is why Sardou is not much of a dramatist. He does not find situations for characters. He finds characters for situations. The distinction is one that you cannot fail to perceive. “Fèdora” is a very clear and effective example of Sardou's theatrical work. This is what is called an “emotional” play, a stupid expression which means, evidently, a play with redundant emotion in it. The heroines of French “emotional” plays are usually hysterical young women who weep copiously on the slightest pretext, who love in a manner to frighten any man, and who claw their lovers desperately, insanely. And, to be just, the heroes are not far behind the heroines in “emo-



tional" activity. This talent for uttering maledictions, for really dancing with the madness of passion, is, I am sure, not easily equalled; when they are not giving voice to their fury and despair, they are, probably, jamming the head of some magnificent feminine sinner against a bureau or a sofa. "Fédora" is not unlike its predecessors. The woman herself is an illogical, morbid, unfortunate creature. She loves one man, who is killed. She then falls in love with another man, who killed the first man. When she learns who her second lover is, she pounces upon him—metaphorically. She draws him into her net with treacherous suavity. Her love—which has been found to be a variable quantity—turns now to revenge. She does not reflect long enough to allow her lover to defend himself. She might reflect a little in real life, but not, of course, in a play by Sardou. She goes to work at once energetically, fills her house with spies and policemen, and makes arrangements to have her too confiding young man borne away secretly and expressed post-haste to Russia. She distributes information enough, furthermore, to bring about the death of her lover's mother and brother. However, her stupidity—if one may call it so—is the beginning of Mr. Sardou's great situation. The young man visits the house of Fédora. It is night. He is alone. There are Russian spies in the next room. Fédora is about to deliver him to the police. Suddenly he begins to tell his story. He proves that he is not a murderer. He proves that he had killed her first lover in self-defense. He proves that this first lover had been a faithless wretch. Fédora is overcome. She must now save this man. But how? He insists upon returning to his home. She knows that if he goes he will be seized. She entreats him to stay. He says, in effect: "Your honor, madame." "Blank my honor," says she—or that is what she means. He then falls upon her and kisses her thrice a second. In a voluptuous dream they forget the policemen. The curtain falls conveniently at this point. In the next and last act, the hero learns that Fédora had caused the death of his mother and brother. He grabs her in his rage, and tries to knock her brains out. But her head is passably hard, and she manages to escape and to take poison. She dies. And so this little scene of horror ends.

VIXEN.



ST PAUL TO THE PENEIANS IV, II, 4.

A SUMMER TRAGEDY.

- Moon—
- Spoon—
- Glove—
- Love—
- Kiss—
- Bliss—
- \* \* \*
- Fall—
- Call—
- Cool—
- Fool—
- Letter—
- Better.

—Boston Bulletin.

CAN the policeman who chases and catches a Chinese criminal be said to be the Asiatic collarer?—*London Lancet*.

A CITY clerk has just proved that Paris green on certain kinds of pie is entirely harmless. It is the pie which is generally fatal.—*Health Journal*.

WHEN the widow buries her first husband she becomes pensive, but after she gets the second she is usually expensive.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

AN employé of the Lehigh valley railroad in Pennsylvania has six fingers and a thumb on each hand. Providence evidently intended that he should couple cars.—*Burlington Free Press*.

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"WHY does a kiss raise the spirits?" "Because it's the cream of ta ta."—*Lampoon.*

DR. GRIFFIN, the stepfather of Miss Mary Anderson, writes to a Louisville friend as follows: "While we are boating on the Thames me and Mary is the synoshure of all eyes."—*Courier-Journal.*

### WANTED—A JOKE.

GIVE me a pair of scissors! Hand me the dictionary!

Bread—bred; that's good. No, I've used that before.

O solemn humor, how dost thou afflict me?

My jokes look blue. This one about the cucumber is too much like the one about the apple.

What fearful puns I made upon the fair—

Fair, fare; "fair maids and hardly fair," two kinds of fair.

What can I write? A joke? I will, about a man Beating a carpet. No, a woman throwing a stone.

No, no; about a man falling down stairs

By stepping on a plug of laundry soap.

Alas! I hate this dismal funny business.

My memory has a thousand several jokes,

And every joke has been told several times.

And all the boys condemn me for my jokes

As being, at least, accessory to their theft.

Methought the ghosts of all the various jokes

That I had ever heard, or read, or made,

Came to my desk, and every one did show

A genealogical record running back,

Without a break, four hundred thousand years,

And every one among them wore the accursed

brand

Of the blue-pencil dude.

—R. J. Burdette.

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STREASURY

DR. JAM. A.

1155 Broadway NEW YORK



"Bring on your wabbits now, whose afraid?"





VOL. II. OCTOBER 18TH, 1883. NO. 42.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

OUR highly esteemed and rotary fellow-citizen, Mr. TALMAGE, has risen at last to a recognition of the greatest necessity of the age. For some years he has labored with the idea that bewildering athletics were the greatest solace of the truly good pilgrim, and that a cavernous display of ecclesiastical back-teeth was the surest way to make the sinner pause—suggesting to him the infinite possibilities of the bottomless pit. This evangelical method, conjoined with a costly cornet and liberal advertising, has certainly given Satan more trouble than any device known since the closing of Eden. Now, however, a new field has opened, and Mr. Talmage is rampant with zeal and enthusiasm. He has just heard of a colony of sinridden persons on the borders of Salt Lake, who call themselves Mormons, and who, having no friends this side of the Rocky Mountains, are, of course, safe to attack. The more remote and inaccessible an enemy, the more virulent Mr. Talmage is—a quality peculiar also to other fearless men. In this case he is mad to make you shudder. Massacre, extermination, holocaust—these are feeble terms to express the outcome of the Talmagian campaign, as predicted by himself. So earnest is he, that he offers to mount the barbed steed of war and himself lead the van. Without at all desiring to interfere with Mormon extermination, we would cautiously suggest that this would never do. Brother Talmage should keep well to the rear. To exterminate the Mormons properly they must be led into showing fight. Fancy their seeing, first of their foes, the revolving legs and dental grotto which have so frightened all the little devils in Brooklyn! Why, there would be no fight. There would be but a whizz and a streak of dust, and Salt Lake would be empty. No, no—Brother Talmage must not lead.

\* \* \*

WE are pleased to note that our highly esteemed contemporary, the *New York Times*, has ceased to enshrine the verb “to monkey” in aerial commas. This virtually removes the word from the purlieus of slang, legitimizing and giving it enfranchisement among its peers in the lexicon. *Necessitas legis mater*. There existed an abysmal void in our language until this word stepped in. No circumlocution could so properly describe that playful and empirical tampering with danger indulged in by persons who are said to subsequently discover that it is loaded. The *Times* has been empirical of late. It has gleefully done a very big thing. Let us hope that its earnest recognition of the word “to monkey” is irrelevant to its experience.

OWING to the unfortunate fact that the chips loaned to the Thompson Street Poker Club by Mr. RUBE JACKSON, had been garnished by Mr. GUS JOHNSON (see Rule 147, which provides for the payment of I. O. U.'s), the members present last Saturday evening were compelled to play with beans, a limited quantity of which had been thoughtfully secured by the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH while passing a produce store in the late afternoon.

The cards ran well, and as Mr. SMITH himself was responsible for the bank, the betting was unusually brilliant. Mr. SMITH was never in better luck, nor Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS in worse. Notwithstanding the heavy losses of the latter gentleman, however, the supply of beans seemed never to run short, and after several hours of play this excited suspicion in the banker.

“LEMME jess cash up and see how de bank stan's,” said that potentate, after an unusually prodigal burst of beans from Mr. WILLIAMS had startled the players.

Mr. GUS JOHNSON passed in ninety-six beans and got his money.

Professor BRICK had thirty-nine lentils and a half, but consented, after some haggling, to call it plain thirty-nine.

Mr. RUBE JACKSON had seventy-two beans, but owed the bank seventy-five. He settled the difference with coin. All accounts had now been squared except that of Mr. WILLIAMS.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH emptied the beans into his hat, put the pack into his pocket and made away with the stuffed wallet. Every eye was fixed on Mr. WILLIAMS.

“Look hyar, niggah—whar's de cash for dese beans?” asked that gentleman of the banker.

By way of reply Mr. SMITH emptied the bank upon the table and desired the Committee of the Whole to count it. The return was nine hundred and seventy-two beans. Then said Mr. SMITH, impressively:

“I only had fo' hundred an' sixty beans ter start; I 'se wonned all de jackers and mos' ob de stray tussels, an' yet I 'se a dollah fohty-two out. Dis bank's solvent as long 's de bettin 's squar', but de debbil himse'f cawnt cash agin de man wat 's got a umbrella-case full o' beans dribblin from his sleeve. *No sah*, Dis bank am suspended.”

The Club adjourned.

\* \* \*

OUR highly esteemed contemporary, the *New York Sun*, has awakened by its ponderous bass Holman drum, a responsive and brotherly toot from the *Watseka (Illinois) Times*. These are dark days, indeed, for the Republican party. When the *Watseka (Illinois) Times* boldly joins the *Sun* in pronouncing for Mr. Holman, it is useless to disguise the fact that the case is settled. It is a foregone conclusion, then, that we are to have Mr. Holman in '84.

\* \* \*

“WHEW! Good gracious, let me cool off before you ask me how I did it. Maybe you don't believe in bull luck now?”—*George Hoadly*.





**THE ECONOMY OF KEEPING YOUR OWN HORSES.**

*Paterfamilias* who has just returned, having been away all Summer : WHY DO N'T YOU RIDE YOUR OWN HORSE, JULIA ?

*Julia* : WHY ! DIDN'T WE WRITE YOU ABOUT HER ACCIDENT ? HARRY TRIED TO JUMP A FENCE WITH HER AND SHE FELL, AND GIBSON SAYS SHE WILL NEVER BE GOOD FOR ANYTHING AGAIN.

*Paterfamilias* : GOOD HEAVENS ! WHY DIDN'T THE BOOBY RIDE HIS OWN HORSE ?

*Julia* : HE SOLD HIM TO PAY HIS COLLEGE DEBTS.

*Paterfamilias* : AND WHAT HORSE IS THIS, PRAY ?

*Julia* : OH THIS IS ONE OF THE LIVERY STABLE THINGS WE HAVE BEEN RIDING ALL SUMMER.

*Paterfamilias* finds the result of his attempt at economy to be as follows :

DR. to Livery Stable,	\$ 472 93
Ruined Pony,	580 00
Difference between sum paid for Harry's horse and what he brought at auction,	391 00
	\$1,443 93

**HER CHARACTER ALBUM.**

YOU asked me to write in your album;  
I knew, as I took it away,  
I should always be rueing the folly  
Of what I should probably say.

I must name my pet detestation ?  
How can you deny that you knew  
The thing that I dislike most keenly  
Is being disliked by you ?

To reveal my most cherished ambition ?  
Ah, that's too ambitious to show ;  
Beside—you would hardly forgive me  
If I should let every one know.

So to state for which one of the vices  
I am conscious of feeling most ruth,  
I confess, in a character album,  
It would be the concealment of truth.

A. G. W.

## OVERHEARD ON THE STREET.

MRS. A. } *as they rush into each other's arms:*  
 Mrs. B. }

"Oh, you *dear* creature, I am *so* glad to see you!  
 "Oh, my *darling!* when did you get back? Looking so  
 How 've you been all summer? and how's that *handsome*  
*well* too! Did you have fun at Mount Desert? Mr. A. as  
 husband of yours? Did you like Lenox? Is the *baby*  
 good-looking as ever, I suppose? How's that *cherub* of a  
 well? How many teeth 's he got? What a *sweetingly*  
 child? *Hardly knew* you at first, you've grown so much  
 becoming bonnet! Why, your hair's bleached almost a  
 thinner! Ain't you *very much* pleased?—and you have n't  
*shade* lighter, has n't it? But I'm in a *tearing* hurry!  
 got a freckle either! Good-bye, love; I'm just rushing up  
 I've been running all 'round to find a *cook*. Good-bye,  
 town after a waitress. Mine 's gone away. *Do* come and  
 dear; come-and-see me-soon."  
 see me! You—know—my—number!"

(*They separate and fly in opposite directions. Time of*  
*conversation, just twenty-three and one-fifth seconds.*)

H. L. S.

## QUOTED.

"*Alice is but the truth in masquerade.*"

BETWEEN the dances, she and I  
 Stole softly from the gaslight's glare  
 And gossip's ever evil eye,  
 And sought a seat upon the stair;  
 She, stately as a queen, looked through  
 Her satin mask of sombre hue,  
 And talked, while breaths of summer blew  
 The roses in her hair.

Soft compliments in gentle words  
 Slipped lightly from her lips and fell,  
 Like music made by merry birds,  
 Deep in my heart's strong citadel;  
 And I—ah, how I longed to know  
 What maiden guessed my secrets so;  
 For when I asked her to bestow  
 Her name, she would n't tell.

So when for me she had confessed,  
 Behind the mask, her heart, I laid  
 One hand upon my larboard breast  
 And vowed I 'd love no other maid;  
 Alas, she raised the mask and shut  
 The door of Cupid's humble hut,  
 And lightly said her words were "but  
 The truth in masquerade."

F. D. S.

A TRAVELLER has thus condensed his impressions  
 of the two English speaking countries: England,  
 cut-tail; America, cocktail.

## HARK FROM THE TOMBS!

OR,

A WOMAN'S REASON.

A NOVEL, BY

W—M D—H—W—LLS

*All rights reserved. Marquis of Queensberry Rules to Govern.*

GROAN THE FIRST.

A CAB stopped at No.—Harrison Ave., and a  
 young lady got out backwards with that charm-  
 ing grace peculiar to the ladies of Boston.

She was tall and slender; not pretty, but interest-  
 ing. She toed-in somewhat, and was obliged to wear  
 pastern boots to prevent injury from "interfering."  
 She was just eighteen, and had been so for quite a  
 number of years. Her clothes, considering that they  
 were made in Boston, were not so bad as they might  
 have been.

Her name was Clara Louise Michel D'Arkness, and  
 with a bonnet-box in one hand and a Washington pie  
 in the other, she turned to enter the paternal mansion,  
 when suddenly the door was opened from within, and  
 a policeman stood on the threshold. "Whew!" ex-  
 claimed Clara with the dreamy languor of Boston's first  
 society. "How you scared me!" The policeman  
 smiled and answered, "I've just fetched your Pa  
 home; he's got 'em fearful this time, and I put him  
 on the sofy in the library."

Clara thanked him cordially and passed into the  
 room mentioned, where she found that her father had  
 stopped breathing and died, and in consequence, all  
 her pretty new summer dresses would have to be dyed  
 too, and she naturally felt indignant.

However, after a light lunch of champagne and red  
 herrings, she recovered so far as to be able to read a  
 letter which she found awaiting her. The letter was  
 from Moses Benton. Now Moses was a sort of duplex  
 elliptic foster-brother of Clara's. He had been found  
 one morning floating in a basket on the doorstep, to-  
 gether with a letter of introduction which proved him  
 to be a member of such an old and distinguished  
 Boston family that Mr. D'Arkness at once adopted  
 him.

Moses was at present in the U. S. Navy, and was  
 kept very busy training the Government trotting horses  
 at Mystic Park. He now wrote to ask Clara to run out  
 to the Park some day and marry him, as it was very  
 lonesome out there, and he could not leave, as one of  
 his horses was down with the Botts and the other had  
 the Mumps.

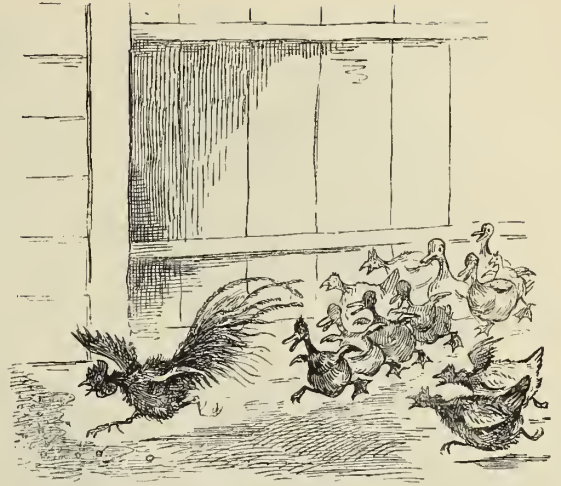
Clara immediately sent him a postal card, saying that,  
 considering the size of his income, she felt herself in-  
 sulted, and wished him to emphatically understand  
 that she could never be anything more to him than a  
 sister or housekeeper.

This brought Moses up to town in a fine mood, and





FARMER SMITHERS JOINS A TEMPERANCE CLUB AND THROWS OUT HIS BRANDIED CHERRIES.



THE POULTRY GATHER TO THE FEAST.



RESULT.

he told Clara that she was unfeeling and heartless, and needed toe-weights on her conscience, but she only laughed and told him to go and get a glass of sarsaparilla soda and he'd feel worlds better. Whereupon Moses went and drowned himself in the Brewer fountain.

The next day Clara went to spend a few days at Cohasset with her father's old friend, Captain Perafel Suttan.

Now Captain Suttan was one of those rare exotics

known as self-made men. He had begun life as commander of a canal boat, but suffered so from sea-sickness that he was obliged to resign. After this he turned his attention to the ministry, but finding that there was no money in this branch of industry, he gave it up and became an undertaker, and, during the summer months, kept a boarding house at Cohasset. These two professions dovetailed together most beautifully, the result of his summer labors keeping him fully employed during the winter.



### STREET SCENE IN WASHINGTON.

THE GREAT CHIEFS, BLOOMING-THUNDER, DID N'T-KNOW-IT-WAS-LOADED, MAN-WITH-THE-BEE-IN-HIS-BONNET, BUSTED-FLUSH AND SON-OF-A-GUN, FIND AT LAST, IN THE CAPITAL, SOMETHING WHICH REMINDS THEM OF HOME.

But to return. Among the sutler's boarders, Clara found a really and truly English lord by the name of Rainhard, with a coat of arms, consisting of three umbrellas, rampant, and two foxes, scootant, and the motto, "*Nella primavera andrà bene.*"\*

Now, Clara had never known but one other nobleman, and as he had turned out to be a waiter, she looked upon young Rainhard with considerable suspicion, and made him fairly jump by asking if he had come over in the steerage.

Rainhard, like most good young men, did not possess a prepossessing exterior. He began by being very large in the region of the feet, and tapered rapidly afterward, until his ears were reached; these were huge, and as they stood out straight from his head, were a great assistance to him when going before the wind. As his head had never hardened on top, he kept it shaved and kalsomined, and altogether his appearance rather justified Clara's suspicions, and showed her good sense in refusing him the first time he offered himself.

#### GROAN THE SECOND.

IT now struck Clara that, as her father had left her penniless, she had better be doing something towards earning her living. She therefore went up to town and assisted at the auction sale of her old home

by running the bidding up so skilfully that the auctioneer immediately offered himself to her. After this she went to a boarding-house at the "south end," settled herself, and hung out the following sign!

"Madame Celeste,  
Clairvoyant Physician,  
Room 3. Do n't ring."

Patients, however, proved scarce, and finally, when one did turn up, Clara came so fearfully near killing him that she got frightened and took down her sign.

She next turned her attention to soliciting red flannel handkerchiefs for the heathen of South Africa, and failed to make up a dozen.

By this time our heroine was thoroughly discouraged, and in addition to everything else, all the cabmen to whom she owed money, formed a cab-stand in front of the house and spent their leisure moments in dunning her.

At this juncture, however, she was smitten with a brilliant idea!—she would become a performing bicyclist! like the young lady she had once seen at the Howard Athenæum. So hurrying to the rink, and forgetting she was pigeon-toed, she mounted a machine and started off, but alas! the toes of both feet caught in the spokes of the wheel, and she landed in the Mass. General Hospital!

Here she was treated with every consideration, as the employés imagined her to be a person of vast

\* It will be all right in the spring.



importance from the fact that a cab-stand sprang up in front of the hospital soon after her arrival; and, a week later, when she was discharged, the cabs all followed her, the effect being that of an Irish funeral, beautiful to behold.

Clara was now desperate, and felt that the only thing left for her to do was to investigate the financial condition of young Rainhard and make what use of him she could. So with this object in view she hooked a ride on a freight train to Cohasset, where, on arriving, she found his Lordship very low and delirious with malarial fever. She also found, while rummaging among his effects, a check for half a million dollars, so she immediately sent for a clergyman and was then and there married to him,—not without difficulty, however, for she was obliged to shake the responses out of him very gingerly indeed.

The moment the ceremony was over, however, Rainhard sat up and took off his ears, eyebrows, and wig.

"*It's Moses!*" shrieked Clara and sat down on the floor.

Moses smiled, and the Parrot which he had brought with him from his desert island, chuckled audibly.

"Is the check bogus?" gasped Clara.

"No," answered Moses, "it was given me for my novel, 'Robinson Crusoe,' just published in the 'Century,' and as the theme was so very original, the editor let me fill out the check to suit myself."

"And O Mose!" said Clara, "you know I always loved you!"

"Yes," said Moses, "always; and the Parrot, sitting on the pallid bust of Phallas, the trotting horse, took up the refrain and murmured softly "Always,—Always!"

ROLAND KING.

THE END.

"THE LIGHT OF ASIA."—Chinese lanterns.

RONDEAU.

(On a tress found in an old folio of Wycherly.)

SOME dead girl's hair! Ah, who can say  
If next a fond heart once it lay;  
Or, cast with cynic jest aside,  
Was after used—since some deride—  
To mark this rare old, vicious play?

Haply its owner had her day  
Of rout, intrigue and passion's sway,  
Whose latest subject prized with pride  
Some dead girl's hair!

Or yet, perchance, a curled *roué*  
Came soft-shod, seeking his pure prey;  
Playwrights, ye know how men have lied,  
How weary hearts, betrayed, have sighed—  
Was this her guage-tress flung away—  
Some dead girl's hair?

JOHN MORAN.

VERY FUNNY, INDEED.

'T IS strange that such an awkward man  
Should be so full of Grace;  
'T is strange that such a sinful man  
With her should find his place.

'T is strange that such a carnal man  
So longs for Grace at meals,  
And prays for Grace, and lives for Grace,  
And light o' Grace e'er feels.

O, why should a respected man  
Fear his good name misplaced—  
Fear that upon some woful day  
He'll find himself *dis-Graced?*

'T is strange, three days of Grace enough  
To many men appears,  
While yet I'd discontented be  
With forty thousand years.

E. L. F.



IT is said that the author of "The Breadwinners" and the author of "A Newport Aquarelle" have both been discovered by the college of Boston critics. This is tremendously interesting news. It is of great moment to know that either book had an author, and it is only with a thrill that we can pause to contemplate the fact that the author is known to the college of Boston critics. Wise critics! Great authors! But, will somebody please tell us if either book is worth the miserable fuss made over it?

WE are glad to welcome into the world "The English Illustrated Magazine" issued by Macmillan & Co., which goes at sixpence. If the contents of the initial number are not above the standard adopted by its conductors, the magazine will not search long for public favor. Papers by Huxley, William Black and Maitland, a poem by Swinburne, and the opening chapters of a new novel by Charlotte Yonge, all illustrated with exquisite taste and skill, are among the attractions it offers. There is abundant room in the field, and the *debut* of so dainty and scholarly a periodical can be hailed but with pleasure.



LET APPETITE YIELD TO REASON.



SALVE,

*Britannia* : WHY, COLUMBIA, DEAR, YOU DON'T SEEM TO REALIZE HOW

*Columbia* (from across the pond) : O, YES, HE WILL ; YOU FORGET

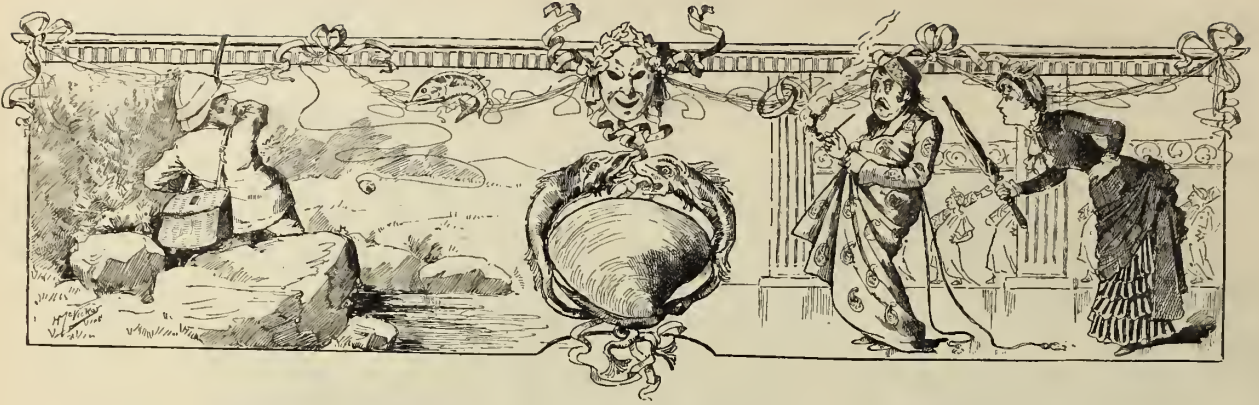




IRVING!

IMMENSE HENRY IS. HE CAN NEVER GET UNDER THAT LITTLE ARCH!

WHAT A DIFFERENT SCALE EVERYTHING IS OVER HERE.



## DE PROFUNDIS CLAM-AV-I.

A FISHERMAN on trout intent  
Had cast his line right merrily ;  
He wanted trout, and never meant  
With other fish to be content ;  
And so he fished quite warily.

But when at last a bite he got,  
And hauled in with celerity,  
Instead of trout, for which he sought,  
He found that he a clam had caught,  
Despite his great dexterity.

I loved a very stately maid ;  
She bore herself impressively ;  
With manner grand, demeanor staid,  
She was a most impressive maid.  
I loved her quite excessively.

I married that majestic girl,  
Rejecting others scornfully.  
I thought I had of pearls the pearl,  
I never saw so grand a girl ;  
But now I mourn quite mournfully.

Well !

It was a really handsome clam,  
Quite free from pomp and vanity ;  
But still the fisherman said, " Dam !  
'T is not a trout ; 't is but a clam,  
And therefore my profanity."

H. A. FREEMAN.

## MOTTOES FOR THE MANY.

- THE Judge's.—Make way while the Court fines.  
The son-in-law's.—A bride cometh before a squall.  
The bird fancier's.—All that twitters is not sold.  
John Kelly's.—Civil service reform fathers no boss.  
The plumber's.—It never drains but it costs.  
The cremationist's.—One good urn preserves you, brother.  
The dunn's.—Where there 's a bill there 's a pay.  
The priest's.—While there 's life, there 's Pope.  
The dairymaid's.—It 's a cold day that has no churning.

J. J. J.

## AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

No. VI.

"The art of our necessities is strange,  
That can make vile things precious. Come—your hovel !  
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart,  
That 's sorry yet for thee."—*Leary*, III., 2.

THE author of these papers regrets to announce to his several gratuitous correspondents of the week past, that he has been compelled to exile their contributions to that mysterious wicker bourn whence no contribution ever returns.

"Why not touch up Mrs. DE PUGSBY ?" asks a fair, but, I fear, somewhat malicious one of these. "She has an income of exactly \$3,600 a year, and she spends \$3,000 of that in house rent, that she may live on Fifth Avenue. Madame CRETONNE told me yesterday that she has owed her \$761 for two years, and I *know* that last Thursday BISQUE, the caterer, positively refused to furnish the dinner she was to give Mr. BELFAIR, the young English millionaire, on the ground that she had not paid for two served last spring. Her three daughters are so palpably in search of"—etc., etc.

Now, this is all very wrong. Why, in the name of humanity,



When a fellow mortal is already upon the rack, should gall and yssop be forced to her lips? Poor, dear Mrs. DE PUGSBY! I know her very well. Except to tradespeople, who somehow always bear the brunt of fashionable sins, there is not a more inoffensive person living. Her "little Mondays," as she calls them, are very enjoyable in a certain way, and the sangaree which she dispenses at precisely eleven o'clock on those luxurious occasions, is a miraculous exhibition of how far one bottle of claret can be made to go. You will meet, at all the little Mondays, the Rev. Mr. BROADVIEW, whose campaigns against Satan are so polite that the most sensitive of sinners listening could not feel himself personally aggrieved; you can hear the exquisite rippling French of Monsieur PETTIPOIS, the eminent professor of Continental language, to whom a would-be girl pupil must be formally introduced by a person of acknowledged social standing, before she can be admitted to his class; you can enjoy Herr DONNERBRETZEL's latest improvisation, which bears so close a semblance to something by Liszt that for the life of you you cannot tell why Liszt is so honored and DONNERBRETZEL so unsung; you can chat with a real Baron (German) who is a *virtuoso* on the violin, and breathe the same air which is breathed by Mr. MARJORIBANKS CHOLMONDELY FITZ-SIDDON, who, it is whispered, is the fourth son of the Hon. GEOFFREY FITZ-SIDDON, M. P., whoever he is, from Griggsbury, wherever that is—and, in short, be on affable terms with quite a number of great and delightful people. Later in the evening, when the spoonful of sangaree apiece has fired the ambition of all hands round, the real spirit of the little Mondays begins to assert itself. Then it is that Miss AGNES DE PUGSBY's latest French poem, written after only nine lessons from Mons. PETTIPOIS, will be read by the learned professor himself; Miss Ethel will be persuaded, after much difficulty, to bring down from her studio on the fourth floor, the unfinished pastelle portrait of Lady AUREA BEAUCHAMP, the latest London success, which everybody present, never having seen Lady AUREA, pronounces to be a speaking likeness; the Baron will recite his favorite passage from Heine, which fortunately his hearers cannot understand; Mr. CHOLMONDELY FITZ-SIDDON will relate again, by unanimous request, his excruciatingly funny story of how the young EARL of CLAWHAMMER snubbed Mr. TOMKINS, the rich American, at the Savage Club, last season; and, as a grand *finale*, Mrs. DE PUGSBY herself, after a half hour of wild pleading, expostulation and argument, will consent to send cold chills up and down everybody's spine by warbling in a voice as thin and sharp as was the precious sangaree, a little song she once composed in French, taught her by Mons. PETTIPOIS, and set to music by no less a *maestro* than the great DONNERBRETZEL himself. The preparations for this enormous event are fittingly impressive. The piano stool is screwed up by Miss ETHEL DE PUGSBY and then down by Mr. CHOLMONDELY FITZ-SIDDON, who rushes to assist her, and who is said to be—but that is gossip; the Baron, aided by Miss DE PUGSBY—and, dear me, how long it takes them!—combs over the music rack to find the song; Herr DONNERBRETZEL seats himself and hammers out a preliminary agony; Mons. PETTIPOIS twists his moustache and falls into his favorite pose, and Mr. BROADVIEW adds a last entreaty to those already brought to bear upon the shrinking lady, and himself escorts Mrs. DE PUGSBY to the piano. Then the Baron evolves his violin from its case, causes it to emit one or two dozen of those delightful little squeals without which no violin can be scientifically tuned; a polite hush falls upon the company, and then,



HOME INFLUENCE.

*Mama (aghast)* : MARY, YOU DO N'T MEAN TO SAY YOU REFUSED HIM!

*Miss Mary* : CERTAINLY; HE SAID HE HAD ONLY TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

*Mama* : GOODNESS GRACIOUS! TEN THOUSAND! WHEN WE UNDERSTOOD HE WAS RICH! AND NOW, TO THINK OF THE DINNERS AND TIME AND POLITENESS WE 'VE WASTED ON THE CREATURE!

with a simultaneous whoop, scrape, rattle and bang of all three performers together, the triumph of the evening begins.

Of course it must be admitted, that between the tremendous delirium of the thumped piano and the frenzied yelps of the rasped violin, Mrs. DE PUGSBY's voice has but little chance, but it is heard once or twice above the tumult, especially towards the bitter end, and of course, provoked a whirlwind of enthusiasm and an encore. And so the little Monday ends, very delightfully indeed.

Now why should Mrs. DE PUGSBY be "touched up," by LIFE or by anybody? She does nobody harm. I have yet to hear her make one malicious remark concerning the bitterest enemy, while her charity for her neighbor's short-comings covers many a flagrant sin. Her's is a bitter lot—a cruel cross to bear; the meanest artisan from his tenement hell would not change places with her, did he know her as I do. Why then add a straw to the burden?

It may be said that Mrs. DE PUGSBY is a deceiver; that she lives in a state not properly hers; that she starves to shine, and shines to no purpose. Well? God help us, we are liars all, one way or another; and poor, dear, little Mrs. DE PUGSBY with her Fifth Ave-





*Aunt Lindy:* FO' DE LIFE O' ME, CHILE, I CAW N'T 'MAGIN WHY YO 'SE SO LITTLE.

*Winnie:* WHAD A 'DICKLUS QUESTION. I WAS B'ON LITTLE—DAT 'S WHY. YO' TINKS I MADE MYSE'F, DOES YER?

nue home and borrowed *coupe* and consumptive cake and dropsical sangaree, is no further from truth in appearances than is Mrs. VERBRUSQUE with her patronizing air and vulgar heart, or than Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, who tip-tilts her nose with aristocratic pretense when, away down in her small soul, she knows as well as I do that her ancestors were merely a lot of plain, grubbing Dutch squatters who would have ended their days in jail had there been anything like justice in the country at the time they flourished.

To Mrs. DE PUGSBY, those meagre little Mondays are bread, meat, fame, honor—life itself. To live in a Harlem flat, or on an unfashionable street, with never a Baron or a fashionable Professor, or a FITZ-SIDDON to dose with weakly sangaree, would be worse than death itself. To be sure, there her paltry \$3,600 might buy her food and raiment both comfortable and generous; tradespeople would not pester her doors; the postman would be less burdened with the yellow-covered threats of the grocer, the insult of the butcher and the heartrending appeal of the coal man; Madame CRETONNE would not be able to entertain her customers with the narration of that wrong which is now her theme, and Mrs. DE PUGSBY herself would not shrink with affright whenever she heard the door bell ring at odd hours, nor be compelled to take long detours in order to avoid passing cer-

tain shops in her walk. But her manner of life is a social necessity. She deceives no one. Not one of those who frequent the little Mondays are blind to what her life costs Mrs. DE PUGSBY. But this is a merciless world. The Professor laughs at her with his class; the German Baron declares that she runs him to death with invitations, and he is compelled to go; FITZ-SIDDON titters when the little Mondays are mentioned, and declares, he attends because it reminds him of the Zoo; and the great DONNERBRETZEL, with the usual German brutality, roars to his other pupils at her claims to a voice, and swears that he must either drown her high notes by the accompaniment, or go mad.

But why the necessity, you ask? Ah, lover of SOCIETY'S gloved applause, can you not understand! Would the *Home Journal*, or the *Times* or *Tribune*, or *Sun* or *World*, or the toady-in-chief, our esteemed pink contemporary the *Telegram*, ever mention Mrs. DE PUGSBY'S annual return from summer starvation as they do now, did she live honestly within her means in Harlem? Would the great Mrs. KORKA-WALLOON send her by a servant that annual card, did she not dwell on the Avenue? Would Mrs. STILTON or Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMMONS ever call upon her, or Mrs. VAN KANTALOUPE give her upon the drive that nod of mingled insolence and condescension, were she modestly and dutifully what she should be? No. This is her price. These are the straws she catches at—the sedge on the shore of that land she may see but never enter. Of all the hard-pushed poor in this teeming metropolis—of all that know necessity's sharp pinch and the grinding of the world's heel, none more to be pitied than she. Touch *her* up, indeed! God forbid.

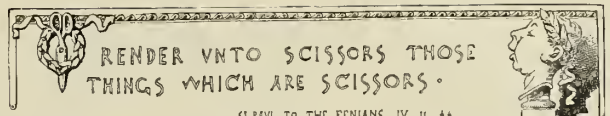


MR. CHARLES COGHLAN is an English actor who won much reputation here a few years ago. Then he went back to England, and was only induced to make a second visit to these United States by the æsthetic Mr. Stetson, who runs the *Police News* and the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Mr. Stetson has proved himself to be, in spite of his affiliations, an exceedingly liberal and enterprising manager. Rising to the spirit of the times, he girded up his loins for the purpose of getting together a stock company. That is no easy matter, by any means. Leading men and women are wonderfully rare creatures in these days. Most of those we know are obnoxious in one way or another. Mr. Stetson, however, sent a man to England, who prevailed upon Mr. Coghlan and Miss Florence Gerard to forego the luxuries of a higher civilization and to settle in New York. The two came to New York and appeared last week at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in "Money." Mr. Coghlan, it is understood, receives \$700 a week for his services as "leading man." Ah! would that we were all leading men. There is Mr. Mantell, over at the Fourteenth St. Theatre, who has made a sensation by his really vigorous and charming acting as "Fédora." Mr. Mantell was unknown two weeks ago. We looked upon him as a country bumpkin. But the bumpkin turned out a jewel of a leading man, and all the heads of theatres wanted to gobble him up immediately. Mr. Mantell was finally gobbled, for next year, by the Madison Square Theatre. Now what I want to say particularly is this: Mr. Coghlan is not worth—far from it—\$700 a week. Take his performances of Alfred Evelyn in "Money" as



an example of his acting. He jerks himself about the stage as though he was on hinges. He speaks as though his voice were pumped up by some infernal—if not infernal—machine. He swaggers as if he owned the stage. There is a conspicuous lack of spontaneity, ease, grace, self-power in all that he does. I am not saying that Mr. Coghlan is a bad actor. There are men who are strong in spite of their faults. Mr. Coghlan is, to some extent, one of these men. He has a particularly fine intelligence. He is, like some troublesome poetry, immediately suggestive. He has the spirit of an artist. In characters which suit him perfectly, he is quite an artist. But—Mr. Coghlan is not worth his price. He should not have been imported at his price. However, Mr. Stetson stands the load, and has a right to pay for the whistle. Perhaps Mr. Coghlan was unfortunate when he chose to appear as Evelyn. The character is preposterous, farcical, stupid. Imagine a man who persists in doing and saying silly things, and who is, at the same time, a *boseur* for culture and refined cynicism. Were there ever two more exasperating persons than Evelyn and Clara Douglas? She talks of his cruelty, and he talks of her falsity. Naturally, they avoid a sensible explanation. When they can do nothing better, the one rails and the other weeps. Bulwer, it must be admitted, was guilty of some formidable literary crimes. But when he wrote "Money," he should have been squelched energetically. Was he squelched? Not at all. "Money" has been accounted a successful play. Its morality is soothing to the mob. Its gush and flummery inspire the tender hearts of women. Its noble picture of a hero who is constantly demanding ten pounds for his nurse, awakens deep emotions of philanthropy and charity. Every one applauds Evelyn, and few imitate him. So runs the world. Miss Gerard makes some rather melancholy "faces" in the part of Clara Douglas. She appears, however, to be a respectable actress. Mr. Charles Wheatleigh and Mr. Waldon Ramsay do the best acting in "Money." Mrs. Chamberlain should not exhibit her stockings too wildly.

VIXEN.



ST PAUL TO THE PENIANS IV., II. 44.

THE knowledge that dead bodies can be preserved a long time in the Polar regions must be highly encouraging to Arctic explorers.—*Chicago Times.*

A MICHIGAN man who lost both legs in a saw-mill now sits round and tells about the terrible battles of the late war. That's the sawed-off man he is.—*Boston Post.*

"So your husband is a critic? Now tell me, does he always write just what he thinks about a play?" "Oh, dear, no! It would n't do. His paper goes into the best families, and profanity is out of the question."—*Boston Transcript.*

"No," said mamma, "we can have no idea of what God is. He is beyond our comprehension." "Mamma," replied little Edith, "I ark I know what God is like; he must be like a bis'op, onk p'aps not quite so gwand."—*Boston Transcript.*

THESE opera managers are shrewd. They start their people from the other side, one a day. Then it is telegraphed that Mme. Yelltherooff has sailed, and all the papers publish it. When she arrives the fact is announced, and the whole gang secure a heap of advertising for the show altogether.—*Boston Post.*

TWO "commercial tourists" met in the station the other day. "Hello, Charley," says No. 1, "have n't seen you in an age. What are yo doing now?" "Oh, I'm in the same old line," responds No. 2. "With the same house?" "Yes, the same old concern, but situated a little differently." "How is that?" "Well, I've got an interest." "Is that so? How long since?" "Since the 1st of the month." "How?" "Well, I dropped in the store at ten o'clock and the old man told me I had better take some interest in the business in future, or clear out. And so I took the interest."—*Boston Post.*

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N. Y. News: Queen Elizabeth's "golden days" were fashion's ruffest times.

THE hotel cook should be given a wide range.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

FORTY Chinamen have left California via a powder mill explosion.—*New York Morning Journal.*

By the way, a dog generally "comes to the scratch" in the attempt to "make both ends meet."—*Norristown Herald.*

"YES," said Mr. Byrnesmonkey, "Tawmus improved an opportunity given him to speak after that dinner by keeping still."—*Boston Post.*

WE read in an exchange of a young lady having been made crazy by a sudden kiss. This should teach young ladies to be constantly expecting something of that kind, and to be prepared for it when it comes.

"OUIDA" wishes the American press to contradict the recent statement that her health was delicate. We take pleasure in stating that there is nothing delicate about "Ouida."—*Detroit Free Press.*

PROFESSOR TO CLASS IN SURGERY—"The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind?" Bright Student—"Limp, too."—*German Joke.*

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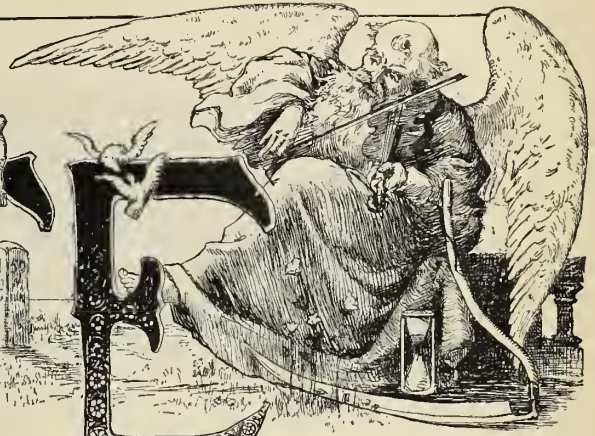
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# LIFE



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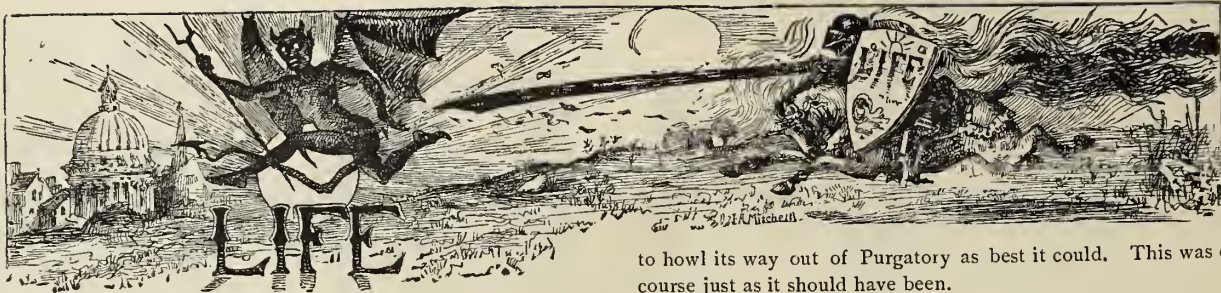
DR. JAM. A.



1155 Broadway NEW YORK

SHE COMES!





VOL. II. OCTOBER 25TH, 1883. NO. 43.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

OUR highly esteemed contemporary, the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, referring to the recent celebration in Newburgh, says: "Hundreds of persons made the rounds, seeking shelter from hotel keepers, boarding houses, and even personal friends, but found all full." This is scandalous, and scarcely credible. We can readily understand how, in the general enthusiasm, some few dissolute persons may have been inordinately convivial, but that the whole town, including personal friends of visitors, were full, is beyond belief.

\* \* \*

"I WAS somewhat in doubt of my chance in the campaign until Mr. DANA published my portrait. Now it is settled. Please have my name spelled correctly in the obituaries, and please do not mix me up with liver pads."—HOLMAN.

\* \* \*

WE are pleased to notice the fine distinctions made by the Holy Mother Church in the bringing home with bell and burial of her dead children. Two weeks ago a man died in a garret in this city of many spires. That he was a hardened and despicable wretch there can be no doubt, for two years had passed since he had contributed anything to the Fund for the Erection of an Altar to ST. JOSEPH, or the Fund for the Pyx and Monstrance for the chapel of ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, or paid his dues to the Sodality of the BLESSED VIRGIN, or ordered a \$5 mass for the repose of the soul of his grandmother, or subscribed to the Peter's Pence or any other of the thousand and one policy schemes so dear to the Catholic heart.

It is true that before that time he was a most devout investor in these little heavenly bonds, and that since then he had been so addicted to consumption as not to be able to buy bread for his children, much less be liberal with his confessor. But this should not be weighed in his favor. He died in a lampless garret, with only his starving wife and brats to console him in his last moments. Next day, doubtlessly insane, the depraved wife applied to the priest for permission to have him buried from the church to the support of which he had formerly contributed. This brazen impudence was properly rebuked by the austere man of God, who, with that fine business instinct so carefully cultivated by the MOTHER CHURCH, informed the bold lunatic that it was \$10 or no prayers. And so the body of the dead consumptive was buried by the coroner in potter's field, and his soul was left

to howl its way out of Purgatory as best it could. This was of course just as it should have been.

Contrast with this the affection shown last week by the MOTHER CHURCH for Mr. JOHNNY WALSH and Mr. JOHNNY IRVING, the two gentlemen who, having promised to kill each other on sight, were honorable enough to keep their word in the saloon of Mr. SHANG DRAPER. Both were men of influence and standing in the community—so much so that their portraits were several times taken to order at the expense of the city, and each in his day had been the guest of the State. The misunderstanding which led to the demise of both these gentlemen it is unnecessary now to comment upon, but suffice it to say that it was the outgrowth of their profession, and therefore pardonable. Mr. IRVING went gunning for Mr. WALSH, and winged him. Mr. WALSH promptly drew, and killed Mr. IRVING, and then Mr. PORTER, a friend of Mr. IRVING, killed Mr. WALSH. Both Messrs. IRVING and WALSH, therefore, died in the very act of murder, for Mr. WALSH was as anxious to settle Mr. IRVING as Mr. IRVING was to settle Mr. WALSH. Here was a clear chance for MOTHER CHURCH to exhibit her appreciation, and accordingly there were blessings and incense and holy water plenty, and the remains of both gentlemen were laid away to rest in consecrated ground with the other saints. Price, \$275.00.

It might be said by ribald scoffers that this would make it appear that money can buy anything in the Church. This would be a monstrous libel. The facts we have just cited show it is quite the reverse.

\* \* \*

THE impression gained abroad that Mr. George Vanderbilt was about to become a newspaper reporter, probably arose from the fact that Mr. Swinton was about to start a journal. No newspaper man, according to Mr. Swinton, receives less than \$2,000,000 a year.

\* \* \*

"THE public makes as much fuss over my grip experiments and delay as if it owned the Bridge. I want it known that me and the Trustys is running this thing, and if it is n't my grip what's to go, it's no grip. That's flat."—Paine.

\* \* \*

MONSIGNOR CAPEL says that the theologians of his church can hold their own, even in science, against all comers. We should say so. What was the name of that American who lost 13,000 francs trying to teach a theologian draw poker last winter in Brussels?"

\* \* \*

UNLESS France makes ampler reparation for the insult offered him in the Parisian streets, King Alfonso says he will order the Spanish minister to quit Paris. There it goes again—the savage, merciless, Castilian spirit of revenge—the disposition to crush and annihilate—the terrible, blood-curdling Spanish vendetta. For Heaven's sake, where is the Congress of Powers?





### A VICTORIOUS DEFEAT.

*Miss Belle Fisher :* I CAN NOT TELL YOU HOW SORRY I AM! I NEVER SUSPECTED FOR A MOMENT THAT—

*Young Jameson from Indiana :* OH! THAT'S ALL RIGHT; DO N'T LET THAT WORRY YOU. WHY, MISS FISHER, I HAVE BEEN REFUSED BY NINE GIRLS IN ONE SUMMER! I POP IT TO 'EM BEFORE THEY ARE READY—THEY, OF COURSE, SAY NO, BUT GENERALLY IN A WAY THAT MIGHT MEAN YES, LATER.

*Miss B. F. :* THAT IS NOT THE CASE THIS TIME, I ASSURE YOU.

*Young J. :* OH, THAT'S WHAT THEY ALWAYS SAY, AND I PRETEND TO TAKE IT *au sérieux*. GIVES ME TIME TO THINK IT OVER, YOU KNOW. ISN'T THIS A GLORIOUS AFTERNOON!



THE BOOM IN JOURNALISM.

## DESCRIPTIVE DEFINITIONS.

*Locus*—Hoodlum.  
*Dam(n)as(s)cus*—Dude.  
*Crocus*—Rooster.  
*Bacchus*—Dunce.  
*Caucus*—Crow.  
*Discuss*—Ego.  
*Hocus*—Farmer.  
*Pocus*—Stoker.  
*Focus*—Enemy.

J. J. J.

“By the way, Brown, did I ever show you this?” said Jinks, as he fumbled in the inner breast-pocket of his coat for something or other.

“I do n't know,” replied Brown, turning a shade paler, “but if it's your tin-type, taken at Bar Harbor, with a tennis racquet in your hand, please do n't! Nine fellows have shown me theirs already this morning, and I can't stand seeing another!”

WHAT room would one expect to find in a castle in the air? A “brown study,” to be sure.

## A RARE CHANCE FOR A MANIAC.

INTERNATIONAL courtesy between England and America has of late been the rage. In the first place, England very politely paid \$15,000,000 to us as a reparation for the slight breach of manners involved in the fitting-out of the *Alabama*. In return, the United States paid England \$5,000,000 for the privilege of catching \$2,000,000 worth of fish in Canadian waters. Then we saluted the British flag at Yorktown, and England invited Mr. Lowell to unveil the bust of Fielding; while, not to be outdone by the “blarsted Island,” Mr. Villard asked the English aristocracy to a free blow over our continent. Mr. Field's monument to André, and the placing of the bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey, are fresh tokens of the esteem which the two nations have for each other. Another opportunity of showing our admiration for British institutions is offered us. In the *Boston Evening Transcript* the following notice appears:—

“Subscriptions are solicited for the purpose of placing a painted east window in Woodstock Church to the memory of the late Duke of Marlborough, and

will be thankfully received by Rev. Waldo Burnett, Southborough, Mass. The cost of the window will be £250, and the subjects the principal events in our Lord's life. Up to the latest advices £95 had been subscribed.”

Surely, this is an opportunity not to be neglected by our Anglomaniacs. Who would not cheerfully wear his last year's cover-coat, have his Lobb shoes tapped, or be a little behind the march of science in his cane or shirt-collar, if he felt that by the incidental saving he was contributing to the placing of a painted east window in Woodstock Church to the memory of the late Duke of Marlborough, especially if the window appropriately emblazoned the principal events in our Lord's life? To be sure, the late Duke was only famous for being descended from the great Churchill, who “sold his beardless honor for a rouleau of gold,” and for being one of the meanest men in England—who was an absentee to save expenses. But he was a British peer, and a real Duke, and if the reverend gentleman does not get the rest of the needed £250 in Boston, the field is white for the harvest in New York.



“CONDUCTORS MUST OBSERVE THIS RULE.”

“HOW did I become superintendent?” answered the railroad official. “Why, it was this way. I was conductor of the morning passenger express, and one day as we were coming down by the junction, we struck a misplaced switch, and ran into a freight train that was standing on the siding. As we were running about thirty-five miles an hour, of course it piled things up a good deal. Our engine was smashed all to pieces, the ‘smoker’ telescoped the baggage-car, and the forward passenger-coach ran up on the heap and rolled over. I was standing on the platform at the time the thing happened, and luckily was slung off about thirty feet beside the track. When I picked myself up everything was confusion, the air was filled with clouds of escaping steam, and about fifty passengers were somewhere in the wreck. Of course it was what you might call an ‘emergency,’ but there’s no such word as that in the company’s dictionary. I had my orders, and knew what to do. The roof of the smoking-car lay near me, and I heard a man crying out from underneath it. After about ten minutes’ work, I got the stuff all cleared away, and reached him. He was very weak and groaning.

“Oh, Heavens!” he said, “this timber presses on me so, I can’t move. Both my legs are broken below the knee.”

“Think you’ll be here till the next train?” I asked.

“Oh, yes,” he moaned.

“Then you’ll need a stop-over check, sir,” I said, and I made out a pasteboard and gave it to him.

“Young man,” he said, “I observe that you have neglected to fill in the day of the month, but, under the circumstances, your omission is excusable. I am a Director of the company, and, if I survive, your attention to duty shall be rewarded.”

The old gentleman pulled through, and is now Vice-President. That’s how I’m Superintendent, and—” he continued, musingly, as he fingered his lantern watch-charm, “I believe in the old saying that the ‘company has rights which the public is bound to respect, and rules which they must conform to.’”

H. L. SATTERLEE.



IT is not to be doubted that Mr. Edgar Fawcett has done some of his best work in the chapters of “An Ambitious Woman.” But there is an anti-climax of quality in the work. There is nothing in the closing chapters to be compared with the sombre and delicately drawn sketches of poetry which form the prelude to the ambitious Claire’s career. The episodes of one day overshadow all others—the day which ended with the death of Claire’s father. It would be hard to compress in a few pages more vivid description, combined with deep and varied feeling, than is found in the story of Claire’s lonely and terrible journey from Niblo’s across town to the ferry, fleeing from brutality.

It is when the scene changes to the splendors of Fifth Avenue that Mr. Fawcett’s faults become accentuated. He revels in descriptions of gorgeous costumes; they are well done, but literary tailoring and literary art cannot claim equal honors. Mr. Fawcett’s pen portraits of Sylvia Lee and Claire could be effectively introduced in a first-class fashion magazine with colored plate illustrations.

“You could tell at a glance that that butter was n’t old,” said Jones to his landlady.

“Of course it is n’t, sir!” she replied, much pleased; “but how can you tell, sir?”

“Why, I can see that it is n’t bald yet,” he answered softly, and for ten minutes naught broke the silence save the exclamations of a fly in the milk pitcher, who was unable to swim.



EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

“A CHINAMAN, Jack Hi;  
All broken up—black eye,”

Was all the cop, who brought him in, could give for pedigree.  
But when he went to bed,  
The nurse on duty said,  
He went through his devotions in a way that shamed Ward 3.  
And on our morning round,  
To our surprise we found  
His only useful optic on a Sankey Hymn-book fixed;  
But though he tried to say  
With glee, Y. M. C. A.,  
His ideas of the language were, with this exception, mixed.  
That very afternoon,  
We heard a fiendish tune  
That seemed to have its starting point somewhere about Ward 3.  
A visitor in black,  
Accompanied by Jack,  
And a penitent barkeeper, just over the D. T.  
He would n’t say a word  
To us, although we heard  
Him patiently at times repeat, in accents indistinct,  
An English word or two,  
Apparently askew,  
While the D. T. chap beside him encouragingly winked.  
In just about a week,  
Jack’s russet leather cheek  
Was wrinkled with the mildest of mild Mongolian grins,  
As his good friend again  
Appeared with an “Amen,”  
And a somewhat incoherent allusion to his sins.  
“Don-gimme-anee-slack,”  
Proudly responded Jack,  
Then, in quite an off-hand manner, he inquired what he’d take,  
With such supreme content  
He evidently meant  
That, “My Christian salutation appropriates the cake.”  
One scarcely could describe  
How, with a ribald jibe,  
He complacently desired us to tumble to the crank,  
Concluding with a phrase,  
Which, in these modern days,  
Is politely designated by a suggestive blank.  
The worthy man of tracts  
Skipped out between the acts,  
Shocked at the strange behavior of the innocent Chinese.  
The D. T. chap we bounced  
After we had announced  
That the reformation racket was played out in Ward 3.

J. F. D.

## AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.  
GRAND ITALIAN OPERA.

MONS. HENRI E. ABBÉ, - - - - - DIRECTOR.  
MR. GRAV MORRICE, - - - - - MANAGER.

THE FOLLOWING ARRAY OF TALENT:

SIG. CAMPAUOLI,  
SIG. HIGHCI, SIG. KEROSINI,  
SIG. VASILINI, SIG. HUPI DUDI,

AND

SIG. RUM PUNCHI, SIG. MUNKI, SIG. FUSSI;

Also the Celebrated Chinese Tenor,

SIG. WUN LUNGI.

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Mlle. SQUAWKI,

M'DME SALLILUNDI AND MISS SOMEDAY.

AN IMPORTED ORCHESTRA, UNDER THE  
LEADERSHIP OF SIGNOR SHAKASTIKI.

Opening Night, - - - - - "FAST," by *Gonot*.  
Opening Night, - - - - - "FAST," by *Gonot*.  
Opening Night, - - - - - "FAST," by *Gonot*.  
Fast (a giddy youth), - - - - - SIG. CAMPAUOLI.  
Mark-your-right, - - - - - Mlle. SQUAWKI.  
Mr. O'Pheles, - - - - - SIG. DIABLINI.  
Valentine, - - - - - SIG. RUM PUNCHI.

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\* \* A limited number of general admission tickets for the season will be issued at \$5,000 each, available for every performance.

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COL. MAPLESON, late of HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, takes pleasure in announcing that the season this year, as in the years gone by, will commence at the beginning.

The Following Engagements Have Been Made:

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Sig. Bellow, Sig. Basso, Sig. Kibordi, Sig. Baritoni, Sig. Shriki,  
Sig. Glasseye, and Sig. RUM PUNCHI.

*Prime Donne*.—M'dme. PATTI, de Foie Gras; M'lle DOTTI, the Dotlet on the i; Miss YORKE, of Yorkeville; M'dme. SOPRANI E. CONTRALTI, *né* Bassi.

Boots and Director of Music, - - - - - Sig. Hardatit.  
Tonsorial Department, - - - - - Sig. Rasori.  
Scenic Artist, - - - - - Sig. Paintpotti.  
Leader of Orchestra, - - - - - Mr. Hamm (Sig. Piggli).

*Premieres Danseuses*.—M'lle Umbrella, of La Scala, Milan; M'lle Shorti, of La Fenise, Venice; M'lle Fatti, of La Toni Piastre, Via Fourteenti.

First Performance, - - - - - "FORCED," by *Gonow*.  
Maggie Wright, - - - - - M'dme. PATTI.  
Meisto, - - - - - Sig. BELLOW, from Below.

and

First, - - - - - Sig. NEWNICKLINI.

Also positively

Valentino, - - - - - Sig. RUM-PUNCHI.

PATRONIZED BY THE OLDEST FAMILIES OF THIS CITY.

## THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

MASSACHUSETTS SURE TO GO EITHER FOR BUTLER  
OR ANTI-BUTLER.

[*Special to LIFE.*]

BOSTON, Oct. 19th, 1883.

INDICATIONS now point to the election of Gov. Butler by a rousing majority, Glory, Hallelujah. GEO. F. HOAR.

[*Special to LIFE.*]

BOSTON, Oct. 20th, 1883.

I can now state authoritatively, that Robinson's majority will be at least 10,000; Butler's Spooksbury argument is being freely circulated, and "skin ballots" are being distributed all through the state.

JOHN K. TARBOX.

[*Special to LIFE.*]

TEWKSBURY, Oct. 20th, 1883.

The paupers have come out solid for Butler. The "skin" games of the Republicans and lack of poultry in the chicken soup has made many enemies for the party in this quarter.

O. A.

BUTLER INTERVIEWED.

[*Special to LIFE.*]

Oct. 20th.

Your correspondent called on his Excellency this evening, and the following conversation occurred:

"Good evening, Governor?"

"Good evening," replied his Excellency, showing the urbanity which characterizes the man's private life, contrasting it so unfavorably and strongly with his demagogism as a public servant.

"Governor, I understand, you are deaf in both eyes?"

"That," said the Governor, "is a campaign lie. I am only paralysed in one eye, sir, at a time. The Republican party tries to make capital over a deformity which I have had the misfortune to own up to for the last ten years."

"Would you mind informing me how it was that this misfortune befell you?"

"Certainly not. I strained my eyes in regarding my political future. I watched both parties for several years, and they at first were widely divergent. They have now reached a common centre—spoils—and, naturally, my eyes have reached such a degree of concentration, that they bisect. That's all."

"How do you regard your chances in the coming election?"

"I am confident that I shall be."

"You shall be—er?" suggested the reporter.

"Yes, that I shall be," replied the Governor blinking blandly.

"You are confident then?"

"I am."

"Of what, your Excellency?"





‘OH BOSTON, CITY OF MY SOUL!

*Reginald (to his sister, as they walk up Beacon Street):* “OH, DEAR, THERE COMES THAT MAN I WAS INTRODUCED TO AT THE CLUB. HE’S DESCENDED FROM THE EARL OF COVENTRY ON HIS FATHER’S SIDE, BUT I CAN’T FIND OUT WHO HIS MOTHER’S GREAT GRANDFATHER WAS, SO I GUESS WE HAD BETTER CROSS OVER AND NOT SEE HIM.”

“Ah!” said the Statesman, as he smilingly left the room.

From this it is evident that Governor Butler fully expects to be. On the other hand, Mr. Geo. D. Robinson, the Republican candidate, claims the honor of being. It is a significant fact, however, that Mr. Robinson has engaged rooms in Washington for the coming winter. At the same time Gov. Butler is said by some to be seriously thinking of taking up his abode in Washington very soon at the old Hayes Temperance Union, on Pennsylvania Avenue, next door to the Treasury Department.

J. K. BANGS.

QUERY: Can Faith and Hope be called Sisters of Charity?

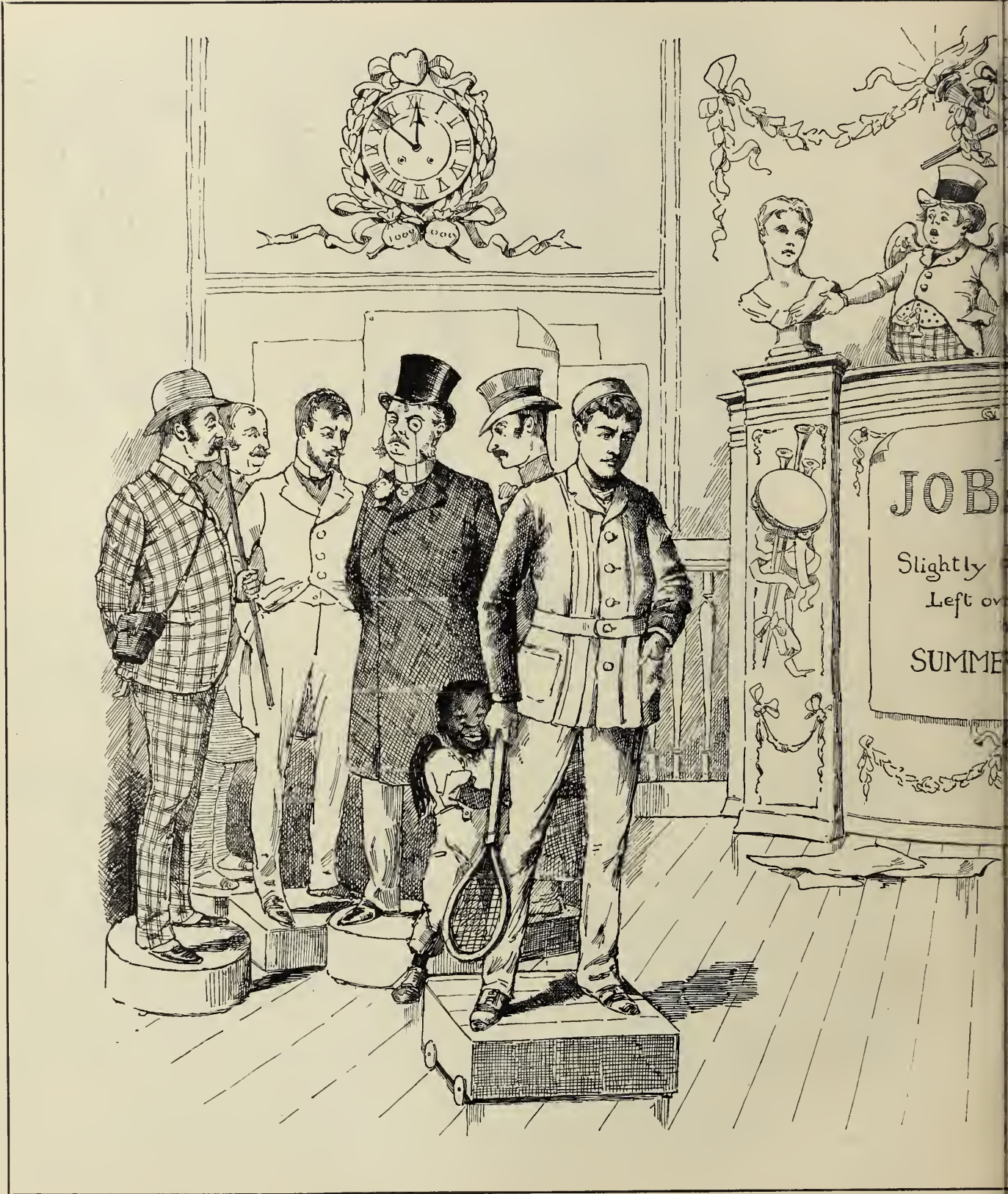
AN ÆSTHETIC ROSE.

HE gave her a wild-rose fresh with dew,  
 With the usual speech, “It resembles you.”  
 But the likeness some way she failed to see—  
 “What curious fancy he has,” said she,  
 “To liken me to this meagre flower  
 That falls apart in a single hour.”

Then he sent a rose in a hothouse grown,  
 The size of a peony fully blown;  
 Tobacco smoke was the strongest scent  
 Within its manifold petals blent.  
 “Ah, culture is everything,” said she;  
 “He might have likened this flower to me.”

A. G. W.





CUPID'S  
GOING! GOING! G





AUCTION.

3! BUT NEVER GONE!



### A RONDO OF YE HIE WYNDE<sup>E</sup>.

Y<sup>E</sup> Wanton Wynde<sup>e</sup> y<sup>t</sup> biteth Colde<sup>e</sup>  
 Y<sup>n</sup> most unseemlie Sport<sup>e</sup> and Bolde<sup>e</sup>  
 Dothe lift<sup>e</sup> A greavous Dust y<sup>t</sup> flies  
 Y<sup>n</sup> Mistresse Marjorie her Eyes,  
 Soe She maie not y<sup>e</sup> Path behold<sup>e</sup>.

Yett inne y<sup>e</sup> Waie (y<sup>t</sup> wyndinge ly<sup>es</sup>)  
 Y<sup>e</sup> Gallant sorely Try<sup>d</sup> lykewise  
 W<sup>th</sup> peevisch Wordes, wolde Gyb<sup>e</sup> & Scold<sup>e</sup>  
 Y<sup>e</sup> Wanton Wynde<sup>e</sup>.

Y<sup>e</sup> Frolick Breeze y<sup>s</sup> Plighte espy<sup>es</sup>  
 & dothe a Naughtie Prank devyse,—  
 Y<sup>t</sup> Mistresse Marjorie y<sup>s</sup> Roll<sup>d</sup>  
 Intoe y<sup>e</sup> Gallant's Clasp<sup>e</sup> & Folde,  
 Whyle She, alle Redd, berayt<sup>es</sup>, w<sup>th</sup> Sighes,  
 Y<sup>e</sup> Wanton Wynde<sup>e</sup>!

M. E. W.

### SOME DENTAL REFLECTIONS.

**T**HE dentist is the only man who is happiest when he is down in the mouth.

What makes the dentist happy is the thought that his profession like oatmeal is filling at the price.

The good dentist like the woodcock is known by the length of his bill.

No man but the dentist can produce a "holler" by filling a cavity.

The plumber is first cousin to the dentist.

"Dentist" does not mean one who makes dents, but applies rather to the man who discovers dents, where no one else ever suspected them.

IN a tight place.—A cork.

HARD pressed.—Cider apples.

SINE die.—S. J. T.

ON the tapis.—The carpet tack.

SURE pop.—Good champagne.

THE most unkindest cut of all.—A two-spot.

J. J. J.

### AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

No. VII.

"Your gentleman is polite custom's slave,  
 But fools and knaves are free."—*Semiramis. Act III.*

**M**AN naturally aspires to distinction. If there were no clothes, no language, no physical differences of form or feature, and no gradations of strength, mental, moral or muscular, there would still be fashion. One set of men would wear their hair flowing, and affect a diet of cocoanuts, and another set would use curl papers and confine themselves to bananas. The cocoanut clique would probably look down on the banana coterie, for the trees they frequented for dinner would be higher—and thus we would still have an aristocracy.

A pink monkey with a blue tail would undoubtedly excite the wildest envy in monkeys attired in the usual brown. Not that he would be a better monkey, or a wiser or a more agile, but merely because he would be different. He certainly would not be an agreeable monkey to look at, as numerous convivial gentlemen who have seen him will testify. Nevertheless, he would be among monkeys what the aristocrat is among men; all the



female monkeys would declare he was really too stylish to live, and even the most virulent of male monkeys would be compelled to admit, in monkey language, he was what in the French language is called *chic*. It would, therefore, be incumbent upon every monkey who took the least pride in himself to dye his back hair magenta, and paint his tail with a lively cobalt, or forever acknowledge himself to be the inferior of the monkey who set the fashion and of the monkeys who followed it.

Dismissing this lurid subject with a little bromide, we can apply the moral of it to the human species, and convey the result by a little illustration.

Several years ago it occurred unto Mr. RICHARD SARSANETT that he would like to possess a wife. In the earlier days of his struggle with fortune, he had been similarly seized with a conubial impression, but his courage had failed when he contemplated the gulf yawning between six dollars a week and happiness as a married man. Later on, when fortune was his and friends plenty, the club and turf furnished excitement enough, without an appeal to millinery bills and babies. Now, however, grown tired of baccarat and bacchanals and the carelessness of landladies, his thoughts turned wifeward with a vigor which surprised his old sin-weary heart, and his eyes were cast about for a chance to put the thought into execution.

About this time, strangely enough, it occurred to Miss EFFIE VAN TINSLE that she would like to have a husband. Six years before, when first she blossomed in the field of gayety, and JACK VAN DAZZLE, the great beau of the season, was laying floral siege to her, and the fortunes of such catches as GORDON DESBRO and LISPENARD VAN VRIES went begging for her acceptance, she laughed at the thought of tying herself to one man, and so danced heart-whole through traps and snares which many as fair a maiden just ached to get into. But, Time—that great scamp, who, in the end, gets the better of the best of us—Time finally bethought him that Miss EFFIE had reigned long enough, and so he brought out new stars and set them a-glimmering, and the poor merry ex-favorite found herself a drug on the market.

Now, it happened, likewise, that just in exact proportion to Mr. SARSANETT'S desire for a wife in general, was Mr. SARSANETT'S desire for an aristocratic wife in particular. Also did it happen that Miss EFFIE'S abstract ambition to secure a husband was in no ways inferior to her concrete preference that that husband should be rich. Hence, it was not surprising, that when Mr. SARSANETT met Miss VAN TINSLE and knew her to be aristocratic, he proposed to her, nor that Miss VAN TINSLE, on hearing that Mr. SARSANETT was worth several millions, accepted him. So it came to pass that the bells of Grace rang out one day a merry chime, and the two were wed.

This, as may be seen, was just one of those matches that Cupid delights in—one of those ennobling unions which dignify the name of love, and render the ceremony of marriage worthy of being called a sacrament. There were only two objections to it. One was that Miss VAN TINSLE'S haughty nostrils were exceedingly sensitive to the odor of calico. The other, that Mr. SARSANETT had unfortunately acquired a vulgar and obsolete notion that a wife should not flirt with other men.

Now there was just the least little suspicion of the odor of calico about Mr. SARSANETT, acquired during twenty years handling of that valuable material, and it would cling to him despite his most violent endeavors to shake it off. There was likewise in Miss VAN TINSLE a chronic dislike to the monotony of one



Clergyman: DRIVE ME TO NIBLO'S THEATRE.  
Cabby: ALL RIGHT SIR; STAGE DOOR, I SUPPOSE.

man's attentions, and a pardonable partiality for the attentions of a plural number. Neither of these maladies took wing because of the nuptial benediction, pronounced by the fashionable DR. PALISSY, strangely enough—for surely his fashionable blessing, from a fashionable church, filled with fashionable worshippers, should certainly have been ratified by the God who loves fashionable people. So it came unto the hearing of men, that Mrs. EFFIE SARSANETT, *née* VAN TINSLE, was most miserably wretched on account of the constant detection by her aristocratic nostrils of the odor of calico, and that Mr. SARSANETT himself was not made the most wildly happy of men by the discovery that GORDON DESBRO, JACK VAN DAZZLE and LISPENARD VAN VRIES, who had not for two years taken notice of the woman, now his wife, were now more desperately attentive than in the days of her girlhood, completely neglecting for her sake the several spouses whom they had taken and sworn to cherish.

If all this had happened among the LOWER CLASSES, what a vulgar and discourteous row there would have been. It would have been said at once that as Miss EFFIE had marked her sweet self at a certain figure and was for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, she had no right to complain of the quality of the purchaser, so long as he paid the price demanded in legal coin. It would also have been said that Mr. SARSANETT, having bought her as he would buy a bale of calico, after due inspection, had no right to blame her for imperfections, mildew or colors which would not stand the laundry. She was sold as a chattel and

bought as a chattel, for so many dollars, and both must make the best of the bargain, however disappointing it turned out to be.

How different it all is in that FIRST CIRCLE wherein both parties so fitly move. Here it is the chattel which has the right, for in this case the chattel is the born aristocrat. The chattel sold itself and got the money. If the purchaser pleased not after the purchase, it was the purchaser's fault. But shall the chattel be forced to stand to the bargain? Oh, no. The chattel is going to free herself. And give back the purchase money? Not exactly. The chattel is not a fool. The chattel is spending the winter in Newport. That is necessary in order to come under the protection of a liberal-minded Rhode Island law. In the spring, when the violets blow and the twittering birds mate, the chattel will be made free, and will have for her own the money for which she was knocked down to her buyer. This is FIRST CIRCLE justice. Next autumn Dr. PALISSY will pronounce another benediction, while the chattel kneels before him. No, not chattel this time, but purchaser. There was a time, when the Church was vulgarly plebeian, and this would have been somewhat impracticable. All things are practicable to fashion. Mrs. SARSANETT will be Mrs. SARSANETT no longer. She will be Mrs. DESBRO probably, for rumor hath it pretty correctly that GORDON DESBRO has forced *his* wife to a winter in Newport for similar reasons. Newport is getting to be quite a favorite winter resort. The purity of its morals will make it more so. Several weddings will make its Eastertide interesting—doubly so, perhaps, because one of them will be such a jolly good joke on SARSANETT.

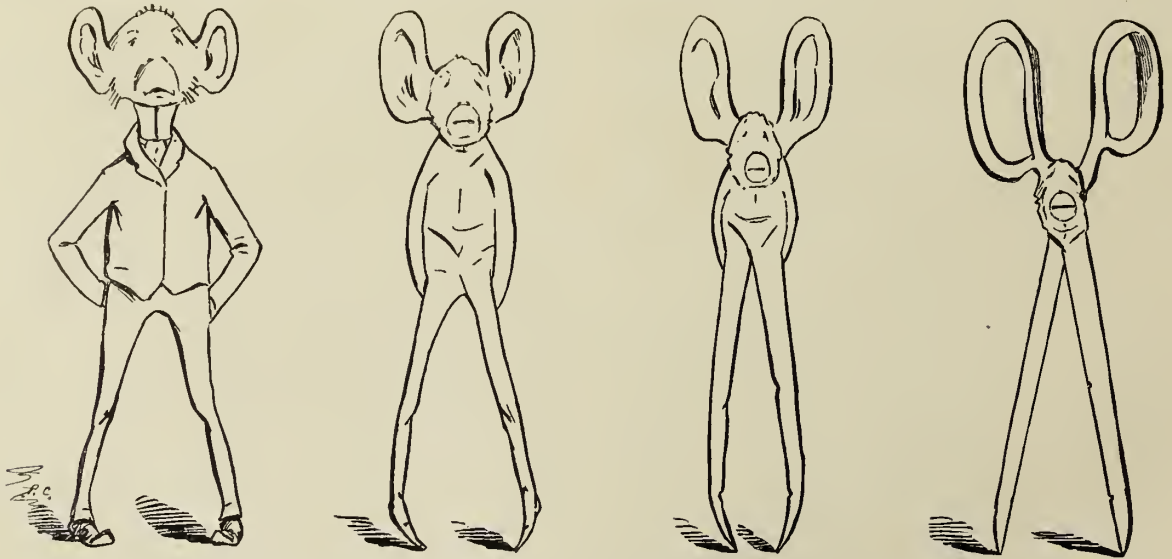
"You ought to put a sign over that hatchway," said the policeman to the storekeeper, "or some one will be tumbling into it."

"All right," replied the merchant, and he tied one of his "*Fall Opening*" placards to the railing.



EVERY one knows who Ouida is—that dear Mlle. de la Rami, who does not love the Americans, and who is constantly writing letters to the *London Times*, for the purpose of denouncing the American publishers and the fifty millions of American fools. Poor woman. Her fine and sensitive nature, so frankly and beautifully illustrated in her novels, has been profoundly shocked by her trans-Atlantic libellers, and by the bold, bad Yankees who steal her books. It is a matter of fact, of course, that some pretty sharp and disagreeable things have been said about Ouida on this side of the sea. But, Ouida, on the other hand, always did take a rather harsh view of the detestable Yankee. The American woman, in her eyes, must be a vulgarian. And the sight of M'lle de la Rami is cleared and strengthened by her own refinement and morality. However, it is only partially to the point. One of Ouida's very popular novels is called "*Moths*." Why any of her novels should be popular, we are at a loss to understand. "*Moths*" was adapted to the stage of London by one unknown to fame, modestly yclept H. Hamilton. The Hamilton-Ouida drama was produced at Wallack's Theatre, the home of legitimate drama, to use Mr. Wallack's charming phrase, last Thursday night. It is still on exhibition there. Go and see it, by all means. Perhaps you will then make up your mind about Ouida.

Here is a truthful account of this startling play: A certain exalted young man, who is so good that he ought to die and be an angel, falls in love with a fair lily of a girl, who is equally exalted, and, probably, more virtuous. Vere Herbert is a saint. Raphael de Corrize is a young singer, whose voice steals away her senses, but fails, for some reason, to bring about a speedy and comfortable marriage. The mother of Vere is a pretty blonde woman, whose flippancy is only equalled by her weakness, and who is chiefly concerned, during the progress of the play, with her complexion.



THE INVOLUTION OF THE NEWS EDITOR.

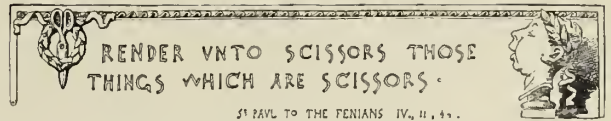


This mother has been, in a happy past, the mistress of Prince Zuroff. The prince is a large and portly person, with a tremendous black moustache. The Prince falls in love, apparently, with Vere, who hates him with a wild, sixteenth-century hate. Her mother, nevertheless, induces her to marry the Prince, on the ground that she, the mother, desires her, the daughter, to save her, the mother, from some vague infamy which is about to fall upon her, the mother. The girl, if she had more sense and less saintliness, would undoubtedly have flown to more congenial climes with her Raphael. But she becomes Princess Zuroff. As soon as the Prince gets possession of her, he proceeds to beat her, and to show that he wants to marry another woman. A remarkable fellow, this Zuroff. Well, the Prince packs his wife off to a melancholy Polish retreat, where all her friends, by one of those lucky coincidences of the drama, meet in the last act. A young English lord, who loves Vere, then fights a duel with the Prince, kills him and is killed. The death of this magnanimous young man is certainly deplored. It is understood, we suppose, that Vere and her vocal lover live thereafter in bliss to the end of their days—legitimately married, without doubt, though they do not trouble themselves about a ring and a priest in the novel. In the novel it is Raphael who fights and is shot through the throat. But he continues to live, and Vere takes upon herself the agreeable and perpetual business of nurse.

The hectic unreality of this play is depressing. The characters are either exalted fools or violent devils. The piece is a smart rigmarole of rubbish, though it is very well acted by Mr. Tearle, Mr. Glenny, Mr. G. Eyre, Miss Coghlan, Miss Hill, and Miss Everson. We are grieved to class "Moths" among Mr. Wallack's illegitimate drama.

"JAKEY," cried Mrs. Rosenberg, as she discovered twenty-five letters in her son's bureau drawer, "here vas all dese letters I gif you since last spring, to put the mail-box derein! Vy for haf you forgot dem?"

"So hellup me, I do n't forgot 'em!" replied Jakey, "I been vaitin' for dot dwo-cent bostage!"



ST PAUL TO THE PENEANS IV, 11, 44.

GRAV shadows fall 'neath the arches dim,  
Bright lights through the stained glass windows swim  
There 's a touch of gold in crypt and hall—  
But where are the bones that built it all?

High is the seat they carved for the dean,  
And the eagle lectern is bronze, I ween;  
But how the lesson the crowd would scare  
Should they see his skeleton reading there!

The chimes ring out from the steeple tall,  
And "Bim, bones, bell," is their rhythmic call;  
While the five-part organ in chorus moans  
In its hundred thousand dollar tones,  
"Here is his organ, but where are his bones?"

Oh, foolish man, with heavy gold,  
To build a chapel, gray and cold,  
Costly and gloomy, grim and tall,  
And lose his own bones, after all!

Cincinnati Enquirer.

"How are you and your wife cummin' on?" asked a West Point man of a colored man. "She has run me off, boss. I is to blame, boss. I gave her a splendid, white silk dress, and den she got so proud she had no use for me. She 'lowed I was too dark to match the dress."—*West Point, Ga., Enterprise.*

"How to obtain the life beyond," is the title of a fifty cent book. We will tell you for a cent. Eat a cucumber.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"Yes," said the doctor, "I wanted that patient as a tramp wants rum, but I sent him over to Dr. Tombs just to make Tombs think I had more business than I could handle."—*Boston Post.*

It is authoritatively said, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding, that Longfellow got his inspiration for "The Skeleton in Armor" while viewing the ladies in bathing at Newport.—*The Judge.*

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I will never buy any but HARTSHORN'S ROLLERS  
And I will never sell any but HARTSHORN'S!

It was, of course, a misprint when a Rochester paper referred to the "Christian Poker Almanac." It meant pocket, of course.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"YES," he said, "I have taken particular care to keep the matter a secret. I have employed a Connecticut detective to ferret it out."—*Boston Post.*

SAMUEL J. TILDEN is called an "American statesman," and yet he has never had a paper collar nor a race horse named after him.—*Norr. Herald.*

A MAN, lately married, was asked at the club about his bride: "Is she pretty?" "No," replied he; "she is not; but she will be when her father dies!"—*Unidentified Exchange.*

THE celery crop of Kalamazoo will bring over \$300,000 this year. Judging from the usual market price of celery, Kalamazoo must have raised several bunches.—*Phila. Call.*

EXPRESS companies are thinking of refusing to transport statues of the Venus of Milo to connoisseurs. They receive too many bills for damages to the arms.—*Phila. Call.*

AMUSEMENTS.

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The Continent, \$4, and Art Interchange, \$2,	6.00	7.70	4.53
The Continent, \$4, and Youth's Companion, \$1.75,	5.75	—	4.47
The Continent, \$4, and Scientific American, \$3.20,	7.20	10.40	5.47
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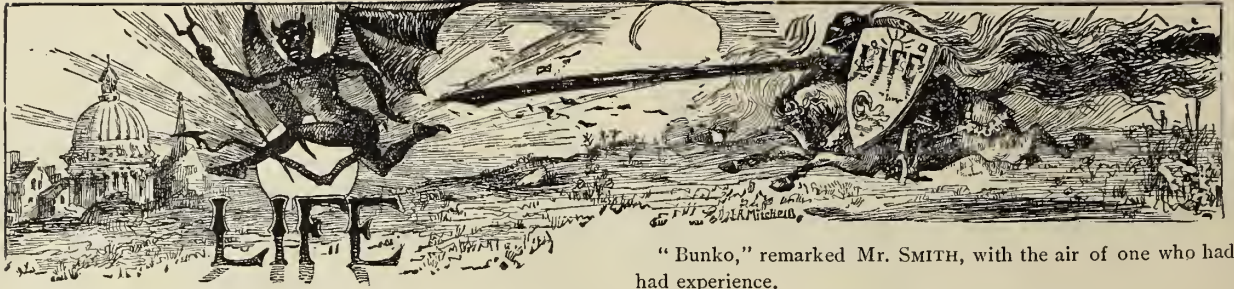
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"Roped in" AS USUAL. OR FAITH HOPE & RASCALITY

C. G. Bush





VOL. II. NOVEMBER 1ST, 1883 NO. 44.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

CAPTAIN D. Seymour, of the American whaling bark, *Hope On*, is the latest victim of that malady known to nautical persons as the "sea serpent," to Western statesmen as the "snakes," and to the infirmarians of our public hospitals as the "D. T." In a very violent paroxysm, which was uncontrollable by bromides, he saw, off the island of St. Elmo, the same old barrel-headed monster used by all temperance lecturers as a warning, embellished with "two unicorn-shaped horns and a tail divided into two parts." This is a very sad case, but it would be interesting, from a scientific point of view, to know whether it was at Hoboken or Jersey City the Captain loaded up his private locker.

\* \* \*

WE have by telegraph the announcement that LORD LANS-  
DOWNE, on arriving at Rideau Hall, was greeted with a kiss from his wife. This tremendous information has already had its effect upon international affairs generally.

\* \* \*

THERE was no game at the Thompson Street Poker Club on Saturday evening. Mr. GUS JOHNSON was engaged to sing at a revival in Hoboken; Professor BRICK wrote a note to the effect that his coal man had prevented his recuperating sufficiently to play on the cash system; and Mr. RUBE JACKSON, who had promised to call upon Elder BOSS JONES, of Florida, and steer him against the game, failed to put in an appearance.

The Rev. THANKFUL SMITH was relating the experiences of the previous meeting, when, with the saddened air of a man who had lost his grip on his reputation, Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS and the odor of a Bowery cigar entered together.

"Whad de madder, Toot?" inquired Mr. SMITH with the easy familiarity of a man in luck. "Yo' looks 'spondent."

"I done loss dat sixty-fo' dollahs I winned on de hoss race," responded Mr. WILLIAMS, gloomily.

"Sho!" exclaimed everybody present.

"Yezzah," continued Mr. WILLIAMS, addressing himself exclusively to Mr. SMITH, "an' I done loss it in bettin' agin' mokes, too. *Dat's* whad makes de remorse bite."

The deepest interest having been aroused, Mr. WILLIAMS proceeded to enlighten the members as follows:

"I was stannin' in a do' on Sixth Aveyou, an' up comes a wite man in a plug hat, an' sezee, 'Why *heel-lo*, Mister ROBINSON, how is yo.'"

"Bunko," remarked Mr. SMITH, with the air of one who had had experience.

"Dat's whad I thought," said Mr. WILLIAMS, "bud I kept shet. So I sez to him, 'How is yo'?"

"'Ise a stranger yar, Mister ROBINSON,' sezee, 'an' I mus' say I never did see so many mokes togidder as dey is on Sixth Aveyou. Dey's mo' mokes dan wite pussons.' 'Oh no,' sez I, 'dey's mo' wite pussons dan mokes.' 'I'll bet yo' two to one dey is n't,' sezee. 'All right,' sez I. So off he goes an' comes back wid a fren' who weighed 'bout two hunded, an' had a bad eye."

"Yo' had a sof' spec," observed Mr. SMITH.

"Den," continued Mr. WILLIAMS, not noticing the interruption, "sezee, 'Now we'll bofe put up a hunded dollahs wif dis genelman, and stan' yar in de do'. Every wite man passes, he'll give yo' two dollahs, an' every moke passes, he'll give *me* a dollah."

"Well!" said Mr. SMITH, who was growing excited.

"Well! fust dey comes along two wite men, and de man wif de bad eye says dat was fo' dollahs to my credit. Den comes six wite men an' he say dat's twelve dollahs mo' for me. Den comes along a buck niggah and den I lose a dollah. Den fo' wite men an' I win eight. Den fo' wite men mo'; den one niggah; den two niggahs, den seven wite men, and de man wif de bad eye, he say I was fohty-two dollahs ahead."

"De soffes' lay I ever hear," said Mr. SMITH, whose eyes were glistening over Mr. WILLIAMS' winnings.

"Den comes along fo' wite men," said Mr. WILLIAMS, and de man wif a bad eye he say dat was eight dollahs mo', an' *den*— here Mr. WILLIAMS paused, as if his recollections had overpowered him.

"An' den?" echoed everybody, wildly excited.

"Why, den," said Mr. WILLIAMS, desperately, "dey comes around de cornah—"

"De cops?" breathlessly asked Mr. SMITH.

"A niggah funer'l," said Mr. WILLIAMS.

\* \* \*

THAT a Baltimore man should have been selected to award the mule prize at the Horse Show, will, it is believed, set reconstruction back fifteen years.

\* \* \*

EXTRACTS from Editorials of our highly esteemed contemporaries on the circulation question:

"MERELY pausing to pleasantly remark that the editor of the New York ——— is a liar, we," etc.—*N. Y. Times*.

"FOR Mr. ———, who runs the New York ———, to speak the truth or be decent in his habits, is a moral, mental and physical impossibility."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"OUR loathsome and slimy contemporary, the New York ———, says recently, in a brazen and impudent paragraph, that," etc.—*N. Y. World*.

"IF the purulent idiot who wrote the above, and who runs his vile sheet in the interest of," etc.—*Herald*.

"LET the ramshackle paralytic who edits the New York ———, produce from his office a handsomer man than Mr. HOLMAN, and we will give him five dollars."—*N. Y. Sun*.





L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

*Mrs. Van Kantaloupe.* YES, I—I CONSENT TO MY DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE TO YOUR SON, MR. PUMPKYNS, BUT OF COURSE OUR FAMILY PRIDE—WE MUST LOOK TO THE FUTURE, YOU KNOW—OUR FAMILY PRIDE—

*Mr. Pumpkyns.* UNQUOTABLE IN THE MARKET, MADAM. MY SON HAS N'T ANY FAMILY PRIDE BECAUSE HE HAS N'T ANY FAMILY, BUT HE *has* GOT FOURTEEN HUNDRED THOUSAND, *cash*, AND ME TO BACK HIM UP.

*Mrs. Van K.* BUT THE FUTURE—POSTERITY, MR. PUMPKYNS—

*Mr. P.* POSTERITY, MADAM, IT WOULD BE SAFE FOR US TO ASSUME, WOULD RATHER HAVE THE CASH THAN THE PRIDE. GIVE THEM THE CASH AND THEY 'LL GET THE PRIDE FAST ENOUGH. IS IT A GO?  
[A "go" it was.]

RONDEAU.

IN THE TELEPHONE CLOSET.

HELLO! Hello! My darling Nell,  
I know your touch upon the bell;  
It thrilled, as often does my heart,  
When you, your loving glances dart.  
I can't hear, dearest. Louder! *Yell!*

Speak slower, loved one, you must spell,  
For what you say, I cannot tell,  
We are so *very* far apart—  
Hello! Hello!

I'm at the office, and must sell—  
What do you say? To go to—well?  
Good gracious! Tell me whom thou art?  
"Shut up, young feller, and depart!  
I want the druggist—calomel!"

Hello! Hello!  
H. L. SATTERLEE.

"ROBINSON," said a friend to him at the club, "you remember, of course, that what I told you yesterday is *strictly confidential*. I saw it in this week's *House Journal*, but please do n't mention it to a soul, as I would n't have the report circulated for anything in the world."



## SEVERAL SCRAPS OF PAPER.

I.

(A Letter from Mrs. Parvenu, Shelter Island, to Mrs. Nocash, Newport.)

SHELTER ISLAND, Aug. 1, 188-.

My dear Emma :

AT last we have arrived at this delightful spot where we expect to enjoy ourselves thoroughly during August. The first person I met when I stepped off the steamer was Mrs. Dr. Killen, who is here with the de Thé-Carts. \* \* \* \* \* Speaking of the de Thé-Carts reminds me that there is a striking resemblance between Lord Tinchaser, of whom you will remember I spoke, as being so exceedingly attentive to Mrs. Henry Tartboy, at Newport last summer, and Josie de Thé-Cart. \* \* \* \* \* Oh, dear, Jim is calling me to fix his cravat for him, so I must close. With much love,

Your affectionate sister,  
JENNIE PARVENU.

II.

(A Letter from Mrs. Nocash, Newport, to her bosom friend, Ellen Blaseè, Mt. Desert.)

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 6, 188-.

Dearest Ellen :

NEWPORT is just splendid this summer. What with Tennis Parties, Fox Hunts and Dinners, I am almost tired to death, but it's lovely just the same. \* \* \* \* \* I had a letter from Jennie yesterday. She says that \* \* \* \* \* and Josie de Thé-Cart and Lord Tinchaser are awfully like each other. I always said Josie was an aristocratic looking girl. \* \* \* \* \*

Ever yours,  
EMMA NOCASH.

III.

(A Letter from Ellen Blaseè, Mt. Desert, to her Fiancé, Jack Longpocket, New York.)

BAR HARBOR, Aug. 12, 188-.

My dear Darling :

\* \* \* \* \* I think you are horrid for not coming up. There's a real lovely man here, Lord Tinchaser. I might fall in love with him only Emma Nocash just wrote me that he and Josie de Thé-Cart like each other awfully, and I would n't like to cut Josie out. Still you'd better look out for yourself, you dear old \* \* \* \* \* and come up soon to

Your own  
ELLEN.

IV.

(Jack Longpocket, N. Y., to his chum, George De Groom, Schroon Lake.)

NEW YORK, Aug. 14, 188-.

Dear George :

NEW YORK is as hot as the hinges of Alexandria just now. Nothing is going on and yet I have to stay here in this sweltering old hole, envying you your jolly times up in the Adi rondacks. Still, if I could get off I would n't go to the Adi rondacks. Coz why? Bar Harbor contains the sole attraction for me at present. \* \* \* \* \* The latest from that charming resort is that Lord Tinchaser is dreadfully gone over that snub-nosed de Thé-Cart girl. Should n't wonder if there was an engagement in that quarter soon. Money, dear boy, money!

Write soon.  
Sincerely,  
JACK.

V.

(George De Groom, Schroon Lake, to Henry Tartboy, Boston, Mass.)

SCHROON LAKE, Aug. 20, 188-.

Dear Hal. :

JUST heard from Jack of Lord Tinchaser's engagement to Josie de Thé-Cart. I did n't know your friend was after that kind of game. Still Josie's got lots of tin, and I suppose your gilt-edged nobleman knows what he's about.

Come up soon if you can. Immense shooting.

Yours,  
G. DE G.

VI.

(Telegram from Henry Tartboy, Boston, to Lord Tinchaser, Mt. Desert.)

BOSTON, Aug. 25, 188-.

George Augustus Fitzwilliam, Lord Tinchaser, Rodick's, Bar Harbor :

JUST heard news. Congratulate you. Best match of season.  
TARTBOY.  
Collect 45c.

VII.

(Telegram. Lord Tinchaser to Henry Tartboy.)

BAR HARBOR, Aug. 26, 188-.

Henry Tartboy, Esq., Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. :

WHAT news? What match?  
TINCHASER.  
Collect 27c.

VIII.

(Henry Tartboy to Lord Tinchaser.)

BOSTON, Aug. 28, 188-.

George Augustus Fitzwilliam, Lord Tinchaser. :

ARE N'T you engaged to Josie de Thé-Cart? So reported.  
TARTBOY.

Paid 43c.

IX.

(Telegram. Lord Tinchaser to Henry Tartboy.)

Henry Tartboy, Esq., Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. :

WHO the devil is Josie de Thé-Cart? I've a wife and three children in England.  
TINCHASER.

Collect 72c.

X.

Remark of Lord Tinchaser to his valet, Henry Smith :

“ Y-YA-AS, this isa-aw-most-aw-awful country aw. These American-aw-heirwesses are-aw-quite too awfully anxious to marwy a-aw-title, ye know. Henwy, me boy-aw, I must return home, but y-you can be-aw his-aw-Lordship faw a while durwing-my aw-absence. You can marwy a-aw-fawtune and then we-aw—why, we can swap-aw-awff again when you return to-aw-England. I'll l-lend you my-aw-name faw hawl the aw-fawtune, donchu see?”

They swapped.

XI.

(Clipped from N. Y. Herald two months later.)

MARRIED.

TINCHASER—MONEYBAGS. In St. George's Church, on Wednesday, December —, by the Rev. John Ruddynose, Minnie, daughter of the late James Moneybags, to George Augustus Fitzwilliam, Lord Tinchaser, of Court Intheact, Devon, England. *No cards.*

XII.

(Clipped from N. Y. Sun, a month later.)

A TERRIBLE scandal has just come to light. The so-called Lord Tinchaser, with whom the lovely heiress, Minnie Moneybags, eloped last winter, is an imposter. \* \* \* \* \* The real Lord Tinchaser, who has lately come into a large fortune, writes to the London *Times*, stating that he has reason to believe his lately discharged valet, Henry Smith, assumed his name in America for the purpose of furthering some nefarious scheme. \* \* \* \* \* Lord Tinchaser was at home in England last December. \* \* \* \* \* We are forced to the sad conclusion that the popular Miss Moneybags has fallen a victim to the wiles of an unprincipled imposter.

J. K. BANGS.

*Dux folmina facti.*—A woman at the bottom of it.





**BAS-RELIEFS FROM THE MODERN ATHENS.**

ATTRIBUTED TO A PERIOD IMMEDIATELY PRECEDING THE FINAL INVASION OF THE BARBARIANS.

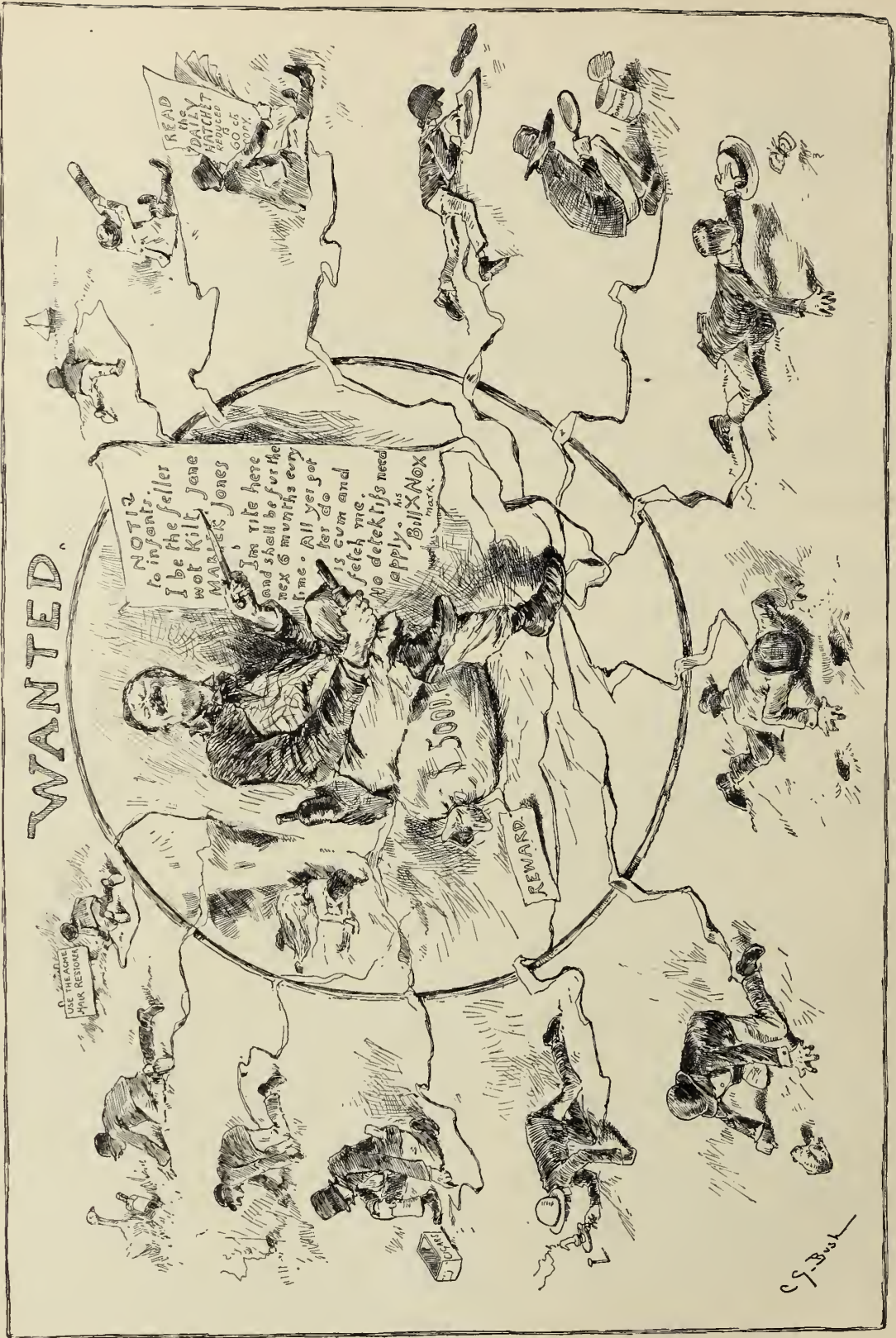


**OLD HATS.**

THE dawn of civilization, says Col. Ingersoll, dates from the innovation of suspenders and "plug" hats. Neither Buckle nor Guizot refer to this startling fact in their exhaustive histories, and why it should be given to a pagan to make the discovery at this late day is a problem that puzzles and overwhelms the antiquarian mind. If Col. Ingersoll would win renown as an antiquist and historian, he must be exact and state as accurately as may be the style of hat adopted when the race was reclaimed from a savage state, with a few reflections upon the shape of hat-racks in vogue in those days. It would also be interesting to know if the first savage who sheltered his scalp under a chimney-pot hat ran against clothes-lines while perambulating in back yards, and whether he was obliged to "wet" his hat, in accordance with an imperative custom of the present day, and also whether the primitive hat was worn to the place where the heathen worshipped, and made to perform the office of a contribution box. If these questions are set down as puerile, irrelevant and unworthy of consideration, it may be accounted an expression of pique on the part of individuals who wear old hats, under whose cover is done an infinite amount of loose thinking and false generalization.

Yet why despise an old hat? Are old hats the final

refuge of sad-eyed scholarship and worn-out profligacy from the slings and arrows of the world? Respectability hides in a gig and wears an old hat, and pride is never humbled by the consciousness of its dilapidated felt or beaver, but reveals its true and essential quality in the rakish set of the hat. Honor him for great gifts of mind and heart who dares cling to an old felt or chimney-pot, and passes hat stores with never a stray, wistful glance in the show windows. St. Francis of Assisi, who called poverty his pride, was not ashamed to go to mass in an old hat with a tattered brim. So, in the spirit of Franciscan philosophy, let old hats be worn proudly by lovers, gray-beards and titled gentlemen. Let us recognize the old hat as a mark of distinction. What signifieth the style of the hat so long as the head giveth it an expression that cannot be counterfeited? Suppose the band slips off, or the crown is crushed in by a falling brick from a tipping hod or a tottering chimney, or a gust of wind carries it into a frog-pond, or it receives a mild baptism in the gentle rain. There is a limbo for old hats where they may be ironed out and dried out, and a needle and thread may repair the rents in their faded crowns. Also hats show which way the wind blows, and old hats offer less resistance to Boreas's blasts than new hats. When a man's hat becomes antiquated a stiff breeze fails to keep him within doors. Let the wind blow and play the mischief with his hat, as it



CRIME VERSUS DETECTION.

"THE ABLEST DETECTIVES IN THE COUNTRY ARE AT WORK UPON THE CASE."—Daily Paper.



tosses and swirls a boy's kite; he chuckles at the thought that his old friend is none the worse for its mad gambols.

But hatters raise an outcry against the habit of wearing old hats. Of course, for hatters are money-getters, not philosophers. The world would thrive better were there fewer hatters and more philosophers. An old hat is never a badge of poverty, but sets penury at defiance, and is a fitting rebuke to false pride that struts about in a threadbare coat, and spends its last bank-note for a new hat in a feeble and futile effort to affect the mien of a gentleman. The notion that gentlemen should wear the latest style of dress hats, and that old hats, after serving as targets for pop-guns and bean-shooters, should be consigned to garrets whence they may be doled out to tramps and rag-peddlers, is a priggish whim and fit theme for the satirist's pen and the caricaturist's pencil. Some day it will be demonstrated that wisdom encases its head in an old hat, and that folly hides its ass's ears under the gaudy head-covering prescribed by fashion. It may be the day is not far distant when it will be the fashion to wear old hats, and some unborn D'Orsay or Beau Brummel will dismiss the rag-picker and old-hat man from his door with a cuff and a kick, while fashionable hatters will clear off their shelves, put up their shutters and engage in a less precarious occupation.

And how tenderly a man cares for the old hat which has sheltered his head from the storms of many winters! He invests it with the spirit of romance. As a traveler treasures his stick carved with names and dates, mottoes and inscriptions, so a lover of the æsthetic in hats lingers over his old *chapeau*, the souvenir of departed days and a silent witness of the festal scenes that have graced life's pathway. He loves to watch it atilt the shoulder of a high-backed chair, sitting by his fireside in the twilight of a winter evening, or to remove it gently from its lonesome peg on the wall, cock it into fantastic shapes and tip it deferentially to the ghosts of by-gone friends and troops of phantom ladies. Wind and rain may beat upon its gable; dust may settle in the creases and indentations left by Time's gaunt and bony finger; moths may snuggle in its soft folds, and may be less binding on its frayed edge than Susan Fisher found on Lucy Locket's lost pocket; but an old hat is a hat for a' that, and it more suitably adorns the head of a gentleman than the noodle of a tramp.

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

THE coming man.—The procrastinator.  
 A FAUX pas.—Her father.  
 ENTRE nous.—He too.  
 THAT he who runs may read.—The score-board.  
 THROUGH thick and thin.—A Boston east-wind.  
 THE wrong man in the write place.—The inefficient clerk.  
 AS GOOD as gold.—Gould's cheque.



A SUSCEPTIBLE BACHELOR.

“SO, Arthur, you say you're not married,—  
 Susceptible boy that you are?  
 The rest of us, while you have tarried,  
 Have patronized Hymen's gay car:  
 Ten years since we left the old college—  
 They tell me you're rising to fame;  
 Yet, with all your accession of knowledge,  
 Your affections remain just the same.”

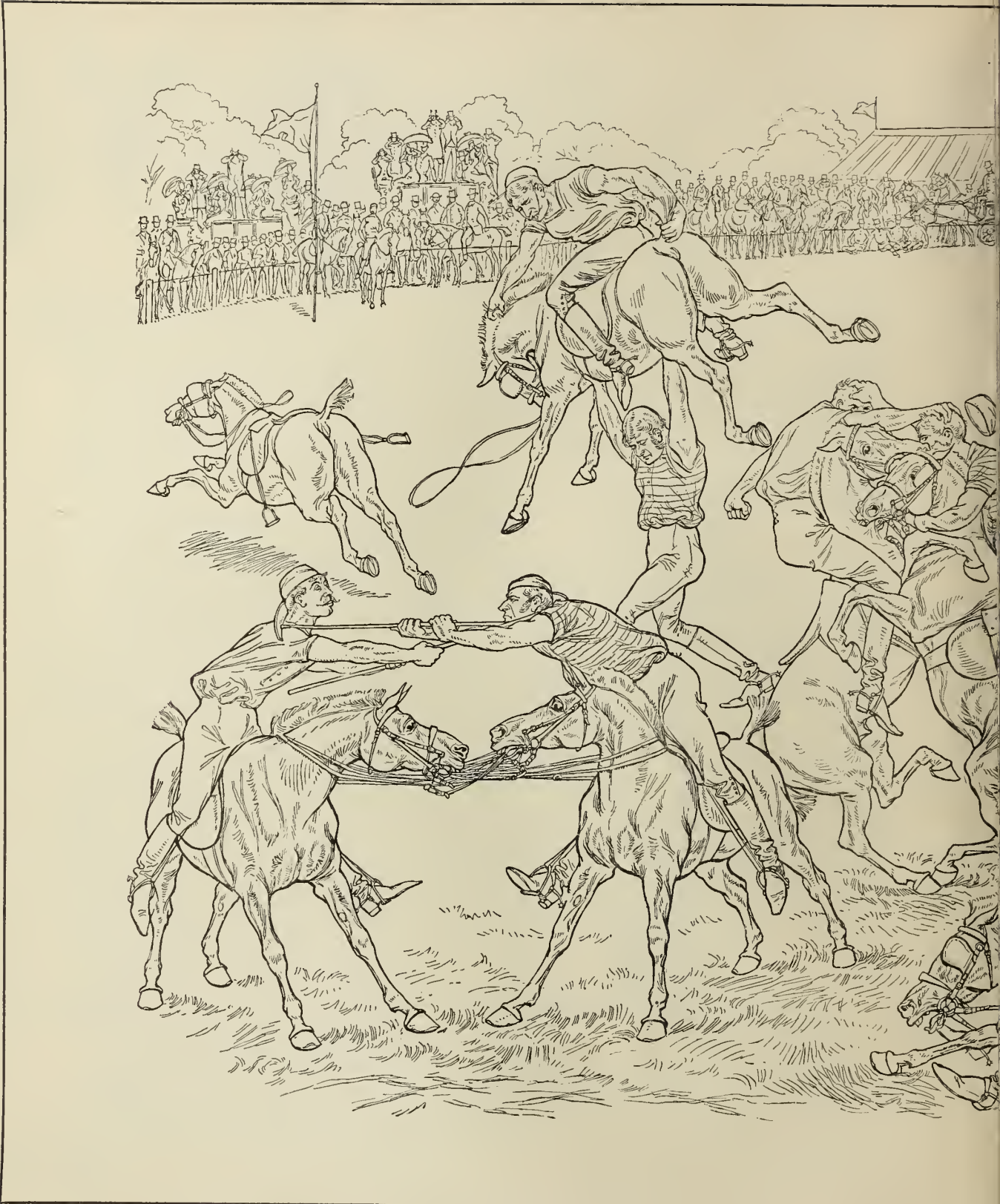
“Old fellow, I'll make explanation:  
 I'm tired of this lone bachelor life,  
 And really do n't find reputation  
 A full substitute for a wife.  
 Now, gentle affection is one thing—  
 A sensation I often enjoy—  
 But an indescribable something  
 Is lacking in *that*, my dear boy.

“There's Nell, whom I take to the opera,—  
 Fine figure, blue eyes and light hair—  
 She's equally nice for a hop, or a  
 Tête-à-tête on the front stair;  
 There's Hattie, so very artistic,  
 Gentle Jane, and the gay Eleanor,  
 Learned Prudence, who's quite atheistic,—  
 And all the rest of a score:—

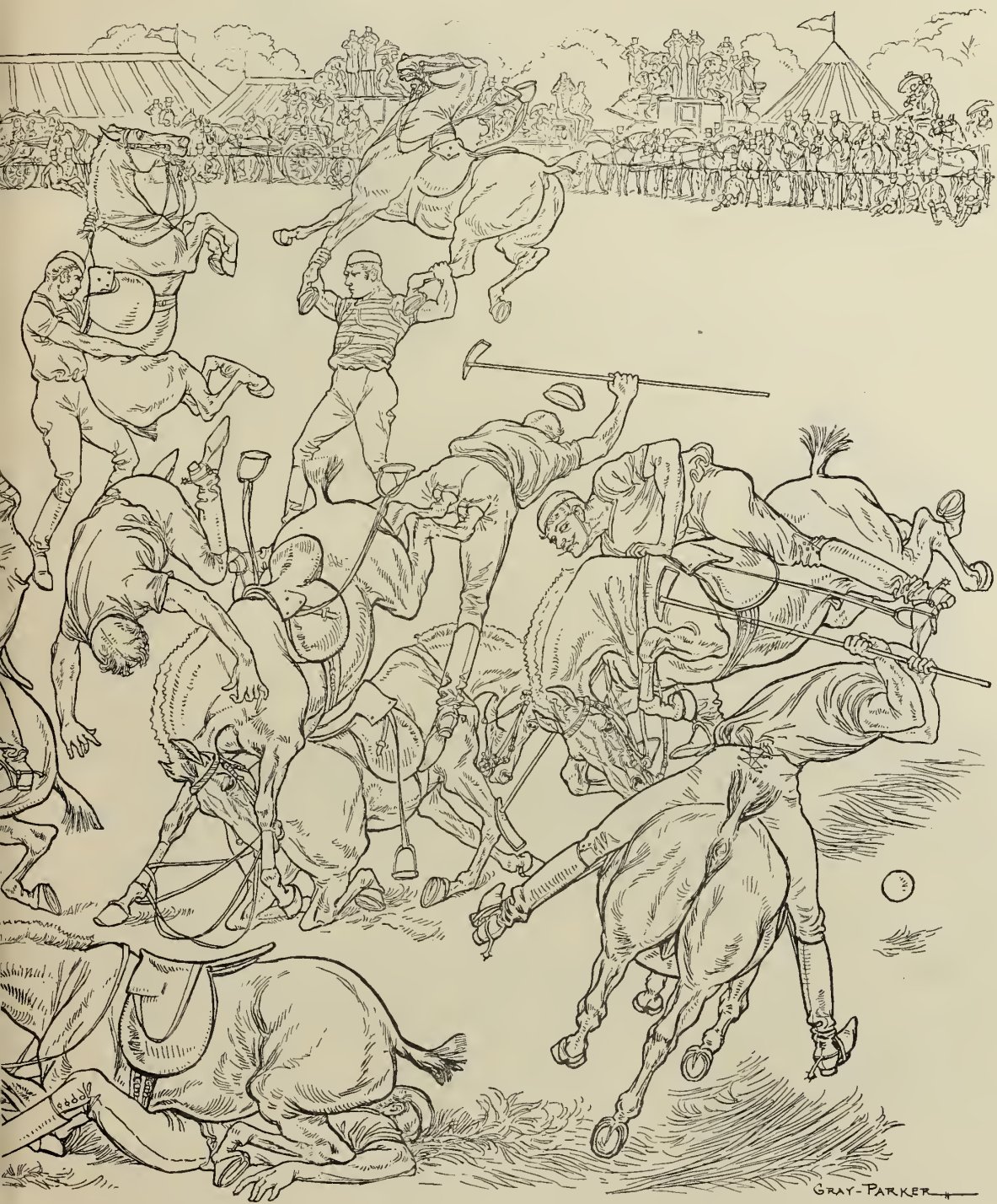
“All charming—and really I love them;  
 Would wed any one—for a time;  
 Yet, if married life did not improve them,  
 Would long for a happier clime.  
 Each is fine for the mood or occasion;  
 But for ever?—the risk is too great.  
 I repel matrimonial invasion  
 And remain in my bachelor estate.

“What of Belle—bright country-born maiden—  
 The sweetheart of old college days?  
 Even now boy Fancy is laden  
 With dreams of her lovable ways;  
 All the rest are but toys of the dance, sir;  
 Dear Belle, a companion for life:  
 Your hand;—now I'll whisper my answer—  
 She has promised to be my true wife.”

ROBERT BRIDGES.







## COINCIDENCE.

IT was after a little dinner,  
Over coffee, cigar and wine.  
I had dined as befits a sinner,  
For saints, as we know, do n't dine.

And the glow of that calm contentment  
That follows a well-done deed  
Precluded the fell resentment  
That waits on the glut of greed.

Each *plat* had been simply blameless,  
The service without a hitch—  
And the palate is surely shameless  
That Beaujolais fails to witch.

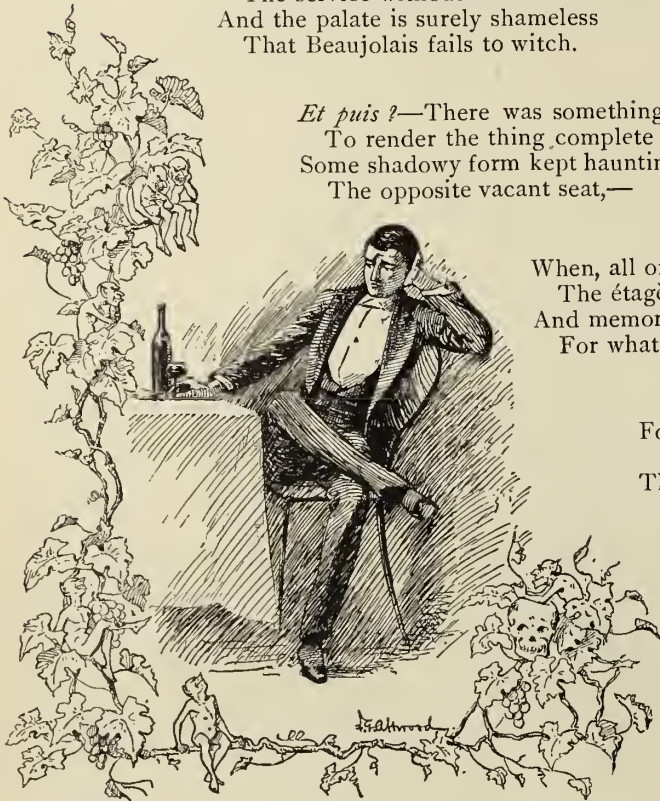
*Et puis ?*—There was something wanting  
To render the thing complete ;  
Some shadowy form kept haunting  
The opposite vacant seat,—

When, all of a sudden, clearly  
The *étagère* clock struck ten,  
And memory paid me dearly  
For what had been blank till then.

For that was the self-same hour,  
In just such another place,  
That robbed me of hope's best flower  
And my queen of love's sweet grace.

So the wine on my lips turned bitter,  
And my *reina* refused to light ;  
And the restaurant's latest sitter  
Went early to—dream that night !

JOHN MORAN.



## AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

## NO. VIII.

Small learning struts where wisdom bows his head.  
—*Semiramis, Act II.*

A LOATHSOME and Western contemporary recently, in speaking of New York society, said :

"Without exception, the foolish clique which by lavish entertainment and ridiculous extravagance leads New York Society, and to which all the lesser circles owe obsequious allegiance and devotion, is composed of brainless creatures who have never contributed the smallest mite to literature, science or art."

This is wantonly untrue, and shows that your average Western man has about as intimate a knowledge of New York Society as the average Eastern hen has of pork packing and kindred Western amusements. When he visits the metropolis he sees nothing

of it save in desultory flashes from the portico of his hotel, and the journalistic erudition from which he gleans his information when at home is usually served up by correspondents whose only capital is an enormous talent for lying, backed up by an immeasurable ignorance of the subject.

I will charitably suppose, however, that the writer of the above quoted paragraph believed what he wrote. In that case he certainly never has met nor heard of Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMMONS.

This great genius is generically and specifically a society person. She is not a possessor of millions ; she is not a VAN VRIES nor a KOBBLESTON nor a WALLOON nor a DESMYTH, but has attained and maintained her position solely by Intellect. Intellect is Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMMONS' strong point, and hence be-



tween SOCIETY and Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMMONS there is a reciprocity which is beautiful to see.

Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMMONS' Intellect, when it surges too violently for her personal comfort, finds a safety valve in the Drama. "The Thoughts which come to me in my quiet hours," says Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMMONS with a sigh, "I set down in a little book which is always at my side." Of course the number of Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMMONS' quiet hours, as every one knows, are few and far between, but the little book accumulates the Thoughts steadily, and by and by it grows too heavy to carry around. Then the Intellect begins to surge and boom and ferment, and the result is a Play.

Most dramatic authors, when incubating a plot, undergo a series of pangs which would have undermined the constitution of the most vigorous martyr of the middle ages. They rumple up their clothing, let down their back hair, bang furniture around, clutch wildly at the air, and undergo generally the most violent spasms. While working up a "situation" they are maudlin, and when putting the last touches to a "climax" are a prey to the most terrible form of rabies known to science. Any one who has the misfortune of having a poet in the family knows how dreadful the symptoms of an "inspiration" are, and yet a poet's "inspiration" is as mild, compared to the dramatist's, as our fashionable malaria is to Asiatic cholera.

When it is known that SARDOU invariably foams at the mouth

while devising a play; that BRONSON HOWARD writes in a straight-jacket, and that GILBERT was once compelled to throw seventeen babies out of a fourth story window before he could work himself up to the state of feeling necessary to the proper composition of a third act, it can be readily seen that play writing is no light matter. How illimitable then the Intellect which can, in a "quiet hour," evolve thoughts which shape themselves into a Play as readily as a company of militia will tumble into ranks on the tap of a drum, without fever, or fret or vexation.

Every author has his pet means of wooing inspiration. One famous novelist, as we know, wrote with a death's head before him; another took long and solitary walks in the forest; a third captured his best ideas while feeding his canary; a fourth used to jump over chairs, and a fifth never could write a line unless a vase of flowers stood before him. Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMMONS shares this peculiarity alone with her brother composers. In her quiet hours she finds her Thoughts come most freely when a French dictionary and a volume of French plays, preferably Scribe's, lie before her. This is merely one of those childish idiosyncrasies peculiar to the truly great mind. Provided with a volume of Scribe and a competent dictionary, Mrs. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMMONS will, in a few quiet hours, evolve a comedy the like of which not HOWARD nor SARDOU nor GILBERT has ever written or ever will write.

I had the pleasure once of seeing one of the plays written by



HE ASPIRED TO BE THE LEADER OF HIS SET.

(And he is.)

MRS. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMMONS in her quiet hours. It was nobly interpreted by MRS. PUMPERNICKEL and a powerful company composed entirely of society persons. There was an edict that none of the LOWER CLASSES should be admitted to see it. And yet there was no riot. The LOWER CLASSES probably feared an uprising of the Seventh Regiment. The presentation was in the afternoon, and the ushers all wore lilies of the valley and an expression of great enthusiasm. The affair passed off like a dream. The floral offerings were numerous, costly and unique, and gloves by dozens were shredded in the final and tumultuous recall of all the characters before the curtain. Certainly it was all deserved. Nor BULWER nor TAYLOR nor HOWARD nor SARDOU ever wrote a play like it, nor did RACHEL in her greatest days ever interpret a character as its characters were interpreted. The whole was harmonious—play, author and actors all of a level—a rare combination.

There has been another play written by MRS. DUNDERTEUFEL SYMMONS in recent quiet hours. I am dying to see it. Being familiar with French Drama, I enjoy these little careless fruits of quiet hours very much. I want to again see the New York critics, who can only damn the efforts of professional writers and actors, become so wildly impartial in the presence of a SOCIETY play that they can praise without stint both the author and her actors, as they deserve.

#### THE DIFFERENCE.

I AM sitting alone by the fire,  
Dreaming the hours away;—  
They're having a ball to-night—  
At Seymour's, across the way.

Their house is brilliantly lighted—  
Mine is shrouded in gloom.  
Theirs is ringing with laughter,  
Mine as still as a tomb.

Yes—I was invited  
By Seymour himself. You know  
He and I've been friends  
Since ever so long ago.

But I did n't care to attend—  
There's a difference between us, you know.  
Oh, no—'t is not that we've quarrelled!  
Nothing like that—oh, no!

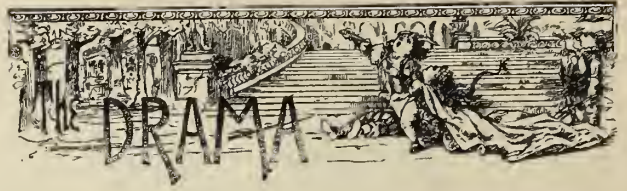
But—well, Seymour's married—  
His wife *was* Minnie Lee;  
And—yes—that's the difference  
Which lies, now, 'twixt Seymour and me.

T. B. MAYNARDIER.

“GOT on your husband's cravat, have n't you?”  
asked a neighbor of Mrs. Bilkins. “Yes,” replied Mrs.  
B., sadly, “It's the only tie there is between us now.”

IN the Police Court, Monday, James Hard was convicted of complicity in the murder of Mrs. Mort. He left the court-room a wiser but abettor man.

J. J. J.



OF course, we were all there last week—Vanderbilt, Gould, Sage, and your conscientious critic. All the Aristocracy, that is to say. We take a deep interest in Mr. Abbey, the new American impresario, and in the new Metropolitan Opera House, a big house raised to glory of fashion—and music. We are also interested to some extent in Mr. Mapleson, who declares that he is backed by the first families. But then it is so hard to say what the first families are. A certain amount of respect is due to Mr. Mapleson, who has produced many prima donnas and tenors and doctors' certificates for the benefit of the American public. One does not like to turn against one's old friends. There was a large and lively audience in the Academy a week ago Monday night. But the Metropolitan Opera House was undoubtedly the correct thing. A few of the Knickerbockers and others who believe, in their poetic frenzy, that they are the illustrious descendants of Dutch boatmen and innkeepers and burghers, refused to prop Mr. Abbey's enterprise with their presence. Yet they were not missed. At about eight o'clock the line of carriages bound to the Opera House, extended from Central Park to the Battery. This, by the way, is hyperbole, though hardly worse than some of the wonderful yarns told so graphically in the newspapers by the "picturesque reporters." Well, we were all in the line. I had a coupé at a dollar an hour. Waiting in line, therefore, was a kind of suffering. It told on one's purse. However, the renaissance façade of the theatre was finally reached, and the crowd soon found itself in the vast and bilious auditorium of the new Opera House. Nothing could be more æsthetic than this great American theatre. Have you seen Mr. Whistler's arrangement in white and yellow at one of the art galleries on Broadway? The Opera House is not unlike it. It is a tremendous abyss of yellow, set off by a sage-green curtain and a prettily decorated ceiling. A symphony in lemon ice-cream, I should be inclined to call it. Tier upon tier of boxes rose above the parquet. Each of these boxes had the spare and melancholy look of a bathing house. As they were upholstered in yellow or something of the sort, the brilliant gentlemen and ladies who were safely buried in them, seemed as bilious in color as the theatre itself. I am constrained to quote at this point one of the picturesque reporters: "Golden heads seemed to blend" with the old gold of the curtains, and the "pale ivory tint failed to emphasize the soft silks and satins that rested against them." This is a melancholy fact. The "ivory tints" did fail to "emphasize" the soft silks and satins, etc. However, we are also informed that the wealth represented in the boxes amounted to \$540,000,000. An opera house, full of the musical clinking of coin is, I am sure, the right sort of an opera-house. The picturesque reporters discovered quickly and justly that the Opera House had been built as a setting to the glory of our millionaires. Nothing could be more true. The millionaires, without doubt, need a setting. The better the setting, the better for them. One of the reporters, in his noble appreciation of the millionaires, exclaimed with charming *naïveté*: "It is doubtful if a full-dress audience ever is enthusiastic." Of course not. Why should we be enthusiastic. In the circumstances, it is not surprising that "no one seemed impatient for the curtain to rise save a few ultra musical people in the gallery." Those wretched persons in the gallery, who climbed four steep stairways to view the artistic pate of *Vienesi*—not Free and Easy, as an irreverent joker called him—and gaze at Mme. Nilsson through a telescope, should have restrained their impatience. It is only vulgarians who go to the Opera to hear. We, the aristocracy, codfish and otherwise, go to see and to be seen. Many of the ladies in the boxes, indeed, occupied their time very properly in staring at their neighbors. Mr. Vanderbilt loomed up against a pallid background and appeared to enjoy the music, though his soul, probably, was filled



with a different sort of harmony. Poor Mr. Vanderbilt. He is forced to stand up for an entire class, and the class, it is said, cannot tell a B flat from a high C, nor a contralto from a mezzo-soprano. This is clearly malicious. Mr. Vanderbilt knows a flat when he strikes one. One of the newspapers, I am pleased to observe, commented fancifully upon the extreme modesty of Mr. Jay Gould, who sat hidden in his box, at the front of which, in sight of the audience, glowed the serene features of Mr. Russell Sage. Mr. Gould is essentially a modest man. The shy little thing is much too backward for this harsh world. Taken altogether, the virtues of our local aristocracy were remarked with pleasure and commendation upon this very interesting occasion.

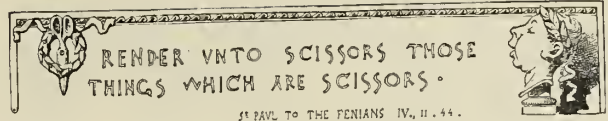
There was, I ought to explain, a performance. Every one was not acquainted with this fact—but Campanini did sing, and Nilsson, and Scalchi, and Del Puente, and some others. Campanini was rather broken up, though he gave flashes of his old fire. Nilsson sang beautifully, after beginning a tone flat. The orchestra was superbly handled by Sig. Vienisi. The second night of the opera brought forward Mme. Sembrich and Sig. Naschman in "Lucia"—and both were immensely successful. At the Academy of Music, Mme. Gerster has been warbling like a bird. Mr. Abbey and Mr. Mapleson are certainly very clever managers. They are fighting each other hard, and their competition delights the millionaires, who pay the bills, and inspires those who can distinguish a B flat from a high C.

Last week it was the opera. This week it is Irving. Mr. Abbey has the trump cards. We are revelling in "The Bells" and "Charles I.," and we have discovered that "our dear Henry"—as that genial Texan steer, Mr. Tom Ochiltree, calls him—is, in appearance, midway between a Methodist minister and Oscar Wilde.

VIXEN.

PANE KILLER.—A snow-ball.

"BETTER lay-it than never," said the rooster to the hen. "What an egg-sample of idiocy," he remarked, as he ducked out of sight.



If you prick a tree it keeps very still; no cry and no wincing. But if you prick a dog, it yelps and jumps. The tree has no nerves; the dog has nerves. This explains why the tree keeps so still, and why the dog makes such a fuss.

A nerve is a white thread running between two different parts of the body. Its business is to carry messages. You pinch the end of a dog's tail. There are white threads running from the end of a dog's tail to his brain. The message sent over these is the following:

"To Headquarters in the Skull:

There is an awful pinching here.

TIPENDOFTAIL."

When this message reaches the brain and is recorded and considered there, the brain sends back at once the following message:

"TIPENDOFTAIL, ESQ.,

Jerk away from the pinch quick.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF,

Headquarters."

The tail is jerked away and everything is lovely again. It is not the same white thread which conveys the pinching message, that brings back the jerking message. They look alike, but they are not alike. The one that carries the message from the end of the tail to the brain is called a nerve of feeling, and the white thread which brings back the message from the brain to the tail, commanding it to jerk, is called a nerve of motion.—*Profound Science, in Dio Lewis' Monthly.*

THERE is talk in Warren of lynching the man who evolved this toast in connection with the late muster: "Our fire engines, may they be like our old maids—ever ready, but never wanted."—*Springfield Republican.*

It is a grand thing to be a genius. Queen Victoria asked Tennyson to write a poem about John Brown, and in three days the poet had found five new rhymes for Brown, as follows: "Celluloid, instructable, perihelion, transactions, introcarpular and cairniclesiac. No poet living, save Mr. Tennyson, could have thought of these rhymes."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

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"PLEASE help the blind," remarked the dealer in a cheap poker game.—*Hartford Journal*.

SAD jest by a policeman with a large family: "Yes, I'm a cop and I've many little copies."—*Courier Journal*.

AN Ohio legislator has introduced a bill to prevent overcrowding the churches, and his constituents think he is a genuine humorist.—*Hacksack Republican*.

WILKIE COLLINS, the novelist, is reported as wearing striped and spotted clothes. We have n't heard of it. How long is he in for?—*N. Y. Observer*.

HAD you got your thick flannels on?—*Boston Post*. Well, no. But at the same time we can't lend them to you—it is too late in the season.—*Phila. Evening Call*.

JAPAN is rapidly becoming civilized. It recently had a fire in a theatre by which seventy-five lives were lost and a number of people greatly injured.—*Oil City Blizzard*.

EX-SECRETARY EVARTS made the speech of welcome at the Coleridge dinner in New York. This is equivalent to saying that it was a long while between drinks.—*Norr. Herald*.

A CLERGYMAN was induced to visit a theatre one night by the report that a revival was going on there, but was disgusted to find it was a revival of the Black Crook.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

WE read in an exchange of a young lady having been made crazy by a sudden kiss. This should teach young ladies to be constantly expecting something of that kind and be prepared for it when it comes.—*Lowell Citizen*.

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VOL. II. NOVEMBER 8TH, 1883. NO. 45.

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THAT detonating patriot, Mr. O'DONOVAN ROSSA, says, apropos of the recent upheavals in the tunnel of the underground railway, that England will soon find out with whom she has to deal. The density of England's ignorance of Mr. ROSSA's fell power, is one of those marvels beyond comprehension. She lives, laughs, and moves in the sunshine of apparent happiness. And yet she must know that Mr. ROSSA lives.

\* \* \*

MR. THOMAS OCHILTREE (of Texas) says that Mr. IRVING cannot act, and Mr. JOAQUIN MILLER declares that Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD is a cad. Much as we like to be civil to strangers, it is evident that we must refuse to recognise either Mr. IRVING or Mr. ARNOLD from this day forth.

\* \* \*

THAT impudent and prying person, Mr. GASTON L. FEUARDENT, has at last succeeded in dragging our highly esteemed fellow-citizen, General LOUIS P. DI CESNOLA, into a court of justice, where he brazenly expects to mulct him for libel. Mr. FEUARDENT, it will be remembered, had the effrontery to discover that the statues dug up in Cyprus (an ancient capital formerly situated on Fourteenth street, but now transferred to Central Park) were composed of heterogeneous and unrelated parts, and that the Golgoi workmen hired for the purpose from the Fourth Ward, were impious enough to put the head of a priest on the body of a soldier, and *vice versa*, besides committing other enormities too heinous to mention. General DI CESNOLA, on the other hand, has long been known as one of the most successful and honorable manufacturers of antiquities in this country or elsewhere. His invention of the patent interchangeable statuette of Hope, which in six months becomes a Venus, is considered by competent critics to be unique of its kind, and his generous Egyptian priests, who swap marble arms and legs, borrow each other's heads or noses, and indulge in other anatomical extravagancies with an *abandon* which is wonderful even in an Egyptian, are celebrated all over the world. Americans with the slightest love of country naturally take more pride in Greek antiquities made in New York, than in the same article imported from Europe, even if they are in no wise better. But when it is known that the antiquities of General DI CESNOLA are not only interchangeable, but brand-new, their superiority over the musty old antiquities exhibited in low-flung foreign museums is at once apparent. Besides, it is clear that, being fresh and vigorous, they will last at least 2,000 years longer, and hence are a better investment. Every way we look at them, the antiquities of Gen-

eral DI CESNOLA are preferable to those exhibited abroad, and we have repeatedly urged that a clause be added to the Tariff which will protect the young and promising industry he has founded.

It is clear then that not only is Mr. FEUARDENT inspired with a most malignant envy, but he threatens to nip the root of an entirely original branch of art. The extensive plant procured at great expense by General DI CESNOLA for the manufacture of Egyptian mummies and genuine Assyrian jewelry, has been idle now for a year, while his Golgoi foundry, with a running capacity of forty antiquities a day, is closed, and the Cypriote workmen are thrown out of employment. These are crying evils, and the fact that the City of New York has \$100,000 worth of plaster and fragmentary marble at stake, makes it all the more imperative that justice should be meted out to the General speedily and in full.

\* \* \*

AS a fit welcome to Madame PATTI, sixteen tugs and two steamers, with fog-horns, went down the Bay, and saluted her with a chorus of whistles which lasted twenty minutes. It is a great thing to be musical.

\* \* \*

I HEAR that Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD says he prefers editorials and articles generally which are not under four columns in length. I admire Mr. ARNOLD. Will you please forward to his address the accompanying seventeen folios containing a digest of my speech on the Bridge?—*Evarts*.

\* \* \*

OUR highly esteemed contemporary, the *New York World*, in its issue of Nov. 2d, contained this thrilling despatch:

WICHITA, Kan., November 1.—Nellie C. Bailey, charged with the murder of Clement Bothemly in Indian Territory on the 7th ult., was held to-day by Commissioner Sherman for appearance at the next term of the United States Circuit Court at Wichita. The prisoner is twenty-one years old, and is a handsome brunette. She is well educated, and had moved in the best society of New York City and New Jersey.

Of course it is well known that well-educated, handsome brunettes who move in the best society of New York City and New Jersey, commit murder habitually, and invariably spend their summers in Wichita, St. Louis, and other remote fastnesses of Indian Territory, where their dangerous excesses upon human life, express packages and cattle, excite the warmest admiration of even the most versatile cowboy. But it fills us with more than admiration to see that even our contemporary's most distant correspondent is so familiar with the best society of New York City AND New Jersey, as to be able to distinguish one of its members at sight.

\* \* \*

THE fierce and successful war made by our highly esteemed contemporary, the *New York World*, upon the valets who graced the corridors of the Metropolitan Opera House, has had the cruel effect of robbing the artists of the only auditors who really appreciated them.

\* \* \*

“ I HAVE heard that in a recent book by one William Shakespeare there is a very touching farewell speech originally written for a Mr. Wolsey. Where can I procure a copy?”—*Foster*.





CONGRATULATIONS.

WHEN I LEFT NEW YORK SIX YEARS AGO, THAT MOURNFUL FAILURE HAD ALREADY BEEN OUT FOUR OR FIVE SEASONS AND MADE DEAD SETS FOR MOST OF THE RICH FELLOWS IN SOCIETY. LOOKS AS THOUGH SHE 'D TAKE ANYTHING NOW.

WHICH ONE IS THAT?

THE FLOPPY SPECIMEN BEHIND YOU. DO YOU KNOW HER?

YES. WE ARE TO BE MARRIED IN DECEMBER.

EAST AND WEST.

SHE was a beautiful little witch,  
The pet of her papa—  
Old gentleman was vastly rich—  
They came from Arkansas.

“Oh! yes, indeed; of music I  
Am very fond,” said she.  
“Now, won't you our piano try,  
And play something for me?”

A Chopin *scherzo* I essayed,  
And tried with all my art  
To please this occidental maid,  
And win her Western heart.

I finished. As I turned my head  
I met her eyes of blue.  
“Oh! That was just *too sweet*,” she said.  
“Now *do* play “*Peck-a-boo!*”

H. L.

“PELICAN heaped on Ostrich,” says an excited Florida contemporary, alluding to Mr. Butler's last *coup*.

## THE WAR OF MEDICAL ETHICS.

THE regular meeting of the Thompson Street Medical Association was held last Saturday night, at the armory of the Skidmore Guards, the president, DR. CRÆSUS TEWKSBURY, in the chair. The Skidmore band, under the leadership of Misce-Signor Penniante Mortem, favored the company with a *blancmange* of airs from *Il Jaborandi*, concluding with a revised edition of Mozart's Blue Mass, after which the chaplain of the organization, Rev. Pharoah Banks, returned thanks.

Drs. Dinah Mite, Sally Silleck, Chloe Rodyne and Sarah Bellum, delegates from the Cirrhosis Club, and Surgeon-General Paralysis, of the Salvation Army, were invited to seats on the platform. The president then formally presented a memorial tablet of the late DR. URIC STONE. The style of the tablet was pure old code, and bore the inscription, "Alas, poor Uric; *Requiescat cum calce.*"

The choir then introduced DR. O'DANTE G. ROSSATI, the champion six-day poet, who delivered himself as follows:

Lo! the young doctor whose untutored mind  
Sees wealth in bills which he sends humbly signed.  
His name, proud ethics never taught to stray  
Within the journals in a milk-food way.  
Yet nature to his lump of life has given,  
Beyond the code-topped hills some hope of leav'n.  
Some purer world, where worth, not wire-pulling, rules,  
Far from the idle wrangling of the schools,  
Where those whose health, not purse, we claim to save,  
Won't find that all "paths" lead but to the grave,  
Where tongues are scanned without a grave "Ha! Hum!"  
Where fees are gained without a fi-fo-fum!  
Where pious papers spurn the paltry wealth  
That makes the Gospel only "yours for health."—

The gentleman was here interrupted by DR. TALIPES BAYRUM, who said he would not only move to amend the second line to read, "Sees wealth unbounded in three of a kind," but would also move to lay the rest of the poem on the table.

DR. PETER PEPSIN offered the further amendment that the poet be laid under the table.

The motion and amendments were voted on *seriatim*, and carried unanimously.

DR. PLATO HASCH, secretary of the Returning Board, reported in reference to the application of DR. SAMUEL STERNUM for membership, that the gentleman had received more than the requisite number of white balls, and was consequently not elected.

DR. PECTORATIS POTTS, chairman of the Committee on Ethical Pathology, then offered the following report:

"Your committee has subjected the specimens of codes submitted to them to a thorough analysis, with the following results: Each specimen, after being macerated in kerosene, was mixed with an equal quantity of tobacco and reduced to an impalpable powder by a process of slow combustion, in a common clay pipe. The volatile properties, of course, escaped in gas and smoke. There was sufficient residue, however, for microscopical examination. The committee

finally determined that the active principles of each specimen was in all respects the same as the well-known 'ethi-codein,' an alkaloid obtained from the expressed juice of the *grandpapaver somniferum*. The committee, therefore, took the liberty of ordering an entirely new code from their instrument makers, which they would emphatically recommend to the association.

Dr. Sally Silleck rose to inquire whether this code buttoned in front or behind. (Jeers and hisses, during which the delegate was called to order by the chair).

"The committee would call attention to the following points of pre-eminence over all other codes, viz.:

1. Elasticity, the stiff backs of the old codes being discarded.
2. Ease of adjustability, fitting perfectly man, woman and child.
3. Perfect digestibility, being suited to the tenderest stomach.
4. This code can be washed, and in some cases whitewashed.
5. The price of this code is within the reach of all, viz., one dime a square foot, one cent for every additional two words, five cents extra in sheep."

"The committee felt justified in assigning a title, which should embrace all the worthy, and exclude all the objectionable features of the ancient codes. They, therefore, had decided to designate it as 'Ethi-opian,' as distinguished from 'Ethi-codein,' and spell it with a Capital E." (Continued cheering.)

The chloral club of the association then sang: "Blessed be the code which binds," after which the report of the committee was adopted unanimously, amid the wildest enthusiasm, and the meeting was adjourned.

"THOSE picture-cards I brought back from Boston," remarked Mrs. Partington, in a pensive mood. "They are momentums of the Art Loan Imposition."

The man who is fond of his ante  
And dotes upon flushes and straights,  
Most usually visits his uncle  
If not smiled upon by the Fates.

S. C. C.

*Mal à propos.*—The bashful man.

*Crux Mathematiconeur.*—The plus sign.

*Bis dat qui Cito dat.*—50% off for cash.

"*Faber*" *sua fortuna.*—The reporter.

*Auxilium ab alto.*—Supported by the alto.

*Un homme de bien*\*.—A Bostonian.

*Gloria virtutis umbra.*—Glory puts virtue in the shade.

*Genius loci.*—The country editor.

[\* No one with a Parisian accent can understand this joke. It is intended only for Bostonians who have been abroad.—Ed.]





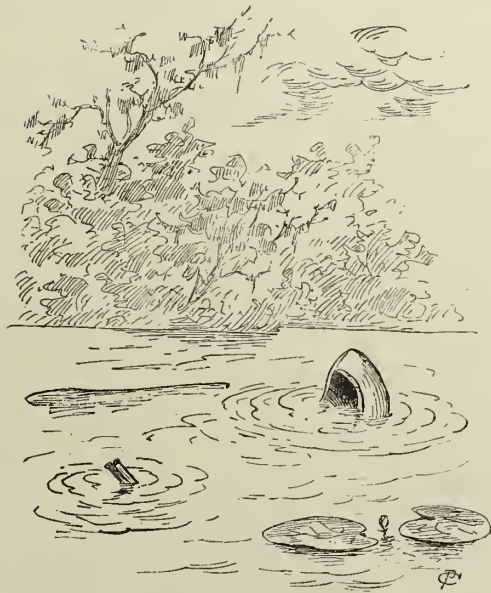
THEY COME !



ONE.



Two !



THREE !!

WHY is the tear running down the Cheek of this Beautiful Girl ?

That is the Law of Gravitation, my son, Getting in its Work. If it were not for the l. of g., the tear might run up her cheek or stroll around into one of her ears, just as it felt like.

But what is the Cause of the grief ?

The Young Man.

Who is the Young Man ?

His name is Chawles.

But why does she Grieve for the young man ?

Because he wore a *cafe-au-lait* hat and brindle gloves, and she was Dead Gone on them.

But did not Chawles reciprocate her Affection ?

No.

Why is he so Cool to the Beautiful Girl ?

Because the Speculators are firm, and the Box Office man will not wait until Next Week.



WAITER, BRING ME ELEVEN RAW OYSTERS.  
 WE DO N'T GIVE ELEVEN, SIR; WE GIVE SIX, OR TWELVE.  
 NO, TWELVE WOULD NEVER DO, WE SHOULD BE THIRTEEN AT TABLE!

A "SUGAR" CURED HAM.—A colored Democrat.

A HOT SUN.—The boy who has to wear the revised edition of his father's trousers.

THE better the day, the better the dude.

"THE NIGHT SIDE OF NEW YORK."—Homicide and suicide.

A BALD-HEADED man parts his hair on the what-is-left side.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

"WHERE are you going, Foggs?" asked a man on the sidewalk.

"Black-burying," said Foggs, as he joined the darkey funeral.

THE BARBER'S.—Never say dye.

THE PAWNBROKER'S.—Never too late to lend.

### OUR CARTOON.

DOWN the road I went, Mr. LIFE, my tin can flying.—The dogs at my heels, the galloping ladies and gentlemen after them, yelling, cracking whips, and making noise enough to have frightened to death a much bigger person than a wee bit of a fox like me. They all seemed to be having such *Fun*. I was tired and thirsty, the road was dusty, and I could n't keep it up any longer. My pace slackened, I felt the hot breath of the sixty big dogs, and heard their jaws snap—snap—SNAP!!!

In vain I looked for a friend to help me—somewhere to hide—but I see now it would have spoiled the fun. And as the jaws of those sixty dogs closed over my poor little body (and the tin-can), and my eyes gazed for the last time on the brilliant spectacle of splendid equipages, gaily dressed ladies, and gallant horsemen, I heard a little boy, about three years old, say "O mama, what *Fun*."

Now, Mr. LIFE, will you please tell my successor, so that he can tell me, just where the *Fun* comes in?

Respectfully yours,

THE FOX.

P. S.—I enclose you a rough sketch I have made, showing the close of my earthly career.

FOR the heeler—While there's life, there's "soap."



### AN UNSATISFACTORY PARADISE.

MANY a devout person, who would consider a hint at the possible earthly origin of any part of the Bible as sacrilege, will be found to pour over the pages of "Beyond the Gates" by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and accept its earth-born fancies as almost a second revelation. At the risk of offending some such soul, who has perhaps picked up LIFE for relaxation from the profundities of "Baxter's Saints' Rest" or "Butler's Analogy," we feel compelled to give the honest judgment, that, notwithstanding the undeniable power of the rhetoric and beauty of the phantasy, the book is absurd in parts and often ridiculous. The picture of the beautiful homes on the boulevards of the Celestial City, where happy families on earth live together in Eternal bliss, certainly appeals to the heart of the average mortal. But if the average Reason of an average mortal considers the matter for a moment, it is puzzled to understand just where the family reunions begin and end. If it is a necessary part of the happiness of the heroine's father to have his children gathered under his own roof, it is not to be inferred that his own father would have a like desire for a family



gathering, and his father's father, and so on back to the original Adam who could not be satisfied with less than a planet or two for a summer residence.

And then the wonderful oratorio led in the Music Hall of Heaven by Beethoven, suggests possibilities of a Damrosch-Thomas or Abbey-Mapleson rivalry which might not add to the serenity of life on the further shore.

But the crowning absurdity is the reunion of the souls of lovers, separated on earth, in the Elysian fields. And the woman asks where *she* is—meaning her successful rival who had gained *his* heart and hand. The reply is that *she* had forgotten him soon after his death and was mated with another. Then the two exchange vows for Eternity, and we are left to infer that when *she* arrives from the other world, there will not be a furnished house waiting for her on the Fifth Avenue of the New Jerusalem.

DROCH.

## FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

### LECTURE II.—*Fits.*

1. If the man with the fit has on a new hat, and you have an old one, always change hats with him. This relieves the pressure on the head.

2. If it happens to be a convivial looking tramp, remark in a loud tone—"It's too bad, but there's not a drop of brandy in the crowd!" In nine cases out of ten, he will then walk off, using healthy, coherent, and muscular Anglo-Saxon.

3. Should the patient have only a slight attack, and retain consciousness, tell him it is not fitting for him to act so. This will undoubtedly make him get up and take off his coat. Then run.

4. In case the man is a school-teacher, two of his pupils will be dilated; the rest will be elated.

5. Give him plenty of air—this kind of generosity is inexpensive. Open his mouth. Then get a stretcher. If he won't open his mouth, get a glove-stretcher; that'll make him.

6. Carry him into a Broadway tailor's shop. No man was ever known to come out of one with a "fit."

7. If he has a *bona fide* fit, and there is no one else near, make believe you do n't see him.

8. In case your father-in-law has one, in the street, tell him it's your *private opinion* he was intoxicated, and that to-day is your birthday. This rule alone is worth \$100.00.

Not long since a drunken man was seen crossing a field near one of our southern cities.

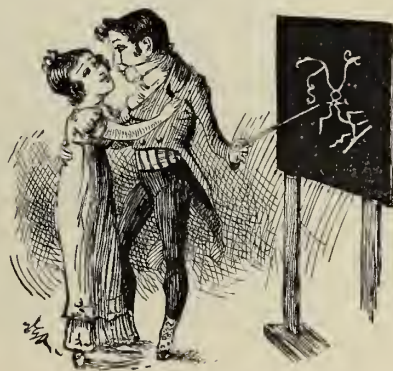
"I suppose he's trying a 'Richmond straight cut.'" said an observer.

"No," remarked another, as he watched him stumble along, "I think he's practising the 'Virginia Reel.'"

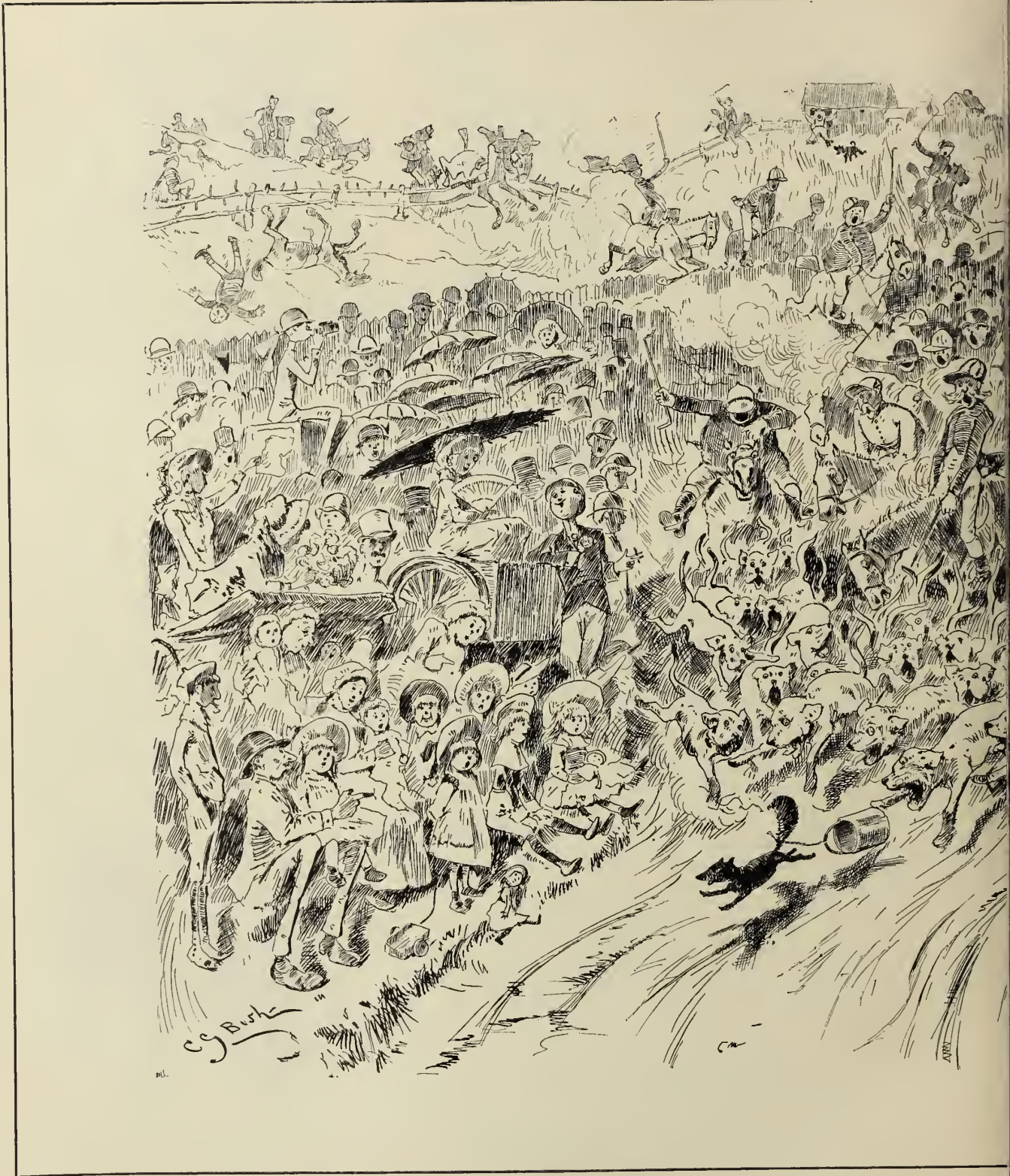


HER FIRST KISS.

'T WAS a tremulous kiss, and it lighted just where I can't tell, but 't was either her eyes or her hair That it hit, and her sweet scarlet lips badly missed, So I knew 't was the first time she'd ever been kissed. For when a maid's grown somewhat used to the thing, Her lips to a pout like a rose's she'll bring, Like a rosebud in June, while above, like soft skies, Glean in coquettish mirth, her blue, black, or brown eyes, And 't is ten unto one you'll alight on the spot On which your attention is, so to speak, "sot." Unlike Algy Swinburne, I do n't think I care For the weariful pastime of "Kissing Her Hair." Does the butterfly, when for gold honey he goes, Seek leaves of the plant, or the flower that blows? Well, then, this resolve have I made in my heart: Since Doris and I have vowed never to part— I'll make it my calling, and special election, To educate her in the kissing direction.



For the maiden—The nearer the beau, the sweeter the meet.



C. J. Bush

FROM A DESIGN  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED



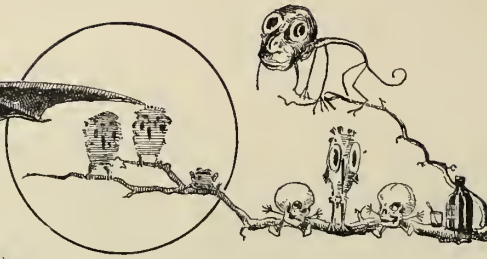


JN."

URNISHED BY THE FOX.

THE QUEENS COUNTY MEET.





## THE MARGIN O' MOONSHINE LAND.

A PRANKLET.

WHERE the ghost of the Goo-goo goes to roost  
 On the topmost tine of a red-ripe star ;  
 Where the Whangoo whistles and whets his voice  
 And the throstle twavers afar,—  
 Where the owls hoo hoo  
 Till their lips grow blue,  
 And the eevers answer a lonesome coo.

Where the moon mists drip from the lid of night,  
 And the Hoodoo sports with a skein of shine ;  
 Where the lamp of the light'ning Ong falls faint  
 And the Whickwhacks wheel in line,  
 When the wind blows weak  
 From his swollen cheek,  
 And the voice o' the Echo scarce can speak.

Where the Twinwelves ravel the Rainbow's ends,  
 When the grass gleams, gemmed with a diamond  
 dew ;  
 Where the oberish oogers pirouette,  
 And the Night-notch nods at you,  
 Till your eyes grow hot,  
 And you wot not what—  
 The shape o' the Sun, or—a scarlet blot !

J. M. A.



## CABIN LACONICS.

BY BRUDDER ROMULUS.

DE man am mighty smaht wid figgers dat kin git de right answer when he sets down to add up his own sins.

DE same win' dat blows out de taller dip, kin'les de burnin' cabin.

HEAPS ob people b'lieve de sun rises in de wes' jes' 'kase dey am too lazy to git up in de mawnin' in time to fin' out for demselves.

DE thief am a heap bigger rascal when he happens to git inter yo' own chicken-roos'.

EF yo' dun go 'long fru' life widout makin' new frien's, you am apt to hab a mighty lonesome time ob it when de ole ones am turned inter de new pastur' lot.

EF yo' happen to be a gen'lum, nebber git inter an argyment wid de common loafer 'bout de muddy side ob life ; de odds am all ergin' yo' 'kase he am right at home w'ile yo' am only vis'tin'.



DE chap dat knows jes' how menny bones dar am in his buddy, an' how well dey am fitted togedder, trabbels up hill all de way when he sets out to be an atheis'.

DE minnits dat we lose am berry ap' to bodder us 'bout gittin' a good grip on de new minnits dat keep a cummin' ; it am de dead leabs dat kiber up de path fru' de big woods.





POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON XIV.—The Opera.

*WHAT is this?*

This, darling, is the Opera.

*My! but who are all these people?*

The audience, my love.

*But they seem to be bored to death.*

They are, dear.

*Then why do they come?*

To be looked at.

*Gracious! is that a pleasure?*

Yes, precious.

*Why, how?*

Why, the privilege costs about ten dollars an hour.

*Then only rich people can afford it?*

Only the immensely rich, dear.

*But I see there a young man who is not immensely rich.*

Yes.

*How can he afford it, then?*

Directly, he cannot; indirectly, he can.

*How "indirectly?"*

Why, he will eventually make his tailor foot the bill.

*Those funny people on the stage—*

Sh! dear—they are singing.

*Singing what?*

A duet.

*Why do they duet?*

Hush, darling.

*Are they unwell?*

Why, no, my precious!

*Then why does that queer little gentleman with the short trousers and tin sword throw himself around as if he were suffering from green watermelon?*

Because he is a tenor.

*Why is he called a tenor?*

He charges tenor fifteen dollars a minute for his work.

*And the other—the lady with vocal hysterics?*

She is the prima donna.

*Is she singing, too?*

Oh, yes.

*But neither of these people have any notes?*

Yes they have.

*Where?*

In their pockets.

*Can they sing without these notes?*

Yes, they can; but they won't

*Is not the poor manager a great philanthropist to bring all these people together and pay them so much?*

Oh, yes.

*We should thank the poor manager very heartily.*

Of course.

*We should be willing to pay him any sum he chooses to ask, should n't we?*

Certainly, dear.

*He is so disinterested.*

Very, my love.

*We should likewise be very grateful to that excited little gentleman with the ebony stick, who looks like he were flapping his wings and trying to crow?*

Yes.

*He often succeeds in quite drowning the prima donna in a torrent of fiddling?*

Yes, dear—that is his business.

*These people in the boxes seem to be very tired.*

Very.

*They are trying very hard not to listen.*

Yes, sweet.

*But I thought people went to the opera to hear the music?*

That was in the dark ages, love.

*What is music?*

Music is a harmonious combination or succession of certain sharps, flats and naturals.

*What is a sharp?*

A sharp, my dear, is a—well, do you remember that gentleman we passed in the lobby, with the buttery smile and corpulent pocket-book?

*Why, that was the manager!*

Yes, my sweet.

*Well?*

He is a sharp.

*And what are flats?*

Look in the bagniores, and see the stock-holders.

*And a natural?*

The young man you spoke of who spent his little all for a seat.

*He is a natural what?*

Idiot.



Henry Irving.

LAST week I struggled for five hours with Mr. Henry Irving. I received a different impression every five minutes. When he dashed on the stage as *Malchias*, his *verve* and presence pleased me. When he broke the silence which succeeded the wild welcoming applause, my enthusiasm sank to zero. His first sentence was pitched in a hark-from-the-tombs key, and cadenced like the earliest effort of piety at high church intoning. Then he crossed the stage, and I disliked him. An æsthetic maiden once said that Mr. Irving's legs were limpid and utter. That is not true. Anatomically, his legs are genial and satisfying entities. But their sometime scherzo movement I object to. One need not break into a violent schottische in order to cross a stage, and when a pair of legs indulges in that obsolete and extravagant pastime, while seriously conveying the body they belong to from place to place, I am inclined to quarrel with them. I might further say that when the legs compel the feet which bear them to scrape a sonorous response to their movement from the suffering boards, they are guilty of most wanton barbarity to cultivated ears.

These are the most salient of the famous "mannerisms" of England's most famous actor. For the sepulchral timbre of his voice, nature is no doubt to blame. A crow with a bad cold cannot throw himself into the phonetic guise of a canary, be he ever so clever a crow. I am inclined to believe that Mr. Irving is equally hopeless of matching the clear enunciation of Booth, or running the gamut so facile to Salvini. Still his voice, as a voice, is far from displeasing. It has not a wide range, but it is neither harsh nor strident, nor is it guttural. It is individual at its worst, and the individuality, to my taste, is agreeable. It possesses more than one heart-tone in its brief compass; it can command or plead; it has tenderness to satisfy the most captious, and its pathos is deep and true. But with the method of its use I am strenuously at war. No school of oratory can endorse a sing-song delivery. The inhabitants of the airless moon may applaud it, but earth cannot.

When Mr. Irving intones his lines; when, going to perform the simple act of shutting a distant door, he elaborates the one—two—three, halt! one—two—three, halt! of the dancing master, and when he slurs his consonants and swallows his vowels, he incurs my strongest displeasure, and I wish, for his own sake, not less than for that of his friends and admirers, that he would pluck out these rooted sorrows, and thus raze much written trouble.

But Irving is delightful withal. I like his face. It is patriotic, vinle, intelligent and mobile. He has a smile as sweet as a girl's. His eye is quick, bold and flashing, yet capable of expressing the tenderest love and most plaintive sadness. His hands are large and sinewy, but more full of grace than any hands I have ever seen. He can shade an emotion with a delicacy which but few of his brother artists can equal.

I use the word "artist" deliberately. Several hectic little gentlemen whose canons of art are self-formulated, are blown with importance over the discovery that Mr. Irving is not an artist. It is great to be a discoverer. It is a proud moment when one can tiptoe softly to the pinnacle of his conceit, and say, to himself, of course, "Lo, I will now teach somebody something." Unfortunately for these, the judgment of this world is gregarian. That of the next, we believe, is autocratic. What goes straightest and truest to the general heart of man—that in art is pronounced great. An opinion must be contagious to survive the wrack in which the individual disappears. A creed may be formulated by one, but must be approved by a multitude. I once knew a man who preferred quinine to sugar, and castor oil to honey. He was honest no doubt, but I fear somewhat bilious and malarial. He made very few converts to his gastronomy.



### SURVIVAL OF THE "FITTEST."

*1st Plumber:* WELL, I S'POSE YOU 'VE BEEN OFF TO NEWPORT THIS SUMMER?

*2nd Plumber:* NAW. SASSIETY GETTIN SO FEARFUL MIXED THERE THAT I TOOK A COTTAGE AT LONG BRANCH THIS YEAR.

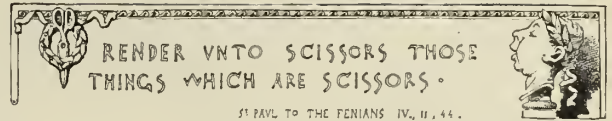


Mr. Irving is an artist. Despite the "mannerisms" for which he is so much berated, and which are as offensive to me as to anybody, he is undeniably great. No feeble trickster, no automaton obedient to springs and wires, could throw about the weird, unreal *Mathias* such a glamour to hold an audience bound with the spell; and no creature of the stage manager's rattling cogs and creaking pulleys could invest the character of Charles the First with such an exquisite, loveable grace. Mr. Irving can move his audience to tears, and tears are never the result of dynamism. There is a poetry and charm in his acting which captures one quite, though often it baffles analysis. It is supported by a cunning and a masterly knowledge of mechanical effects; but these are the setting and not the jewel. I praise him for the setting. It is often exquisite. A costume, a pose, a garish burst of lime-light from the wings, a picturesque grouping of subsiding characters about—these may and do add to the directness with which the effect is produced, but they are not the sole cause of it. There is a something behind these tangible weapons of the actor—a something which strikes more surely and shrewdly. Some call it magnetism; some, genius. Mr. Irving has great blemishes, but greater and more singular virtues. To a dreary exhibition of his halting lameness of gait and oratory will succeed a flash of power which is electric. Like a rose in a bramble, his touch of nature will glow amid his stilted defects and make you forget them.

Speaking of roses, I wish I had space for mention of Miss Ellen Terry. She has already more than merited the warm welcome she received, and it is with lively impatience I look forward to a review of her *Portia*, her *Beatrice* and *Fuliet*.

HENRY GUY CARLETON.

THOSE who think our trans-Atlantic brethren send us nothing more than the cholera should visit the collection of foreign paintings now on exhibition in Boston.



ST PAUL TO THE FENIANS IV. II. 44.

THERE seems to be an exorbitant value attached to small boys in Brooklyn. At least such will be the universal opinion if the Brooklyn man who has sued a school teacher for spanking his small-boy, and laid his damages at \$3,000, should be successful. Few persons will believe that the man has been damaged to the extent of \$3,000 by the spanking of his small-boy. No matter how highly he may estimate the boy's services, it is unreasonable to suppose that he was deprived of them for a period sufficiently long to make his loss equivalent to \$3,000. Let it be conceded, for the sake of argument, that the boy could not sit down for six consecutive months. He could still have rendered to his father all the services which a small-boy is ordinarily capable of rendering, and the parent's loss would not have amounted to any appreciable sum—much less to \$3,000.

If the suit proves successful, there is not a boy in a Brooklyn school who will not clamor to be spanked. At the utmost, the process of spanking can not be stretched beyond five minutes, at least by any female teacher. If a boy can make \$3,000 in five minutes, he can support his family in affluence by two yearly spankings. As for the boy who should secure a daily spanking—as almost any boy of average ability and conscientious devotion to duty could do—he would make his father a millionaire. It is hardly probable, however, that the plaintiff in the suit now pending will recover his \$3,000. When our courts estimate a man's life to be worth only \$5,000 they can hardly with consistency value the spanking of a small-boy at \$3,000.—*W. L. Alden in N. Y. Times.*

The editor of the London *Lancet* has purchased a brewery. At least we judge so, for his paper recommends good beer to literary men, and argues that it will improve the quality of their thoughts. If the thoughts contained in these paragraphs should show an improvement hereafter, it must not be attributed to beer.—*Norr. Herald.*

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**The Critic** "The best literary and critical journal in America." N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

A LOT of anarchists in Lyons seized a policeman the other day and tried to set him on fire, but he was so fresh he would n't burn.

A YANKEE engineer has advertised in a Paris paper that for 600,000 francs he will straighten up the Leaning Tower of Pisa—*Lowell Courier*.

BOSTON is threatened with a water famine, but as the beans hold out and Sullivan still wears the belt, everybody is happy.—*Topeka Lance*.

"AND the cloud wedded the shadow," sings a poet. From which it would appear that the bard had just returned from a negro wedding.—*Burlington Free Press*.

A YOUNG lawyer of this city, who has a girl in Warren and one in Corry, and another in Meadville, may be said to be already conducting a circuit court.—*Oil City Derrick*.

"YES," said the High School girl, "I removed the letter surreptitiously." "No you did n't," replied her brother Jim; "you sneaked up to the parlor table and jabbed it in your gripsack."—*Oil City Derrick*.

A TEXAS man has been sentenced to ninety-nine years in the penitentiary. The judge would have made it an even hundred, but did n't want to be hard on the fellow for his first offence.—*Bismarck Tribune*.

It is stated that "Northern traveling men are becoming numerous in the South, and merchants are receiving many flattering attentions." Flattering attentions is a real nice name for invitations to drink.—*Boston Post*.

AN Omaha pastor says the Protestant Church embraces three times as many women as men. That is all right, but we thought it might be just as well to let the husbands know about it.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette*.

SHE was a sweetly inexperienced young housekeeper, as one may gather from her remark when some one suggested that she should purchase spring mattresses. "Yes," she replied, "if they are in season we'd better have some."—*Yorkshire Bee*.

A VERY nobby swell from the city was spending a few days in the country and made himself generally obnoxious in his manners. One morning he wanted to go into a field where a number of cattle were standing around, but before he started he said to the lady of the house: "Awe, madame, can I go out into that pahsuah?" "Yes, of course you can; them cattle won't eat weeds."—*Bangor Commercial*.

"THIRD Avenue Railroad," said the Western Passenger Agent. "Third Avenue Railroad, I never heard of that before. Is it a trunk line?" and he swelled out pompously as he awaited the reply.

"I reckon it is," replied the New Yorker, quietly. "How many divisions does it have?" inquired the Western Passenger Agent with a remarkable show of interest.

"Only one," sighed the New Yorker. "The division between the conductor and the driver."

And the enlightened Western Passenger Agent turned away to think the thing over, and wonder if the same system could not be advantageously introduced into his company with more satisfactory financial results to himself than under the current management.—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine*.

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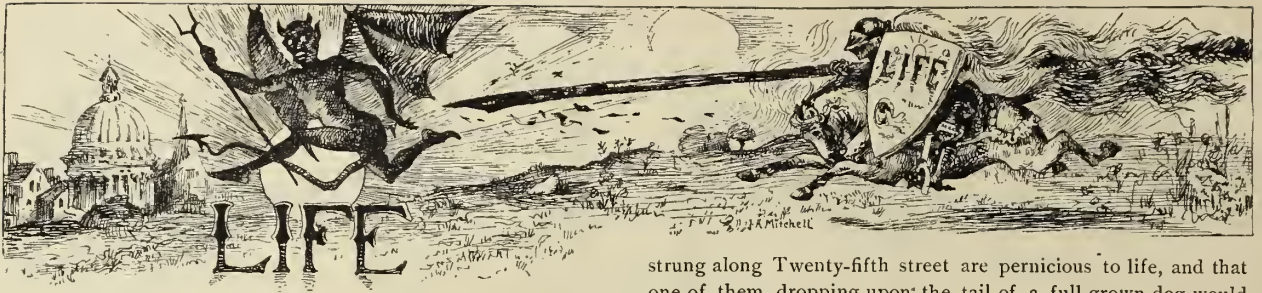


ON DECK.

Lord Dashington Woodenhead (in reply to enthusiastic remark from Miss Grace): You AMERICANS say "NICE," so MUCH. I THINK NICE IS A NASTY WORD.

Miss Grace: AND DO YOU THINK NASTY IS A NICE WORD?





VOL. II. NOVEMBER 22D, 1883. NO. 47.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

THE latest social sensation in fashionable circles of North Carolina society, was the CREDLE-CREBLE wedding. The groom is described in the dispatches as a "young and handsome cotton planter," and the bride as a "belle." Champagne, it is said, "flowed like water." A discussion arose as to whether there would be a german or a cotillion after supper. Mr. CHARLES BALLANCE, the best man, favored the cotillion, while Mr. THOMAS SEDAN, a groomsman, led the german faction. A free fight developed, wedding cake and bullets flew freely, and the revelers were having the best kind of a Southron time. Suddenly Mr. BALLANCE received a calibre 45 remonstrance through the head, and Mr. SEDAN undertook to stop a half-ounce derringer argument with his digestive apparatus. "This," says the correspondent, "brought the party to its senses, and the fighting ceased." It is not now difficult to concede the claim of that gifted Southern writer who said: "Southron society has a sprightliness and delightful suavity unknown to the North." True, too true.

\* \* \*

AMONG the greatest pleasures of Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S visit to this country, are the constant praises he hears bestowed upon the "Light of Asia," and the reference constantly made to his "cousin Benedict." Mr. Arnold says we are a cultivated people. Indeed we are.

\* \* \*

THE Catholic Bishops of America, together with the Cardinals of the Propaganda, are preparing a demand upon the United States Government that the relations between Church and State shall be based upon canon law. We are delighted to hear it. Canon law seems to us to be just the one little thing which has been wanting to make the happiness of this great and glorious country a perfect success. We have whiskey rings and Treasury frauds and political humbugs, postal swindles and internal revenue deficiencies, and now if we can get a good, solid Roman grip on the Constitution, the thing will be settled. By all means let us have the canon law.

\* \* \*

THE Honorable WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS and the Honorable L. E. CHITTENDEN are having a tremendous electrical struggle in JUDGE INGRAHAM'S Court. As neither gentleman knows a horseshoe magnet from a differential galvanometer, or can tell the difference between a farad and a streak of lightning, the battle is one of unusual interest. Mr. CHITTENDEN is retained to believe and urge that the electric light wires

strung along Twenty-fifth street are pernicious to life, and that one of them, dropping upon the tail of a full-grown dog would be powerful enough to kill a man. Mr. EVARTS, on the contrary, is of the paid opinion that a 4,000 volt current is the proper thing for babies to play with, and denies with vigor any assertion to the contrary. We do not presume to dictate to either of these gentlemen, but in the interest of science would it not be well for Mr. EVARTS to try the experiment of grasping both wires of a dynamo while the current was on? There is considerable doubt on the subject, and Mr. EVARTS should settle the question at once. He has a noble opportunity.

\* \* \*

MR. BEVINS, the successor of the lamented Mr. MARWOOD as public executioner of England, has issued his prospectus. It will gratify thoughtful criminals all over the world. He has discovered a new patent seven-foot drop and a double hitch noose, for which he claims advantages vastly superior to anything now in use. The present method of employing only one knot under the left ear Mr. BEVINS pronounces to be bad form and distasteful to malefactors of delicate organization. He uses a double knot, which embraces both ears. Mr. BEVINS is a progressive mau, and condemned persons desirous of keeping pace with the march of modern improvement, should encourage him as much as possible.

\* \* \*

"ME and WALES is good friends, and MARY has made it solid with the Princess. We like them very much, and me and Mary is sorry we ever snubbed them."—*Step-papa Griffin.*

\* \* \*

"I REALLY wish Mr. DANA would come off the roof. What have I done that I should be made such fun of? I object."—*Holman.*

\* \* \*

OUR highly esteemed contemporary, the New York Times, in its issue of Nov. 16th, describes in its telegraph columns "the unprovoked and cowardly murder of D. R. ALLEN by FRANK E. STARKE." Underneath is an editorial comment—a mild obituary of Mr. ALLEN—closing with the statement that Mr. STARKE, who killed him, is "a bright, intelligent young man, with gentlemanly habits." This, perhaps, is at first sight somewhat confusing, and it might be well for the Times to forestall the possibility of hurting the feelings of any refined murderer, by retracting the adjective "cowardly," used by its ignorant correspondent.

\* \* \*

OUR highly esteemed contemporary, the New York Evening Post, is "surprised" that LIFE should listen to the enemies of GENERAL DI CESNOLA. The Post is mistaken. No enemy of the General's has ever dared to whisper an untruthful word against him. But we have all seen his statues.

\* \* \*

"I WOULD be obliged to you if you would remind my friend BUTLER that I know how it is myself."—*S. J. Tilden.*





TO THE STARS THROUGH DIFFICULTIES.

Mrs. Doubledollar (in a whisper over her shoulder to Mr. D. as they pass into the dining room): FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, TAKE YOUR GLOVES OFF, AND WHEN THE LADIES LEAVE THE TABLE DO N'T YOU COME TOO AS YOU DID LAST TIME.



## THE OBITUARY OF AN UNDERTAKER.

FROM THE WEEKLY BASKET AND COFFIN-PLATE.

IT is with unfeigned and unprofessional regret that we announce to our readers the untimely death of our late friend and colleague, Obadiah Coffin Graves. At the ripe age of seventy years, though still in the midst of his usefulness, he has been called away from among us; and on the marble slab which marks his resting-place is inscribed already the simple but appropriate motto,

UNDERTAKEN.

Our departed friend was born on the 29th of February, 1813, in a small cottage at Berryville, New Jersey. Even then the town was one of the deadest in the state, and the very room in which he first saw the light looked out upon the cemetery. From the first, influences were at work to control him in his choice of a profession. As a lad he played marbles on the prostrate gravestones of his ancestors, stole rides in the empty hearse as it jolted merrily along on its homeward journeys, and learned to view funerals with the critical eye of a connoisseur. At the proper age he entered regularly upon the duties of the profession, with all the advantages due to his long amateur experience; and from that time to the day

of his death he was one of the brightest luminaries in our not too luminous brotherhood. Four children survive him; three sons and a daughter. The oldest son inherits his father's business; the second entered the ministry; the third is well-known among us as a practicing physician; and the daughter is of great service as a professional nurse. Thus has our friend's family been reared to follow in his footsteps, and to cooperate most beautifully in the beneficent work of helping their fellow beings along the heavenly way. The mother of these children died some years ago, happy in the consciousness that her life work had been well done. It is hardly necessary to say that her obsequies were arranged in the very highest style of which our art is capable. She assisted her husband by the manufacture and sale of mourning millinery, and he keenly felt her loss.

During his professional career, our late comrade assisted at more than five thousand funerals among our most prominent families. His official solemnity could

not have been surpassed, and indeed it was seldom equalled; in him grief was more than personified, and despair outdid itself. And yet his nature, among those who knew him best, was most warm and genial. Whoever has ridden home with him after a prosperous day's work, will well remember his gaiety. He was the best comic singer we have ever known.

As a business man Obadiah Graves was always thoroughly sound; and in the Undertakers' Conventions he was invariably on the right side. When some one proposed the admission of physicians to honorary membership in the Association of Undertakers, he wisely pointed out the suspicion which might be aroused in the public mind as to undue cooperation between the two professions; and the movement was defeated. Nevertheless he was always liberal in allowing trade discounts to physicians' families, and with true breadth of mind he treated regular and homœopath alike. Again; when Congress was memorialized in behalf of a higher tariff upon coffins, so that the trade might form a syndicate and raise the price all round, he shrewdly argued that any measure which tended to increase the present cost of funerals would lead to dangerous competition on the part of the cremationists. Of course his point was carried.

In public sanitary affairs our friend occupied broad middle ground. Although he objected to public extravagance in sewerage and street cleaning, he was opposed to epidemics on the score of their wastefulness. Small-pox he especially despised as leading to small and cheap funerals, thereby defrauding the dead of due respect, and injuring at the same time the undertakers. In all ways he considered the welfare of the profession; and even on his deathbed he seemed to delight in planning the details of his own obsequies. His wishes were carried out to the uttermost; and we can easily fancy the pleasure with which his spirit, hovering near, enjoyed the expression of tender, broken-hearted hopefulness which was imparted to his casket. He is gone: gone to join his many clients, and never shall our mortal eyes behold him more. If we can but follow his example and strive to equal his marvellous technique, we too may at last depart with calm satisfaction to our torpedo-guarded graves.



For the society belle—Miss-ery loves company.





A TIME-WORN TALE.

WHEN for Old Orchard Beach I departed,  
 With my pocketbook full—glad and gay,  
 I ne'er thought I'd return broken-hearted;  
 Broken pocketbooked too, by the way.

In the usual way, there I met her  
 (The charmer, I hardly need say);  
 Though I hate her I'll never forget her,  
 For she pulverized me the first day.

By wire-pulling worked with discretion  
 I got into her own special *clique*,  
 And I yielded and made a confession  
 Within the short space of a week.

She was sorry she never could love me,  
 Regretted to notice my "weeps;"  
 But she swore by the heavens above me,  
 "Did n't know I was 'playing for keeps.'"

ARISTOPHANES.

N. B.—There is a curse goes with this poem.



"YOUR wife," says the *Christian Union*, "is entitled to her share of your income." Oh yes, we all know that; but after she takes out her share we have to walk home, unless we have credit with the street car driver.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

LECTURE III—*Strangulation.*

1. These rules in regard to strangulation must be observed with strict accuracy. The first four will be found especially valuable to one travelling in the West.

2. Always take the man's watch in order to count his pulse beats. If he has n't got any (that is, any pulse beats), he is probably fatally injured, and has lost sensibility. Should he have any feelings left, these are also injured.

3. Notify the coroner.

4. Find out whose horse it was that he stole.

5. Collect material for a two-column account of the "Satisfaction of Justice, by our Special Correspondent."

6. Pull the patient's tongue forward, and see if there is a German word sticking in his throat. If so, remove it.

7. If he is a member of the Knickerbocker Club, remove his collar. This will undoubtedly destroy all his self-respect, but will save his life.

8. Pat his back. Do this very gently, or he may pat back again.

9. Laugh at him for making such funny faces.

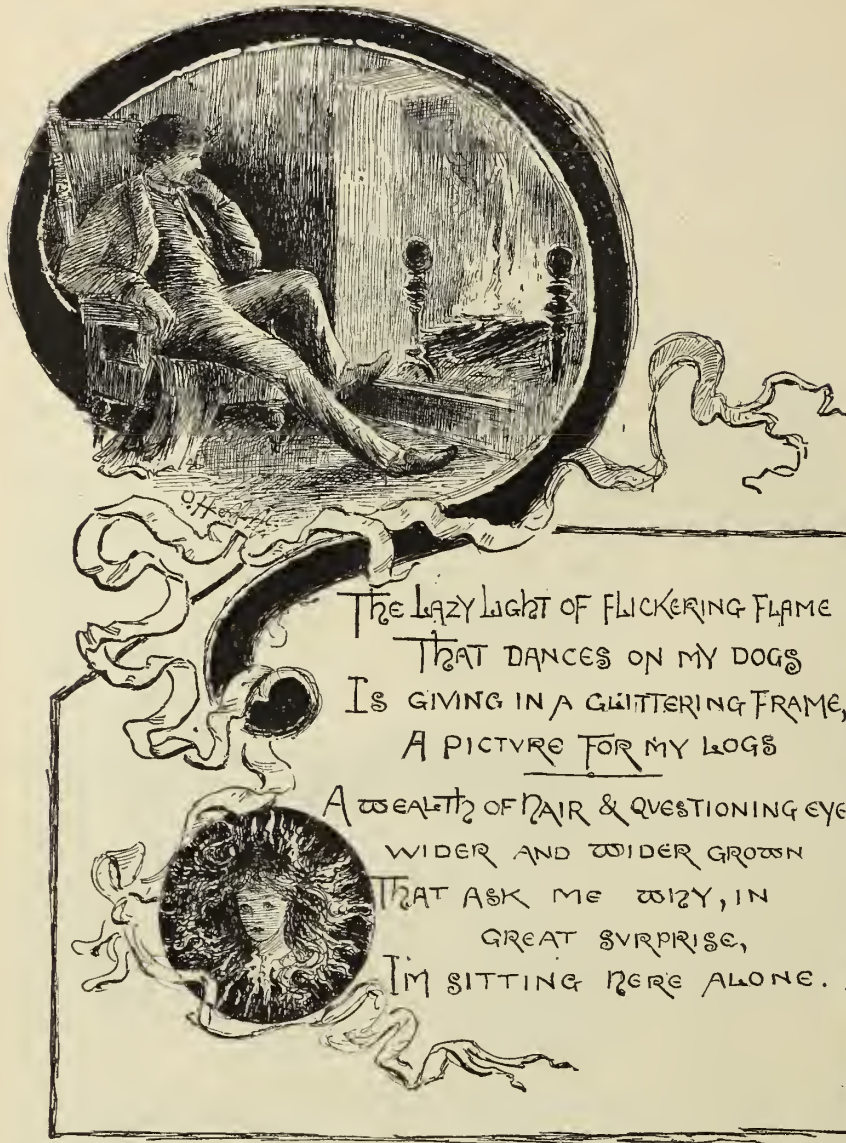


THE tens of thousands who have been entranced by the delicate imagery and exquisite daintiness of Mr. T. B. Aldrich's verse, will welcome the pretty little volume just issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, entitled, "Mercedes and Later Lyrics." Mr. Aldrich has already won a proud place among the poets of the century, and this latter work cannot but add to his fame.

"HE and She, or a Poet's Portfolio," by W. W. Story (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), needs no other introduction to the literary world that the announcement of its appearance. Mr. Story has departed from his usual style in this work, but the result is the same in charm and delicacy.

"THICKER than water" is the title of Mr. James Payn's latest novel. Mr. Payn is one of those men who think they can cook and always make their own coffee.

TENNYSON went to Copenhagen, the *Philadelphia Call* says, and read one of his own poems to the Czar of Russia. The Czar did n't say anything about the poem, but he did remark that he'd just like to get hold of Mr. Tennyson in Russia where he could read him about three hundred lines of the knout under the Nihilist act.



OLD LADY (*indignantly*): "Just to think of that horrid man daring to preach such a long sermon when I was dying to get home to poor sick Totty." (N. B. Totty is a Poodle.)

YES, my boy, the English language does change very rapidly, and many words have to-day a meaning entirely different from their original signification; for instance, Webster defines a duel as "a combat between two persons; especially a premeditated fight between two persons to decide some private difference or establish some point of honor." And does n't it mean the same thing to-day, do you ask? Ah no, my dear son, it means a foot race. And the racers usually start back to back and keep on running until one or both of them drop dead from fatigue.

#### IN DEFAULT OF BAIL.

"WHAT are ye so glum about?" inquired the jailer, as he stopped at the grating. "I thought you literary chaps was always so light-hearted. What have ye got there?"

"Some manuscript that I found in my pocket," sadly replied the unfortunate author, as he held out a roll of paper. The turnkey took the proffered sheets and glanced at them. The first one began—"My biography; to be printed in the daily papers after my book has been published." "Judging from his present cheerful surroundings, it seems hardly possible that the subject of our sketch could have been in needy and depressing circumstances but a few years since. However, Fortune did not place him in the position he now occupies—"

"You're right, she did n't," remarked the jailer, as he handed it back. "It was not Fortune—it was his Honor, an' twelve intelligent American citizens. But, to my mind, the surroundings are not cheerful; they're decidedly 'Tombs'-like. Brace up. Here comes your allowance of Croton!"

"Thank you!" mournfully rejoined the novelist. "I never drink behind the bars," and the jailer went off laughing in a Harrigan and Hartless way.

H. L. SATTERLEE.

RUFUS HATCH went to Rockford, Illinois, a few weeks ago, and played the organ Sunday morning, in the old church where he used to play it thirty years ago. Rufus has played the deuce more than the organ since that time. Besides, we always understood it was Johnny Morgan who played the organ, while Rufus played the mischief on the street.

#### DEDICATED TO THE MAN WHO PARTS HIS HAIR WITH A TOWEL.

THE sun and rain and flies beat down  
 Upon thy charming crest,  
 Until thou longest for the time  
 When thou shalt be at rest!

Sorrow sits on thy glist'ning pate;  
 The snow and hail beat down,  
 And all that fate will give to thee  
 Is coldness for a crown!

But O my Baldy, think of this,  
 And drain thy bitter cup!  
 Thou never, never canst grow gray,  
 So, Baldy dear, cheer up!

ROLAND KING.





Implements used in the discovery of a statue.

**ARCHÆOLOGY MADE EASY.**

THERE are two schools of Archæology.

I. The old school which values an antique in proportion to its artistic or historical interest, and II., the creative, or Cesnola school, which bases the value of a relic, not upon what it is, but upon its capacity for development.

The superiority of the latter is at once apparent. Instead of the relic depending upon its relation to history, we can, by the Cesnola method, twist history itself to fit our relic. The financial importance of such a process needs no comment. We will, however, offer one illustration.

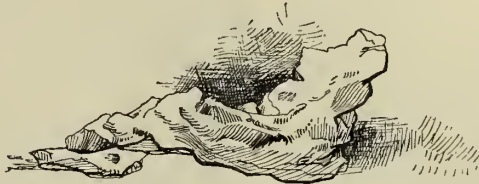
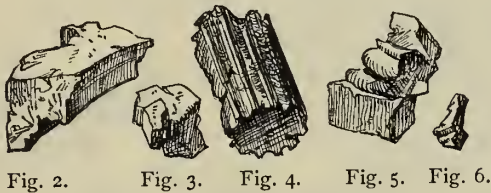


Fig. 1.

Figure 1 is a statue as it appears when first discovered. To the old school archæologist it is simply worthless. Merely because the missing fragments have ceased to exist, and there is nothing to indicate their style or character, he considers it beyond all hope of legitimate restoration! But the creative eye of a Cesnola falls upon it; he takes it in hand, and the eyes of history herself are opened in astonishment.



Figures 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, found in the ruins of as many cities have, to us, no connection whatever with the statue in question. But it is just here that the enterprise and courage of the Cesnola school are immeasurably superior to the stagnant conservatism of its rival. These blocks turn out to be the missing members, and we have, in a state of almost perfect preservation (Fig. 7), a statue bubbling over with historical interest.

There is also a most gratifying moral development to be noted in this connection which can only be attributed to the influence of the school itself. One touching incident will explain our meaning. While Gen. di Cesnola



Fig. 7.

was on the island of Cyprus, he gathered together the materials for a magnificent New School collection of antiquities. To leave such a museum in Europe, where it was looked upon as so much rubbish, was, of course, not to be considered. To dispose of it in America, where the old school prejudice still prevails, seemed almost impossible. But love of country and an honest cause are powerful allies. In the fullness of his patriotism he sold it to the Metropolitan Museum, not only refusing to acknowledge, but actually endeavoring to conceal his own untiring labors in its development.

It is encouraging, in these days of greed and humbug, that such a spirit can flourish in our midst.

J. A. MITCHELL.

MR. B. (*to Mrs. B.*): "Come, Mary, cross over; there comes Mrs. Parks; she's just lost her husband, and we'd better give her a wide berth until we find out how much he's left her."

**AT THE ART RECEPTION.**

I LOVED her for her dreamy eyes,  
Her wistful gaze I dare not shun;  
I longed to kiss her dewy lips,  
Ripe as a berry in the sun;  
Each cheek blushed like a damask rose,  
The sweetest rose that lures the bee;  
A subtle thrill my pulses stirred  
As her soft glances fell on me.

A clasp of pearls bound up her hair  
That nestled in its slender mood;  
No lily bud was half as fair  
As her fair budding womanhood.  
The lace that edged her snowy robe  
Surged as her bosom rose and fell,  
And diamonds glistened in each ear  
Like dew-drops in a flower bell.

As yet she had not lisped a word;  
As silent as the Sphinx she sat;  
(Like Memnon, waiting to be kissed?)  
My heart kept going pitapat.  
O would life's rosy dreams were true!  
Ah me! she was not real at all;  
A painted canvas stared at me,  
A picture hung upon the wall.

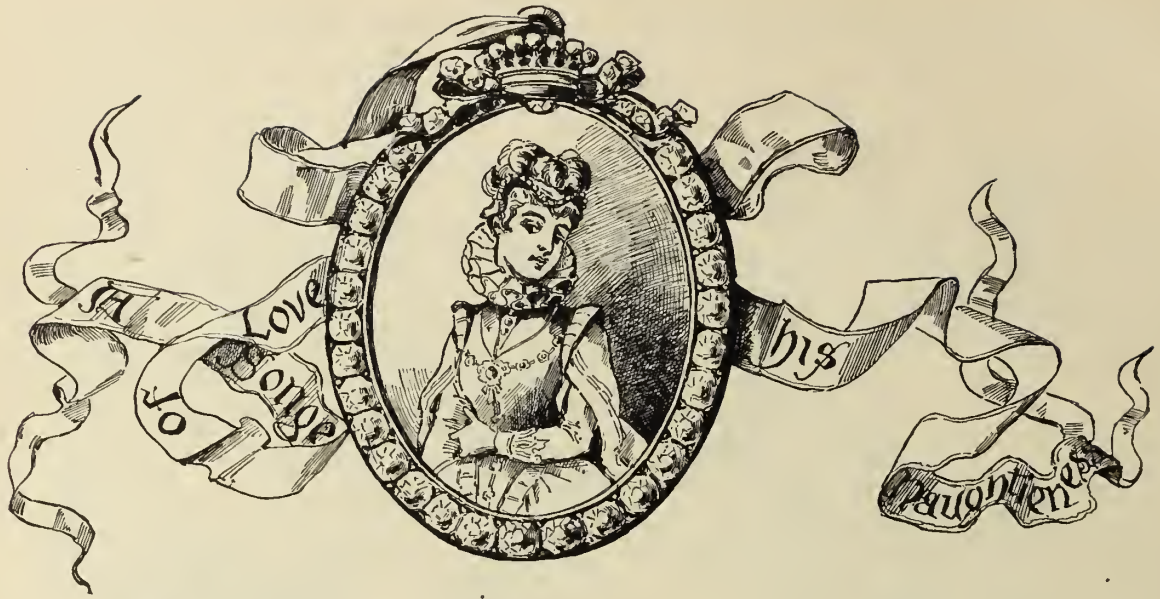
HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.











BETTY (ye Poutinge Cynick), cryes,  
 With Mockinge inne Her Pansie Eyes,  
 Yt Love ys gott soe Vayne  
 He ys Moste fayne  
 Toe Shayke alwaie His Wings theyre Golde  
 Soe Menne ye Shyninge maie Beholde.

Atte ys, ye Myschiefe Love dothe Smarte  
 & straight inne Mystresse Betty's Hearte  
 (A Spott more toe His Mynde  
 He colde nott Fynde),  
 He Foldes ye Twinklinge of His Wings  
 & theyre He sittes, & Laughtes & Singes.

M. E. W.

### THOMAS CARLYLE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY AN OLD SCHOOLMATE.

THE subject of this sketch came of a fine old Huguenot family from the north of Ireland. It is not known exactly where he was born, as his family lived in a van and were always on the move. His father being an advertising sign painter, it was doubtless from him Thomas inherited his literary tastes.

At an early age young Tom was sent to New York to learn manners and deportment under one Sleeney, a bob-tail car-driver. Now, this Sleeney was a terror at this business, and under his careful tuition Thomas acquired that gentleness, geniality, delicacy and general sweetness of manner and disposition that so endeared him throughout his life to every one he met.

At about this time, however, his digestion completely failed. This was caused by his endeavors to acquire the noble American

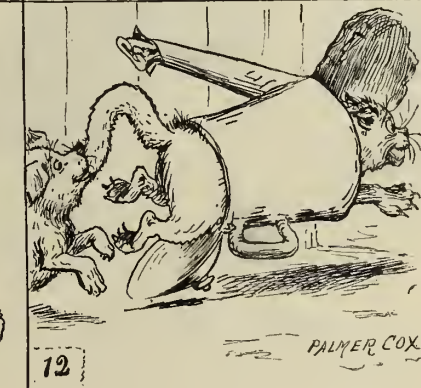
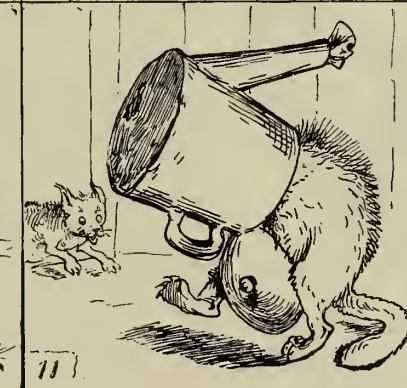
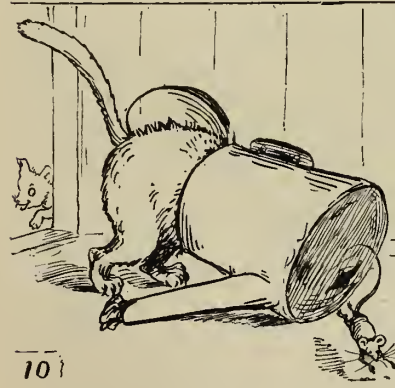
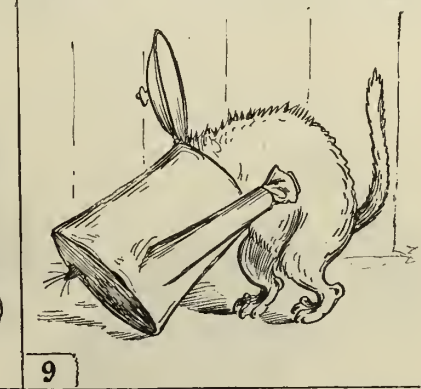
habit of eating his meals inside of three minutes. He tried every known remedy for the trouble, from Jamaica ginger to whiskey and milk, but without avail, and chronic dyspepsia claimed him for her own and clung to him till the day of his death, and in fact he may have it now, for all we know to the contrary.

Our hero now returned to England, and secured work on London *Punch*, engaged a room at the poorhouse and took his meals out, thus enjoying all the comforts of a home without its cares.

At about this time he wrote his immortal work, "The Lives of the Great Sluggers;" this brought him fame, wealth and a permanent position on the staff of the *Police Gazette*. He now felt that he needed some real solid misery by way of ballast, so he began to look about him for a wife, and, wisely selecting a lady who had reached the good-lord-anybody age, married her for her dyspepsia, thinking it would form such a bond of sympathy between them that they could not help but get on well together. In this,

(Continued on page 252.)





PALMER COX

(Continued from page 250.)

however, he was disappointed, for his life soon became one long foot-ball match, and in time their neighborhood got to be so like a boiler-factory that they were obliged to move to a town that, judging from its name, must have been in Russia or Poland. Here, as they were the sole inhabitants of the place, they would have probably been able to get on comfortably with their neighbors, but at this point Thomas's old complaint challenged him for the championship and knocked him out in the sixty-fourth round. His fellow-townsmen, one and all, followed him sorrowing to his grave, where, to show the sincerity of their grief, they erected a monument to his memory bearing the following inscription, written by his old friend, Mr. Froude :

And now the question  
Of indigestion  
Is settled for Thomas Carlyle.  
His body is here,  
But his soul, we fear,  
Will be out in the cold a while.

ROLAND KING.

### CABIN LACONICS.

BY BRUDDER ROMULUS.

**H**APPINESS am often a roostin' on de lower limb, w'ile we am barkin' our shins pokin' 'bout to fin' it in de top ob de tall tree.

HEAPS ob folks am so neah-sighted dat dey dun fink dey am a lookin' clean ober dar nabur's head, when dey am on'y peepin' out f'um unner his arm.

WE may lose sight ob ole death by drivin' roun' a ben' in de long road, but he al'ays knows jes' whar' to fin' a short cut fru' de woods.

ONE frien' dat am soun' all de way fru' am wuff a thousan' dat hab de dry-rot at de core; de niggah dat builds his cabin wid rotten logs in de summer gin'rally gits fros'-bit when de fus' cole snap cums a whistlin' up de lane.



### NICE FRESH BUTTER!

ONE POUND OF THIS BUTTER WILL DO MORE TOWARD A BOY'S PHYSICAL ADVANCEMENT THAN ANY OTHER PRODUCT OF THE FARM.



### SOME NEW MELODRAMA.

**T**HE art of writing melodrama seems to be in bad odor. Melodrama is not, at its best, an especially lucid or lovely form of art. It is, at its best, a kind of emphasis put upon realism—a sort of sensational realism. That is to say, it deals with personages and incidents which belong, apparently, to the common life about us, but which are exaggerated and overdrawn for theatrical purposes. A probable melodrama is out of the question. It is, therefore, rather illogical to speak of improbable melodramas. Yet a good melodrama is not wholly untrue to life, and is both entertaining and moral enough for public edification. One watches with interest and ethical pleasure plays like "Jesse Brown," "The Ticket of Leave Man," "The Long Strike," "The Two Orphans," "A Celebrated Case," and a few others of the same class. Their weakness is conspicuous; but their effectiveness, their meaning, is certainly obvious. There are observers of the stage who condemn melodrama outright, as they condemn the sensational novel. But these observers are much too narrow and illiberal. Let us be just. Let us be universal, cosmical. Let us drop so far, indeed, with a benignity of soul which becomes us, as to regard even the melodramas of the illustrious Campbell, the distinguished Gunter, the accomplished Belasco.

I have been following, with various emotions, the course of melodrama on our stage during the last few years. I have studied the impressive plays written by the not less impressive American dramatists. My conclusion is that the great American dramatist—especially great in his own judgment of himself—is revealed to us amid red fire, shot-guns, Russian lunatics, preaching lovers, and impeccable maidens. Fortunately, our English brethren are quite as remarkable as our American brothers. The Britisher and the Yankee have made up their minds, it seems to me, to discover who shall write the worst melodrama on record. Occasionally the Frenchman steps in; he is apt to be a trifle cleverer than the others. The great American dramatist has produced melodramas like "Siberia," "The White Slave," and more to the same effect. The great British dramatist has produced "Youth," "The World," "The Romany Rye," and more to the same effect. The very newest of the new melodramas are "Courage," by Mr. Archibald C. Gunter; "In the Ranks," by Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt; and "The Stranglers of Paris," by Adolphe Belot and David Belasco.

These three plays were produced at different theatres in New York during the last twelve days. Mr. Gunter's play, "Courage," strives hard for distinction with Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's play, "In the Ranks." In "Courage" there is exhibited the villainy—cimmerian in its blackness—of a Spanish spy, who tries to accomplish the ruin of an American standing six feet two in his boots. The American goes to Cuba with a letter from the Spaniard in his pocket, and, when he reaches Havana, falls, thanks to the letter, into an indefinite peck of trouble. It is noteworthy that this elongated American hero has a very diminutive sweetheart. The trials which befall these ill-proportioned persons could only have been born of a lively and absurd imagination like that of Mr. Gunter. Mr. Gunter's "Courage" should be placed immediately alongside of Mr. Campbell's melodrama, in the rogue's gallery of the theatres. The English melodrama, by Sims and Pettitt, is, if possible, sillier than Gunter's play. For downright and crazy improbability, without a touch of fact or nature in its composition, give me "In the Ranks." Yet Mr. Sims, who is a skillful writer, and who should flee from contact with that insane trifler, Pettitt, has been unlucky enough to put some charming and humorous ideas into this rankly bad play. Why should a man deliberately bury his brightness? "The Stranglers of Paris" is a



very cheerful and inspiring play. It tells how one Jagon choked a fellow-creature to death, and goes finally into the hands of an executioner. But, at any rate, there is some interest in this tale of horror—while the other two plays are merely horrors. Yet I must not fail to make this point—that Mr. Belasco, with his usual modesty, describes himself as the author of "The Stranglers of Paris." Mr. Belasco did arrange M. Belot's play for our stage.  
G. E. M. (VIXEN.)

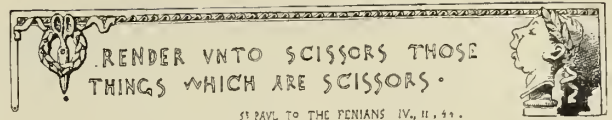
MONSIGNOR CAPEL.

WHAT'S in a name? Our friend Capel  
On talk is nowise hazy,  
But rhyming with his name reap  
Will nearly drive him crazy.

And some whose wits are rather dull,  
Although their learning's staple,  
Insist that this renowned John Bull  
Should be pronounced Tom Capel.

But those who make the fewest slips  
Do not with ethics grapple;  
I have it from his priestly lips,  
Monsignor calls it Capel.

AFTER the Hon. John Sullivan, of Boston, has pounded a fellow man's head to a pulp, the victim is ever afterward opposed, on human grounds, to capital punishment.



WHAT IS THE USE.

WHAT is the use of this impetuous haste?  
The end is certain. Let us take our time,  
And hoard the vital forces that we waste  
Before the day has reached the golden prime.

What is the use of rushing with spent breath  
After Old Age, its furrows, its white hair?  
Why need we hurry so to welcome Death,  
Or go half-way, with hands stretched out to Care?

There is no use. Dear heart, if we but wait,  
All things will find us. Let us pause, I say.  
We cannot go beyond the silent gate  
That lies a short day's journey down the way.

Let us take time for love and its delights;  
It is the one sweet thing that pays for all  
The bitterness of life, for Sorrow's blight,  
For Pain's despair and Death's funereal pall.

In the lost era when the world was new,  
Love was men's first pursuit and life's excuse.  
Now has that time come back to me and you—  
Why should we seek for more? What is the use?

"My son," said old Precept, "don't take to writing poetry. When I was young, like you, I was smitten with a beautiful creature, and wrote her a poem. I never saw her again."—*Boston Times*.

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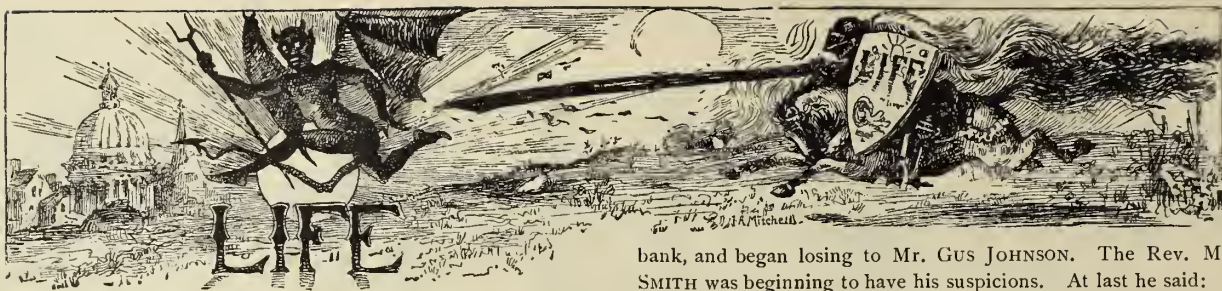
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VOL. II. NOVEMBER 15TH, 1883 NO. 46.

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\* \* \*

"I KNOW it is so, but I cannot understand it. It is like a hideous dream."—*Butler.*

\* \* \*

MR. ABBEY has reduced the price of seats at the Opera. This generosity to the poorer class of millionaires will be appreciated.

\* \* \*

THE regular monthly meeting of the Thompson Street Poker Club occurred last Saturday evening, and as Mr. RUBE JACKSON had succeeded in steering the Reverend Dr. JEFF COOPPULLER against the game, the members were in high spirits.

Under Section 5, Rule IV., visitors and guests are allowed to settle with the bank at the end of the game, and in accordance with this hospitable privilege, the Reverend gentleman had drawn so heavily as to make Mr. GUS JOHNSON'S eyes stand out like a crab's with excitement.

Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS was in luck. It had been already secretly remarked by older members of the Club that whenever the Club played with an old pack, Mr. WILLIAMS' luck was invariably steadier and more brilliant, but on this occasion it rose to such majestic proportions that every one but the Club's guest fled precipitately on his slightest symptom of showing fight, and the battle was mainly between these two.

The Rev. THANKFUL SMITH was banking, as usual. He honored his reverend friend's call for chips with cheerfulness and alacrity for four straight hours. Then Mr. WILLIAMS pleaded an engagement, passed in his toppling pile, and received \$14, even, which was the biggest winning on the Club's record. He then left.

The Rev. Dr. COOPPULLER made another liberal draft on the

bank, and began losing to Mr. GUS JOHNSON. The Rev. Mr. SMITH was beginning to have his suspicions. At last he said:

"Sposen we jess cash in, an' squar' wid de bank."

Mr. GUS JOHNSON handed in his winnings, and received \$3.41.

Mr. RUBE JACKSON owed the bank 92 cents, and paid it with a trade dollar. All eyes were now fixed upon the guest of the evening.

"Yo' owes de bank, brudder, 'bout \$19.79," said Mr. SMITH, with an effort to be calm.

"Dat 's all right," said Mr. COOPPULLER, putting on his gloves.

"Wha—whad's all right?" inquired Mr. SMITH, who was beginning to realize the worst.

"Dat \$19.79," answered Mr. COOPPULLER, drawing on his coat.

"Whar' 's de cash?" inquired Mr. SMITH.

"Yo' gin it ter Toot, did n' yo'?" asked Mr. COOPPULLER.

"He wonned it!" asseverated Mr. SMITH.

"Dat 's not my fault," said Mr. COOPPULLER.

"I break yo' all up, ef yo' doan squar dat 'count," said Mr. SMITH, shucking off his coat and assuming a terrible position.

Mr. COOPPULLER smiled. "I was jess—jess foolin', brudder. Yar's a check fo' twenty-fo' dollahs. Gin me de change."

"Mr. SMITH counted out four dollars and twenty-one cents, and shook hands with Mr. COOPPULLER, who beamed with a benevolence only exceeded by the caution with which he smuggled a wink to Mr. RUBE JACKSON. Then he and that gentleman left together. There was silence. Mr. GUS JOHNSON was examining the cheque. He handed it back to Mr. SMITH with a smile.

"Dat 's all right?" asked Mr. SMITH.

"All right; 'ceptin'—"

"'Ceptin' whad'?"

"Dat bank busted more'n a y'ar ago."

\* \* \*

"WE will bet \$5 that there is not in the *New York Times* office a handsomer man than WILLIAM S. HOLMAN."—*N. Y. Sun, October 13th.*

"Betting is a foolish practice."—*N. Y. Sun, Nov. 9th.*

\* \* \*

IT is thoughtfully suggested by an unknown but far-seeing statesman, that unless some means be devised to bring about peace between Mr. ABBEY and COLONEL MAPLESON, Cincinnati may either have no opera at all, or may be compelled to listen to both operas simultaneously in the same building. In our earnest endeavor to secure the personal and spiritual comfort of the residents of Central Africa, it seems we have cruelly overlooked this horrible domestic danger. A competent corps of missionaries should be dispatched at once to wrestle with the promoters of this dreadful strife; for, should Cincinnati have no opera, war civil and international would be inevitable and imminent.

\* \* \*

"I SEE that a great fuss was made over Sir MOSES MONTE-FIORE'S birthday, recently, although he is only ninety-nine. My next birthday occurs January 17th."—*Susan B. Anthony.*





FORESIGHT.

*Miss Edith (aged six):* MAMA, THEY SAY THE GIBBSES HAVE COME INTO A *whole lot* OF MONEY. ELLA STANFORD SAYS THEY ARE REAL COMMON AND VULGAR, BUT I THINK WE HAD BETTER BE *very nice* TO THEM, AS THERE ARE TWO BOYS IN THE FAMILY ABOUT MY AGE, AND WHEN I GROW UP SOMETHING MIGHT COME OF IT, YOU KNOW.—

THE PLAQUE DE LIMOGES.

YOU hang upon her boudoir wall,  
 Plaque de Limoges !  
 She prizes you above them all,  
 Plaque de Limoges !  
 Yet do your blossoms never move,  
 Although she looks on them with love,  
 And treasures your hard buds above  
 The gathered bloom of field and grove,  
 Insensate, cold Limoges !

Brilliant in hue your every flower,  
 Plaque de Limoges !  
 Copied from some French maiden's bower,  
 Plaque de Limoges !  
 But still you let my Lady stand—  
 The fairest lady in the land—  
 Caressing you with her soft hand,  
 Nor breathe, nor stir at her command,  
 Cold-hearted clay—Limoges !

Would that I in your place might be,  
 Plaque de Limoges !  
 That she might stand and gaze on me,  
 Plaque de Limoges !  
 I'd live in love a little space,  
 Then—fling my flowers from their place  
 At her dear feet to sue for grace,  
 Until she'd raise them to her face,  
 Happy, but crushed Limoges !

M. H. G.

AH yes, come in, come in ! Have n't seen you for several days. Oh! been in Yurruup all summer, eh? Ah yes, yes, to be sure. Have a little sketch descriptive of your trip, you thought we would like to—? Of course, "that's what we thought you thought." Yes, we will publish it. No, you need not leave the manuscript; we keep the article electrotyped and publish it every October. Like your name signed to it? certainly; cost you \$1.50 a line; you'll find the business manager down stairs, *good* morning.



### CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

*Visitor from the City:* YOU HAVE A DELIGHTFUL PLACE HERE AND A LOVELY LITTLE CHURCH. YOU MUST BE PERFECTLY HAPPY.

*Country Clergyman:* AH, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HARD IT IS TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET, ON MY MEAGRE STIPEND.

*Visitor:* BUT YOU HAVE EXTRAS, DON'T YOU? WEDDINGS AND CHRISTENINGS—

*Clergyman:* OF COURSE, THERE ARE A FEW. BUT, DO WHAT I WILL I CAN NOT COUNT UPON MORE THAN FOUR FUNERALS A WEEK.

### SWEET TWENTY-EIGHT.

IT has been a commonly accepted fact in times past that the most charming and interesting portion of woman's life lay between the years sixteen and twenty. Now, however, in these days of rapid progress and change, no one will gainsay the statement that an unmarried woman of twenty-eight is by far a more interesting and startling study—that is, at a safe distance.

At this age the average young lady has passed through the scornful, the sentimental, and the hopeless stages, and is now thoroughly prepared to attend strictly to business, to lay aside all sentiment, and, now or never, catch a man—fairly, if she can, but catch him.

What kind of a man does not much matter. Wealth and social advancement, heretofore important factors in her scheme, have been lost sight of in contemplating the more important object, and she is now perfectly willing to leave the fight for social distinction to the next generation, while, as to the wealth—well, if she catches him, she does not doubt for a moment her

### HER PHOTOGRAPH.

I KNOW the photographer pinned  
A little white card on the screen,  
When he'd wrapped up his head in a cloth  
And focused his picture machine;  
And as he turned back to the chair,  
I am equally certain that he  
Said, "Won't you look right at this card?"  
Yet she seems to be looking at me.

And after arranging her chin,  
And twisting and turning her head,  
And adjusting the folds of her dress,  
I am sure the photographer said,  
"Now please for a moment sit still  
And smile 'till you hear me count three,"  
As he whisked off the camera's cap;  
Yet she seems to be smiling on me.

I presume that she thought it a bore,  
And that she was quite ill at ease;  
Saw little black specks in her eyes,  
And felt a temptation to sneeze;  
That she wondered how long it would take,  
And what sort of a picture 't would be;  
And yet, when I look at the face,  
She seems to be thinking of me.

And when the brief seconds were passed,  
And the artist had said "That is all;"  
I presume, as she rose from the chair,  
She only said, "When shall I call?"  
But the message that waits on these lips,  
That smiling, half-parted, I see,  
Is as sweet and as fair as her face;  
And it seems to be waiting for me.

WALTER LEARNED.

ability to make him work for it as hard as ever he can. So, buckling on her armour of brass, and bearing a banner with the motto, "Good Lord! *Anybody!*" she goes forth to do battle as long as a hope or a chance remains.

The first move in the campaign is to look up the man who, when they were both eighteen, had fallen in love with her, and, after a month's acquaintance, offered himself, and been scornfully rejected; for at that time she was laboring under the impression that there was nobody in the whole wide world quite good enough for her. That she fully repented of this folly, and sought for a mill-stone to hang about her neck, goes without saying.

The man in question is sometimes very hard to find. Sometimes she has to go to Europe, sometimes out West; but she goes, and finds him, and then comes gall and wormwood.

The man looks hardly a day older, while, alas, for herself! he fails to recognize her, and she not only has to tell him who she is, but has the mortification of perceiving that he not only has some difficulty in recollecting her, but after he has succeeded in





“WASTE NOT, ETC.” OVERHEARD IN CHURCH.

*Mr. W. (to Mrs. W., as the plate is about to be passed): “MARIA, HAVE YOU GOT THAT CANADIAN QUARTER THAT WAS PASSED ON YOU YESTERDAY?”*

linking her into his past, finds considerable difficulty in restraining his merriment. In spite of this, however, she gamely remarks with a skillful tremble in her voice, “that it seems strange that fate should have thrown them together again after so many years,” whereupon the man nearly roars outright, and she realizes that this once callow youth has grown wise in his generation, and that she is wasting time over him, so, reeling up her line, departs for other hunting grounds.

Her attention is now turned to the winter health resorts, and if she be so fortunate as to find a young invalid, weakened in mind as well as body, and who is without any of his family or friends, she can look upon success as assured, unless, of course, the young man dies off too soon, or his family get wind of the business and come down and raise the siege.

Either of the above alternatives, of course, necessitates the beginning of a new campaign—this time at the summer watering places. Here the prey usually selected is the fresh and innocent youth of twenty, and haply, if he be so unsophisticated as to believe her when

she tells him that she also is but twenty—well, so much the better for her.

The next class of game is the widower and old bachelor, but this is such very dull sport that we will pass it over and take a glimpse at the closing scenes of the drama.

The end comes at last, of course, as our young lady’s time is limited to only five years or so, and, if she has been successful and landed her fish, she feels that she has worked so hard that she is entitled to entire rest and self-gratification for the remainder of her days; therefore, she sits down hard and lets everything and everybody else look out for themselves.

Meanwhile, the poor man who has contracted to act as tug-boat to this inert mass, finds that he has about as heavy a load as he can stagger under, to say nothing of numerous other unpleasant awakenings.

If, however, on the other hand, the campaign has ended in disaster, and fate decrees that Mademoiselle shall play a solo part in the orchestra of life—well, *somebody* ought to be happy. ROLAND KING.



### “REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.”

SCENE: veranda, seaside, August: She waved a feather fan,  
Soft and white as Cupid's pinions; and I, misguided man!  
Thought her the fairest maiden—very queen of all the fays  
I e'er courted (they were many) on persuasive summer days.  
She murmured meaning nothings behind that feather fan—  
Sure, Cupid's face peeped o'er it—and I, most happy man!  
Had gained the mighty favor for which erst Psyche strove.  
What words both soft and burning did we use to tell our love?  
Well—she rather mixed my classics with love's wing  
(that feather fan)—  
But it ended like the others—Ovid, dog and pipe and can.

B. F. HAPGOOD.



JOHN BRIGHT, all the papers are saying joyously, “has not touched spirits in ten years.” Dearly beloved, when you consider that John Bright is now seventy-two years old, it will perhaps occur to you that it is about time he swore off, if ever he intends to.

To Editor of LIFE:

DEAR Sir,—The *Figaro* of Paris quoted this remark of the famous art-critic, Paul de St. Victor:

“The impressionist painters content themselves with nouns: No verbs in their pictures.”

Taking this hint from the author of *Hommes et Dieux*, we subjoin a few impressionist novels, which seem to us better adapted to these days of telephone and telegraph than the common or garden three-volume lucubrations of modern English novelists.

#### AN INTERNATIONAL TRAGEDY.

SEA—stars—waves—lawn—piazza—straw chairs, hammock—pink lamp—Englishman, Newport belle—coffee—cigarettes—Drawing-room—white toilettes, black clothes—music, opoanax—twaddle—Faint, verandah, moon-rise—love, good-bye.

#### PART II.

JULY—Rotten Row—properties from Poole, Worth, Tattersall.

Newport belle—Englishman, bows—horseback—address—call—card for Parliament—direction to National Gallery—personal escort to Tower!—Adieu— \* \* \* \*—Broken heart—White Star—sea sick—New York—land sick—New Haven—Diphtheria, death.

#### FINIS.

#### SEEING LIFE.

COMMENCEMENT DAY—headache, dock—paterfamilias—last advice—letter of credit. Havre—Paris!—lamps, soldiers—shops—crowd—theatres—rue de la Paix—Hôtel Continental—dinner, champagne—opera ball—woman in domino—mask—bare arms—supper—Bignon—écrévisse—More champagne, \* \* \* \* alone—waiter!—bill!—purse?—watch??—letter of credit??—(tableau)—Cab—hotel, room, empty, trunks? . . . Eno's fruit salts—morning—down-stairs—Cousin Alice, French husband, watch!—purse!—letter of credit!!—laughter, practical joke—déjeuner chez Voisin—toast—Tout est sauvé fors l'honneur.

#### FINIS.

#### A LAZY LAWYER'S LUCK.

8 A.M.—zero—office, stove smoke—eye ache—dizzy—buzzing in ears—law—law—law—snore—snore—snore—“Hulloa!”—somersault—Judge Manhardt—letter in hand—perfumed letter—high words—dismissal—Street, snow—remorse—ice—cold, hand in pocket, letter!—contents “Aunt Hooker dead!”—fortune—joy.

#### PART II.

MT. DESERT—18 carat love to Mamie Manhardt—encouragement of Judge—partner in firm—“sleeping partner”—law of nature vs. law of man—case tried—wins suit and suits winner—wedding—snore happy ever after.

#### FINIS.

SQUASHBLOSSOM.



FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

LECTURE IV.—*Sunstroke.*

1. PUT patient in cool place. Pour ice-water on or in his head. If you can't get ice-water, use lemonade, soda-water, root-beer, Apollinaris, or any other iced beverage that he prefers.

2. If he exhibits no sign of life whatever, take a lump of ice the size of a hazel-nut, and drop it carefully down the back of his neck. A mechanical clenching of the fists will then be discernible.

3. If his breathing is slow and labored, sit on his chest. The distressing symptoms will then soon cease.

4. A *New York Daily Sun*-stroke is always fatal to presidential candidates. Consult W. S. Hancock, and Holman, after November 7th, 1884. Other kinds are not necessarily so.

5. If the sun strikes a man just as is it setting, he has no right to hit it after it is down.

6. In order to prevent sunstroke, those who expose themselves to the sun's rays for a continuous period, should wear a fresh cabbage leaf or wet handkerchief in the hat. This rule should be carefully observed by skaters and men who shovel snow.

LADY (carrying small poodle): "Doctor, can you find out what ails little 'Jacky' here? He eats and sleeps well, but seems very depressed; my parrot died a few days ago, and perhaps he misses him."

HOMŒOPATHIC VETERINARIAN (triumphantly): "Aha! There we have it—*suppressed grief*, a case for *Ignatia*, 3 x trit., one grain three times a day, and let me know how the case progresses. Charming weather we're having! *Good morning.*"

LANDSMAN: "So you had a very jolly cruise, I hear?"

YACHTSMAN: "*Jolly?* Never had such a grand time in my life! Why, four of us polished off eighteen dozen of champagne in one week, and never had a chance to be seasick!"

It's all well enough to make hay while the sun shines, but you want to gather your melons in the dark of the moon. Or, leastways, your neighbor's melons, which amounts to the same thing.



A COOL MEETING.

BY PALMER COX.

SAID the Woodchuck one day  
 In an insolent way,  
 "Mister Meph\* as you saunter around—  
 Oh, you put on great style,  
 With your strut, and your smile;  
 One would think that you owned all the ground!"

Said his neighbor so strong,  
 "You are judging me wrong,  
 And you'd better be changing your tune,  
 Or I'll give you a scent  
 That you'll carry through Lent,  
 And perhaps to the middle of June!"

PROFESSOR FISHER, of Munich, says he has discovered a process by which he can manufacture quinine from coal tar. This is cheering news to the ague stricken. It can't be any worse quinine than the present article, which is apparently made from anything the druggist happens to have handy about the shop; potter's clay and chalk being his favorites.

\* *Mephitis Americanus.*





THE LAND OF P

LITTLE BEES, GATHER HONEY!  
LITTLE FOLKS, GATHER MONEY!





PROMISE AND PAY.

ALL THE DAY, WORK AND PLAY,  
MERRILY! CHEERILY!

## AN ART SCHOOL LEGEND.

LORENZO of the "League," in reveries,  
 Before his battered easel, who could blame,  
 As in the middle distance of his life  
 He saw awaiting him both wealth and fame?

Dark was the foreground, with potboilers paved ;  
 But days were near—so flattered rainbowed Hope—  
 When, hanging all his pictures on the line,  
 He could his brushes cream with Lubin's soap.

Angelica of Cooper, pallid maid,  
 Nibbling her noontide cracker, mutely wooed  
 The young Augustus she had vilified  
 In crayon all the morning and in mood

Half faith, half doubt, besought the dusty cast,  
 Some human shape susceptible to wear,  
 And cross her path at evening's quiet hour  
 When elevated railroads lower fare.

Did Fate unite these two ambitious souls ?  
 I spread no varnish o'er my canvass small :  
 On the academy's quite neutral ground,  
 They passed one rainy day and that was all.



He only thought, "I wonder if she knows  
 She has that smudge of charcoal on her chin."  
 She, looking down : "For such a heavy bust,  
 Methinks the pedestals are rather thin."

In time, he came to sign himself, "N. A.,"  
 And, as Committee Man, his rivals skyed.  
 Brief was his glory, and his landscapes vast  
 In depths of cobwebbed auction rooms abide.

She wedded one who really hailed from Rome  
 (New York State), but had never heard of Greece;  
 His profile was Milesian ; let that pass.  
 The Trio :—Requiescant, all, in peace !

HENRY BALDWIN.

## CABIN LACONICS.

BY BRUDDER ROMULUS.

DE wise squir'l 'tends all de p'litical meetin's to fin' out whose  
 cohn am goin' to stan' out in de shock all wintah.

IT am de chap dat hain't shuah 'bout allus habin' a clean shirt  
 dat has his coat made to button right up to de chin.

DAR am a heap moah folks in dis worl' dat limp 'kase dey w'ar  
 tight boots dan 'kase dey dun fall lame a wuckin' to 'arn an hones'  
 libin'.

A PATCH am a heap easier to karry 'bout wid yo' dan a tailor's  
 bill dat yo' kyant pay.

POOTY felles in dis worl' ain't gin'rally good fur much 'ceptin'  
 jes' to look at ; de rose-bush doan' pan out well when yo' cum to  
 lay in yo' wintah fiah-wood.

LIFE am offen sich a long thread dat it dun snaps in de middle  
 f'um its own heft.

DE chap dat am stoopin' ober hocin' out his tater patch, ain't  
 ap' to see all de leetle failin's ob his nabur's.

DE muel am a good deal like his master when he turns roun'  
 an' kicks de chap dat brings in his oats.





PRACTICAL PROVERBS.

FOR New York City—Tammany cooks spoil the broth.

FOR the dude-killer—All's well that ends swell.

FOR the doctor—It's an ill wind that blows me good.

FOR old-ticket Sam—Age before beauty.

FOR the poker-player—None so blind as those that won't ante.

FOR the ring-master—No hoss, no clown.

FOR the conductor—A learned child dreads the fare.

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

No. IX.

"There comes a young general to court to-day; take you, daughter, but scant heed of him. *All fame, no silver*, saith the proverb—look well to it. But be not too modest neither, for his praise is now in fashion, and, as this world runs, to be a little less than the fashion is to be damned. Therefore gild thy speech with civility, but let thine eye reprove the advancer."—*Semiramis, Act 1.*

I AM delighted that the International Exposition of Foreign Curios has opened at last. The price of admission is certainly high, but as it is obviously a Protective Tariff to keep out the LOWER CLASSES, we aristocrats must bear it.

We were all of us glad, I am sure, to meet the Lord Chief Justice. Some few of us had heard of him before. The VAN DAZZLES, indeed, had met him abroad, and the *gaudia certaminis* which lit up the waning eye of that noble but gouty patriarch, DE VRIES VAN DAZZLE, when it was announced that his friend had landed, was one of the most notable phenomena of the Newport season, and his poor purple fingers hastened to scrawl an assurance to the eminent jurist that whatever incivility might be proffered him by the well-meaning but ignorant Metropolis, he might feel certain of the warmest of welcomes across the threshold of the VAN DAZZLES at Newport. This, of course, at once made the timid magnate feel somewhat at home in this strange land, and, as it got out through the medium of Club gossip, had the happy effect of turning much favorable public sentiment in his direction, for, unwilling as we are to receive into our homes a foreigner of any kind, but particularly British, we are less severe when one of our own clan breaks the ice and lets him in.

It was a genial surprise to my lord to know that any one on this side of the water knew him at all. On the other side of the water the densest of ignorance concerning America prevails, and Englishmen naturally think it reciprocal. Last year Mrs. KORKA-WALLOON went abroad, and not only did the estimable lady who leads the royal set in England not call upon her, but not one of the papers in London contained a line announcing her arrival. Consider what would have happened had the facts been reversed. My lord should; in justice, therefore consider himself exceedingly lucky that we, as a nation, were willing to smother our resentment at England's slight to Mrs. KORKA-WALLOON, and

make ourselves agreeable to him. The fact that Mrs. KORKA-WALLOON is a much more important person here than the Chief Justice is at home is very well known, and our forbearance was a heaping of fire on England's head, which, if she has a grain of true feeling, she will not easily forget.

We were very kind to the Chief Justice. We gave him all he could eat, we trotted him over the Bridge, showed him the CESNOLA collection and Madison Square, gave him passes to the theatre, treated him to some of the longest speeches of some of our most gifted orators—in short, cackled over him with an exuberance which could not fail to be gratifying.

But the chiefest burst of our enthusiasm in the entertainment line occurred at the luncheon we gave him at Newport. Of course it was Mr. DE VRIES VAN DAZZLE who issued the cards and paid the bills, but in importance the affair was certainly national, and therefore we all can claim a share in it. To make it pointed, Mrs. KORKA-WALLOON herself, injured but still erect, was there by special invitation, and though observers carelessly forgot to note the fact, my lord's eye no doubt quailed as it fell upon her. A notable incident occurred shortly after the guests arrived. Miss LITHIA VAN DAZZLE—delicious little enthusiast that she is!—entered with a magnificent volume of the "Ancient Mariner," illustrated by DORÉ, and said, with a tumult of happy blushes mantling the virgin expanse of her cheek: "My lord, *won't* you *please* put your autograph on this copy of your poem?" It is my favorite of all your works, and I have learned every word of it." It is said that—but I am taking up too much space with Mr. COLERIDGE, who enjoyed himself immensely, and who has, no doubt, already told the Aristocracy of England all about it.

The holiness of Monsignor CAPEL must have immense depths underlying its placid surface, else it surely must have been stirred by the winds of flattery which have blown upon him from every side. I like CAPEL. He has not the melancholy, underfed look of most of our own mild native saints. His austerity is round and firm, and his theology is crisp and brown and buttery, like DELMONICO'S toast. He was not cut out for an envoy to a beleaguered city, or a missionary to the Cannibal Islands, for he would be eaten. For just what he is, a smooth, unctuous shepherd of a heavenly fold of fat sheep; nature could not have made a cunninger pattern. Even Mrs. VERBRUSQUE, that terror of the meek and lowly, was gentle unto him as the south-wind which breathes upon the bank of violets, and Mrs. DESMYTH was heard to declare with a rapt sigh, that she never felt the influence of Catholicism so strongly before.

But as one swallow does not make a summer, it will, I fear, take more than one CAPEL to convert all of us. Our strongest objection to the Church of which Monsignor CAPEL is the healthy expounder, is that it is not fashionable. Some of us like the candles and incense and general scenic effects of the Church, and we have introduced:

The dear little souls  
In nice white stoles

to chant our hymns for us while we nod in the fragrant holy air of our sanctuaries, but as a whole the grip of Rome upon our souls is not over binding. We do not like the odor of fish to pervade our homes on Friday, and we have immense objections to sharing heaven with our help. We are compelled to draw the line at the confessional, also, for among us FIRST CIRCLERS it would be obviously not only a frequent nuisance, but often dangerous. So we are obliged to be Lutheran—and fashionable.

Monsignor CAPEL, however, is welcome. He is beloved on the other side of the water and—but could we say more. As I said before, I like him and I am glad he came. This is a catholic country, in its broadness, and it will do him good to exercise his lungs a little, meet our Aristocracy and sample our wines. We are a mercurial people, as a whole, but our UPPER CLASSES are firm as the rock of Sinai, and scarcely change at all in a week.

It thrills me still when I hear the echoes of delicious little Miss FLORIE DUPON's voice saying, as she said to me last week: "O, what a mutchall thweet voith, dear Mr. Irving hath." To be sure he has. Next to his walk, that musical sweet voice has done more to endear Mr. Irving to the critical judgment of FIRST CIRCLES, here and elsewhere, than anything he has or does—except, perhaps, his birthright as a Briton.

Yes, the Exposition is a great success. I wish I had time to treat all its features. Two prominent features, one on upper Broadway and one on Fourteenth Street, could fill a volume. Dear me, how volatile we all are!

LIGHTNING is said to have a strong affinity for oil. And then we can't understand why it never strikes the man who lards his luxuriant locks and sits next you in church.

It is quite generally believed that when a New York man dies he goes to Saturn. He could n't be content with a future existence in a planet that had n't two or three rings.

It has been found, by actual experiment, that it takes only two gallons of straight whisky to make a Mississippi alligator howling drunk. At first glance this statement appears incredible, but when you reflect a moment, it is only natural that an alligator, accustomed to water all his life, can't stand so much whisky as a human Mississippian who is weaned on it.



#### A PLAY AND A COMPANY.

THE corruscating Belasco has crushed us all with "The Stranglers of Paris." I notice that the programmes, used at the new Park Theatre, contain the startling announcement that "The Stranglers of Paris" is "Belasco's masterpiece." Nothing could be truer than this. Mr. Belasco has put the luscious fruit of his genius into "The Stranglers of Paris," that fruit which was only partially ripened in those works, which are nevertheless great, called "Hearts of Oaks" and "La Belle Russe." The first of these two plays is remarkable for a real rain storm which descends upon the stage and which ought to wash out the play. The distinction of "La Belle Russe" is found in its gallic title, also perhaps in the fact that Mr. Belasco wrote "La Belle Russe" on lines laid down carefully and successfully in other plays. On the whole, therefore, Mr. Belasco has a right to our consideration and respect. He is a typical great American dramatist. Like Molière, *il prend son bien où il le trouve*. He takes his garbage where he finds it. The story of "The Stranglers of Paris"—a Bloomingdale melodrama in two prologues and six scenes—informs us, chiefly with the help of several cartloads of scenery, that one Jagon, a thick fellow in a blouse, and an imposing villain, strangles an inoffensive old gentleman, because this gentleman has a certain amount of money which, Jagon thinks, ought to belong to Jagon's daughter. In fact, Jagon has a very tender and touching regard for his daughter, and he does not hesitate to put his hands upon the throats of several excellent persons for her benefit. Jagon takes the easiest road to a fortune, and what he gains by the laborious toil of assassination he passes over, with astonishing amiability, to his daughter. Jagon is, of course, a curious scamp. He tells a long story about himself in the beginning of the play. He tells it to his accomplice, Lorenz, while the two are seated at a table and more or less surrounded by soldiers. There are many astonishing scenes in the course of the play. The lower and the upper deck of a convict ship, for example, are shown. Jagon and some of his fellow-prisoners



#### PECUNIARY VIRTUE.

LADY VISITOR: "Is your mistress at home?"

SERVANT (religiously inclined): "Yes, mum, but she's too busy to see yer."

LADY VISITOR: "Then she is *not* at home?"

SERVANT: "Fact is, mum, I can't lie under twenty dollars a month—and I won't."

"TIME is money." You'll think so when you hear that George W. Childs has just bought another \$1,500 clock.

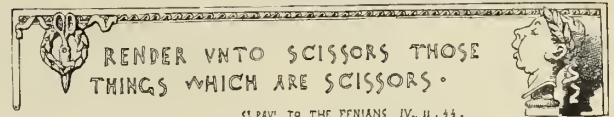
Yes, dear, it is true that "love laughs at locksmiths," but perhaps that is because the locksmiths are such funny tumblers.



escape from the ship. Two of them, Jagon and one who has been judged wrongly as Jagon's accomplice, are seen afterwards floating serenely in mid-sea on something that resembles a rock. But I cannot undertake to follow, situation by situation, and character by character, the brilliant development of Mr. Belasco's imitation or adaptation of Mr. Adolphe Belot's "*Les Etranglers de Paris*." It is agreeable, however, to add, that Lorenz strangles Jagon's daughter in the end; that Jagon denounces Lorenz as his accomplice, and that Jagon himself is shot. Now, this play is founded upon a very ingenious and clever novel. But neither Mr. Belot, nor Mr. Belasco, I am grieved to say, has been able to make more than a masterpiece of sensational flummery out of the novel. That is the sum of "Belasco's masterpiece." I am told that "The Stranglers of Paris" is successful. Virtue, then, is not invariably triumphant in this world.

While every one is talking of the cleverness of Mr. Irving's English company, and of the ingenious manner in which plays are done under Mr. Irving's care, it is worth while to call the reader's attention to an American company, which is much more vigorous and versatile than Mr. Irving's company, and far better balanced in comic acting, than Mr. Wyndham's bright troupe of players. This is the company attached to Daly's Theatre. Nothing could be better than the performances of two plays given last year at Daly's Theatre, "The Squire" and "Seven-Twenty-Eight." There is, I wish to point out, a good deal of individuality in the Daly company; yet no one among all these excellent actors displays himself unpleasantly or consciously. At this moment, a bright little comedy, of not much worth, is done at Daly's Theatre with delightful grace and humor. This is "Dollars and Sense." It is an adaptation of a German piece, with the scene laid in Washington. The characters are Americanized. From the chief character in the play down to the old serving man, each personage is clearly and skilfully depicted. There are three or four strong stock-companies in New York, whose value we are at times apt to underrate.

G. E. M.



ST PAUL TO THE PENEANS IV., II., 44.

**HORN TODES.**

**H**OP todes and horn todes is two kinds, cos the hop todes thay hops, but the horn chap he lies on a rock in the warm and shets his eyes up reel slo an sollem, much as to say, "Lyn on the stunk of my belly is good enough athlettlec xercize for a feller wich aint a goin for to be a show." But Billy he can turn a hanspring, and once there was a man wich cude wock on a wrope.

Jack Brily, wich is the wicked sailer (swears and evry thing), he says one time he was a ship wreck on the coast of Madgigasker an the only frate saved was a horn tode. So Jack he sed to the other sailers, "Now, ship mates, we got to do some thing for a livin or els we have got to eat the second mate, wich shall it be?"

Then the second mate he spoke up an said, "A industrious carcter is the king of gettin rich."

So Jack he sed a other time, "Very wel, then, we wont idol a way our time a dining off of one a other but wil pitch in for to ern our bred by the swet of our broughs. We will make this horn tode a show and charge the natif niggers ten cents for to see him."

So they made a circus tent out of the mainsle and Jack he painted a signe wich was this way:

**THE WONDERFLEST SHOW WICH IS IN THE WORLD!**

*Only 10 Cents for to Git In.*

**!!!THE LIVIN CACTUS!!!**

This a stonishin Freak of Nature and Vestidge of Creation was giv to Queen Victoria by the King of Arizony, but got a way an come here in 2 ships.

Brother to the Fossele Rhinottycurious, and First Cusin to the Pre-historric Pugwummely,

Scientiffic name—*Jamboree feewhillikins.*

**WOCK UP! WOCK UP!**

The Only Reptle in the World wich has got Horns!!!

*(Continued on page 268.)*

# THE CENTURY FOR DECEMBER,

INCLUDES AMONG ITS TABLE OF CONTENTS THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF

## A NEW NOVEL BY ROBERT GRANT,

Author of "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels" and "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl." This novel—the most serious literary work Mr. Grant has yet attempted—is the story of two Harvard graduates in New York, and both the serious and the gay side of life in the Metropolis will be presented. The story will run about six months.

### THE OTHER CONTENTS INCLUDE

#### THE FAIREST COUNTY OF ENGLAND.

An interesting paper descriptive of Devonshire, with nine illustrations by HARRY FENN.

#### "DR. SEVIER," BY GEORGE W. CABLE.

The second installment of a serial novel of New Orleans from 1855 to 1865, by the author of "Old Creole Days," and "The Grandissimes." This story, begun in November, will run through the Magazine year.

#### PETER COOPER.

An anecdotal paper by the head of the Woman's Art School at the Cooper Institute, with a portrait of Peter Cooper, engraved by JOHNSON.

#### THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

An instructive illustrated paper by DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, lecturer on archæology at Cambridge, England, written with special reference to a recent discovery by himself.

#### ECHOES IN THE CITY OF THE ANGELS.

The romantic story of the founding of Los Angeles, California, by "H. H.": illustrated.

#### THE PRETENDERS TO THE THRONE OF FRANCE.

An interesting personal sketch, with portraits of the Comte de Chambord, Comte de Paris, and Prince Napoleon and his sons.

#### THE BREAD-WINNERS.

This anonymous novel grows more entertaining as it nears the end. A pamphlet containing all the installments previous to November is for sale by all dealers. Price 10 cents.

#### ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

An illustrated account of a discovery which the author, Prof. HARRIS, of Johns Hopkins University has made with regard to the text of the Bible.

#### THE OTHER CONTENTS

Include the second and concluding parts of "The Impressions of a Cousin," by HENRY JAMES, and "The Silverado Squatters," by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON; a charming short story by a new writer; a critical paper on GEORGE FULLER, the artist, with two full-page pictures; reviews of recent novels in "Open Letters," poems, etc.

The present volume of THE CENTURY began with the November number with which new subscriptions should commence. Popular features

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include authentic papers on Generals Sherman and Sheridan, with full-page portraits; an illustrated paper on the French Academy; a series of untechnical articles on Astronomy; Mr. Benjamin's illustrated papers on a cruise in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; General Garfield's Diary of England; the series on American architecture, etc., etc.

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## The Critic

"The best literary and critical journal in America." N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

[Continued from page 267.]

Wen they had got ready for the show to begin Jack he stude in the dore for to take the money, an prety sune a big naked natif nigger he strutted up and read the sine, cos he had been teached by a mitionary preecher for to read, and then he wocked a way lookin mity wise, and Jack he sed, "I bet that feller is the king, an I gess he has red some thing to-day wich wil teech him that kings dont know it all by adamsite."

There wasent no customers to the sho that day, but nex morning wen it was time for to begin there was a string of natif niggers a mile long a waitin to get in, and evry nigger had a bag threw over his sholder, and the feller wich had been there the day before, he was to the hed of the proceshion, and he spoke up and sed, "There aint ten cents in this hwole country, but we want to see yure sho mity bad, so we thot mebbly you wude take it out in trade and we have brot you the only thing wich the Island produces."

Then the line it mooved up and evry natif nigger he emptied out a bagfle of horn todes jest like the one wich was the sho. There wasent never any sech a stonish fellers like Jack an them sailers.

Wen Jack tole me a bout it I ast him wot thay done, and he said, Jack did, "Wel, Johnny, we dassent keep em out of the show, and we dassent let em in, and we was too brave for to run. So we jest flew."—*Little Johnny in S. F. Wasp.*

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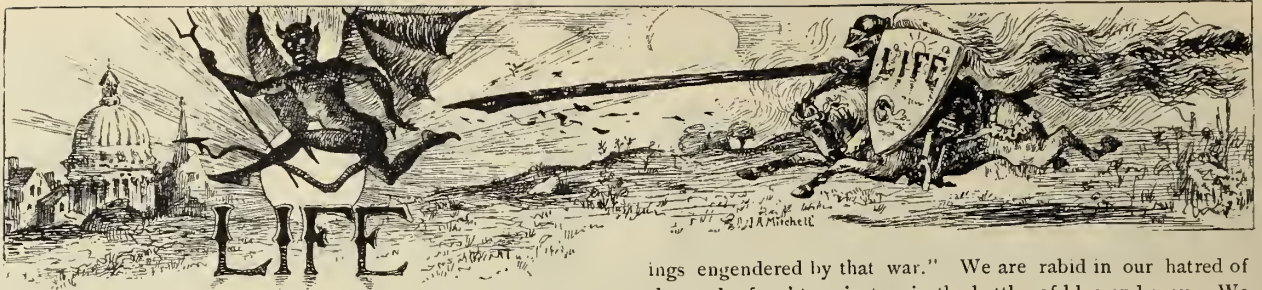
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THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THANKSGIVING AND GIVING THANKS.





VOL. II. NOVEMBER 29TH, 1883. NO. 48.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

FATHER TOOMEY of Newark, who had the pleasure of shriving Mr. JOHN CHISOLM, on Thursday, before that esteemed gentleman paid his debt to justice for wife-murder, thus declared himself to a reporter: "CHISOLM died a noble and Christian death." Of course he did. To die a really noble and truly Christian death, one must expire on a gibbet, assisted by one knot and two priests under the left ear. But in life we must prepare for death. How better than by following in the footsteps of Saints McGloin, Chisolm and others, who recently died noble and Christian deaths, according to the testimony of these same reverend confessors. Let us all become murderers and go to Canaan. There seems to be no failure, no delay, no uncertainty on that popular and blessed fast line controlled by Jack Ketch.

GENERAL G. T. BEAUREGARD, of New Orleans, recently wrote as follows to a banker in this city:

"You can assure your friends that if they come here on 'business,' and to assist in developing the commerce and resources of our country, they will be cordially welcomed, whether Republicans or Democrats, and will be at liberty to vote as they please."

This magnanimity is as great as it is undeserved. When New Orleans people come to this city on "business," they are invariably hanged or imprisoned for life, and we are surprised to learn of such mercy being accorded New Yorkers in the South. Not only are we allowed to live there, it seems (providing of course we go there on "business"), but we can actually vote and enjoy the inestimable privilege of voting as we please, as provided for by the Constitution of the United States! This graciousness is all the more astonishing when one reflects how impossible it is for a Southerner to exercise his right as a citizen in this tyrannical State. But this is not all. Continuing, the General says:

"In society they will be treated according to their personal merits."

This is really heaping coals of fire upon our heads. Our fierce cruelty to Southerners visiting among us, and the relentless spirit which has prompted us for years to ostracize them socially, irrespective of their personal merits, makes this tender forbearance all the harder to receive. There is no Southern lady or gentleman whose recollections of Northern society are pleasant. We have treated them brutally on all occasions, and have never failed to insult them when opportunity offered. But the General says further:

"At this time, eighteen years after the war, only the worst class of politicians, North and South, are inclined to keep alive the bad feelings engendered by that war."

This, alas, is true. But the General's insertion of the words "and South" is palpably made through politeness. It is only in the North that persons "are inclined to keep alive the bad feel-

ings engendered by that war." We are rabid in our hatred of those who fought against us in the battles of blue and gray. We have never, in times of pestilence or flood, shown the slightest sympathy for our brethren of the South. We have steadily refused the hand stretched across the chasm, and have strained every nerve to show that the fires of hate still raged in our bosoms. South, as we all know, and as this very language of the General shows, it has been and is the reverse. He concludes thus:

"The people of the South, especially of Louisiana, want the capital and enterprise of the North to come here and assist in rebuilding our ruined homes and restore prosperity among us."

Aha! here we have the kernel of the General. It is to our Capital and not to ourselves that this abundant and hysterical welcome is accorded. The old flag—and an appropriation—is what the General sees in his fine and prophetic mind's eye. We say the General, and we mean him, singly and individually, for we do not believe any sensible Southerner would endorse the silly twaddle we have just quoted. The civil war ended years and years ago, and neither side needs a Beauregard to reconstruct it.

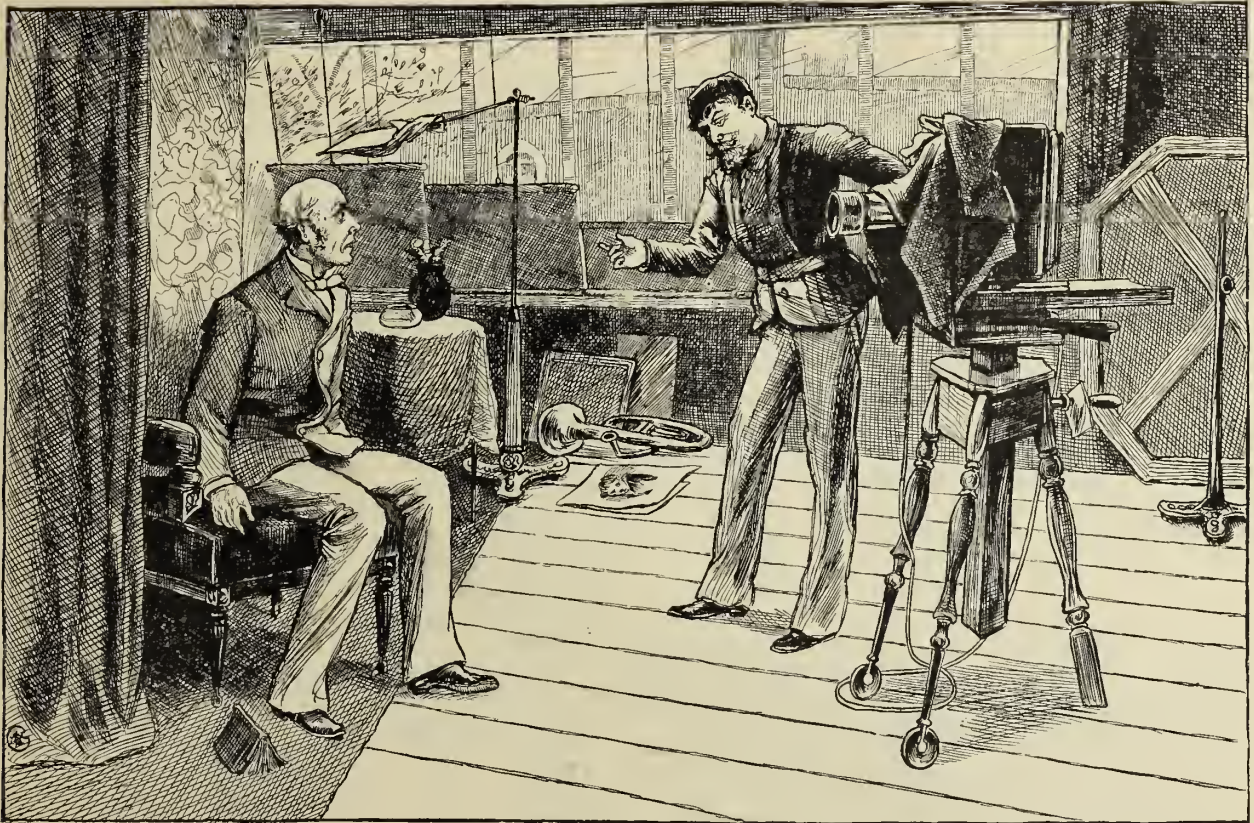
FROM precedents already established by similarly great men of Massachusetts, it would seem that the only thing now left for Mr. BUTLER to do is to open a saloon.

COLONEL BOB PEPPER is one of the most distinguished citizens of Kentucky, and Mr. THOMAS RODMAN is the other. Both live in Frankfort, and Frankfort never forgets it, by day or by night. Each endeavors to eclipse the other in snake stories and other Kentucky accomplishments, and occasionally both will combine to startle the world. The last combination occurred last week, when COLONEL PEPPER and Mr. RODMAN determined to have a swell hunt. They owned the most stylish team in all Kentucky and the noted trotters Code and Catchfly. These were pressed into service. A pair of retrievers, worth \$500, two \$300 shot guns; \$20 in ammunition, wet and dry, together with waterproofs, telescopes, camp and garrison equipage, etc., etc., completed the outfit. They were gone three days. The entire town of Frankfort was ablaze with excitement. They returned, bringing one snipe and one rabbit. The game in that section lacks appreciation of style.

SEVERAL of our esteemed contemporaries are much excited over the possibility of "a social war" resulting from the laudable efforts of two operatic managers to cut each other's throat. Upon what is this supposition based? Who cares which lives or dies? What is all the tumult about? If two women cannot sing in a city as large as New York without bringing about a "social war," the sooner our public institutions on Ward's Island are enlarged, the better.

BY an error, LIFE last week was made to give the reproof valiant to the *Evening Post*, when the real culprit was the *Mail and Express*. Our esteemed contemporary the *Post* will receive these amends, and our esteemed contemporary the *Mail and Express* be made aware that resentment sleeps with one eye open.





*Photographer (to bald-headed man):* EXCUSE ME, SIR; BUT THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD SHINES SO THAT IT WILL TAKE EXTRA BIG, SO IF YOU DON'T MIND, SIR, I'LL JUST CHALK IT A BIT.

THREE PICTURES.

I.

**D**RONING of bees, and querulous tree frogs a-whirring ;  
 Odors of marjoram, and of the sweet bouncing-betty ;  
 Lazy and sleek, the tabby cat drowsily purring ;  
 Glimpses of sunflowers, yellow as gold is—and pretty.

Tinkle the bells of cows in the far-away meadow.  
 Echo the notes of the bob-o-link deep in the cover.  
 Shrinks from the sun, and seeks the cool touch of the shadow,  
 Mignonette sweet as a maiden's first kiss to her lover.

Yellow the dust, and hot as the rage of Berserker.  
 Idly the leaves of the aspen trees dangle and quiver.  
 Busy the ants, and tireless each quick-bustling worker.  
 Brazen the gleam of the sun on the slow-rolling river.

II.

The maples flame throughout the mottled grove ;  
 The chestnuts cast their shelly burdens forth ;  
 The thrifty squirrel hides his treasure-trove ;  
 The length'ning shadows creep out to the north.

The smoke sinks low beneath the leaden air ;  
 The clouds hang weeping o'er the plundered fields,  
 As some fond maiden, in her mute despair,  
 To her dead love a tearful tribute yields.

III.

The Frost-King dons his icy diadem ;  
 And at his frown the earth grows grey and old.  
 Dead are the flowers, the scattered leaves are dead ;  
 Dead as the maiden's heart, whence love is fled.  
 Dead is the snowy-shrouded year, and cold  
 The winds shriek out its mournful requiem.

FIRST JEALOUS BARITONE (*referring to successful Tenor*): "Looks like a Poll Parrot, do n't he?"

SECOND J. B.: "Yes, and sings like one, too."

FIRST J. B.: "And what an appropriate song that was for him—'O would that I could die.'"

THE new colored cadet at West Point has not been hazed, and is treated with studied respect by the white cadets. In this connection it may not be improper to remark that the new colored cadet is six feet, one inch in height, with long arms and fists like dumb bells, and the general look of a healthy man who is aching for a fight. Whatever else may be said about the West Point cadets, they know who to haze.

THE ADVENTURES OF A MS.

IN A POLYGLOT FAMILY.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following sad tale has a pleasant conclusion, therefore the reader is warned that premature tears will be wasted.

If this truthful record will for a moment lighten the cares of aspirants to literary honors and emoluments, then the author's labors will not have been in vain.

CHAPTER I.

The First Voyage.

IT was sent to a journal with fear and trembling on part of the author. Three months later it was returned to him with a delicate slip of paper pinned to its first page. On the paper was written, "Respectfully declined."

CHAPTER II.

Again to the Breach.

IT was re-written and sent to another journal. This time the sender was more brave; his last experience had prepared him for what might come. After two weeks it came—back without a word.

CHAPTER III.

Alas!

ANOTHER journal returned it within twenty-four hours, with the following note: "We regret to say that the accompanying manuscript is not available for our periodical. We accordingly return it to your address. Very respectfully, your obliged and obedient servants, \* \* \* \* \*

CHAPTER IV.

Saved from Vivicremation.

THE manuscript was thrown into the stove, but snatched from a fiery death by the valiant author. Another journal received and returns it, with the following encouraging note: "A very unpleasant subject—depicted with so much matter-of-fact truthfulness as to make it disagreeable to any one—but—perhaps—a medical student."

The substitution of hyphens for other punctuation, and the general tone of the note acted as invigoratingly upon the author as does the November breeze upon the flowering hot-house-sweet-potato; he gathered up his waning spirits and attacked a first class journal (entered at the Post Office as second class matter).

CHAPTER V.

Victory.

TEN days later the author rushes into his wife's room, kisses her brown ringlets frantically as they hang suspended from the gas-bracket, then poses before her and bawls: "Die Welt, die Welt, ist wunderschön."<sup>1</sup>

She is a calm creature, and as her deep grey eyes, which he swears are blue, are raised to him, says: "Try again, my dear, and I am sure you will succeed in waking Baby."

He, nothing daunted, poses once more, and sings: "Je suis gai, soyons gais—"<sup>2</sup>

"Husband, will you endeavor to have some sense, and tell me what is the matter?"

"Guess."

"Some horrible amputation, I dare say."

"Guess again."

"One of your sweet, delightfully bewildering cases, which is going to make you oblivious to all the world except your microscope for two weeks at least, and in the meanwhile no theatre, no party, no ball, no nothing for me." (Why will grammar desert an angry woman?)

"I tell you one thing, husband of my heart, if my little Edith wants to marry a physician, I'll—"

"My dear, does it not occur to you that the remark is rather premature, inasmuch as your little Edith, in whom I also claim a small right of ownership, is not yet two years old?"

"Nous verrons.—But what is the occasion of your very undignified conduct?"

"Behold."

CHAPTER VI.

A Letter.

OFFICE OF "LIFE,"  
NEW YORK, Nov. 8th, 1883.

DEAR SIR:

Inclosed you will find a check for \$15 in payment for manuscript entitled "Nosbnaa." Please read, and return enclosed proof.

Yours very truly,  
EDITOR OF "LIFE."

醫師  
綴  
默  
登  
頂  
奉

CHAPTER VII.

Happiness.

"HUSBAND mine, you are a—well, you know it all. Let me read your manuscript."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Last.

"VOILA!" Again the alleged blue eyes aim upward.

"Yéso—que será?"

"Alma mia, it is a sweet poem, describing the charms of the Princess Lien-Tsin. Listen to its beautiful rhythm—"

"Spare me, Darling. But why do you suppose the Editor consents to publish it?"

大荷蘭國皇恩准為行醫昔經任憲憲手  
國皇考是魏里湖武營授參將品銜之大醫  
院職經趙大清國及南方諸國常治唐之  
疾病精分南北之病氣况憤唐人情俗諸  
君光顧者每日午十二點鐘至下午三點鐘  
勅黎王庫面請餘時要請到其寓處在英路  
進郎安巷進頭間左有  
史然尚此謹 啟  
醫師綴默登頂奉  
街  
知  
便  
號  
四  
百  
七  
大

THE OFT REJECTED MANUSCRIPT.

<sup>1</sup> "The world, the world is beautiful."—From a German song.

<sup>2</sup> "I am gay, let us be gay," from "La Belle Helene."—French.



POLITICS IN ART.



THE OPPOSING PARTY.



THE ARGUMENT.



VICTORY.

Keyble

“Firstly, because of the intrinsic value of my production; and secondly, as a moral lesson to other editors who cannot see—”  
 “A joke?”  
 “Precisely, my adored spouse, and furthermore—”  
 “Papapamapapamama—bot'l—bot'l—bot'l,” says little Edith, and the discussion ends.

MORALS.

1. Always enclose postage for return of your MS. to cover the event of an unappreciative editor's desire to file the child of your brain—in the rapacious wastebasket.
2. *Nil desperandum.* (See Latin Dictionary.)

FERD. C. VALENTINE.

There is nothing worthy of remark in the volume other than that the villain has an “avid eye,” and the paper on which the type has been dropped is in color a cross between a shrimp pink and a shad rose.  
 If Mr. Smart would turn his quill into other fields, he might do better, and we tremble to think what success would be his should he ruthlessly loosen on an unsuspecting public a story about “Three of a Kind,” or “Four Aces; or, the Romance of a Royal Flush.”

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

LECTURE V.—Burns.

- I. TURN the hose on him.
2. If the cuticular integument\* be not broken, make a mixture of sweet oil, vaseline, molasses, and soft soap, and bathe the affected part with a cloth dipped in the mixture.
3. If the cuticular integument be broken, make a mixture of alcohol, rum, oxalic acid, and Cheyenne pepper, and squirt the affected part with it by means of a syringe.
4. It should be noticed that the proportions in which these liquids are mixed makes no difference. No doctor who really loves his profession ever descends to such trifles.
5. Bind a tourniquet about the part affected. Of course every one knows what that is.
6. Read to him Mr. Arnold's essay on “Numbers” to serve as an anæsthetic.
7. If he have nothing of value about him, leave your card in his pocket after he is anæsthetized, that he may have the satisfaction of knowing who his benefactor is.

J. J. J.

\* Slang for skin.



WE have received from Messrs. T.B. Peterson & Bros. of the City of Brotherly Love, a small olive-green volume entitled “Two Kisses,” by Mr. Hawley Smart. Not knowing Mr. Smart personally, we are not prepared to state how two kisses from him would be received by the public at large; our own impressions—despite the fact that Mr. Smart announces this to be his *chef d'œuvre*—are that it would have been better for the world in general, and the author in particular, had “Two Kisses” like those of which Oscar Wilde loved to sing, been left unknissed.



HA, HA!

H'M!

## A QUESTION OF IDENTITY.

MRS. SYMKINS DE HARRIS (to lady caller): "Do we know the Hogs? I don't think we do. Do we, Maud?"

YOUNG SYMKINS DE HARRIS (age 11 years): "Oh, Ma, what a story! Did n't Pa say he owed Mr. Hogg five thousand dollars, and he did n't know where in the world it was to come from?" (*Tableau.*)

"I was only footing one of your late Bills," remarked a fond father to his daughter, after kicking her sweet William out of the front yard. H. J. S.

HARE RESTORER.—Game laws.

Now that the government is rich enough to carry a letter for two cents, we would humbly suggest that it stop making the postal cards of blotting-paper.

## OLD TIME'S DEATH.

'T WAS noon (old time); the busy clocks  
A brief while ceased their ticking;  
I crept behind my sweetheart, Nell,  
My way with soft feet picking.

I snatched a kiss; she blushed and screamed,  
And vowed me base to win it,  
And that she 'd run to tell her ma  
That very, very minute.

"Old Time is dead!" I cried with joy,  
"And for this blessed quarter  
All laws are off! 'Tis *no time* now!  
I would not wish it shorter."

\* \* \* \* \*  
The clocks struck twelve, and Nell's dear cheeks  
Were bright as Summer's posies;  
New time for us winged on its way,  
And strewed it deep with roses.

J. T. WHEELWRIGHT.



CLIPPED FROM THE NEW YORK "HERALD"  
OF 2021.

(Price One Mill.)

*Did Cesnola Paint Hercules' Nose Red? Damaging Testimony  
in the Famous Libel Suit.*

THE celebrated libel suit of *Feuardent vs. Cesnola* was up again yesterday in the U. S. Circuit Court. Mr. Feuardent's executor sat by his counsel as if confident of the result, while Mr. Di Cesnola's great grandson, who inherited this lawsuit by his great grandfather's will, moved uneasily in his seat. Some annoyance was experienced at the opening by the sudden death of one of the jurors, as he left no children to take his place and his long-lost twin brother had to be found before the trial could proceed. By some happy chance the gentleman happened to be in the Court room at the time, and the strawberry mark on his left arm having been sworn to before a Notary Public, he was allowed to sit on the Jury.

The first witness called was the nephew, three generations removed, of Mr. Clarence Cook. He testified that his grandfather had told him that his brother had heard it said that M. di Cesnola had ordered Hercules' nose to be painted red with luminous paint, so that when the Director of the Museum wished to walk amongst the statues at night he would not have to light the gas.

Young M. di Cesnola jumped to his feet, and before his counsel could interfere, offered to "restore" the witness by "putting a head" on him. The witness retorted by stating that he had no doubt the defendant could do it, having had experience. Counsel here interfered and the belligerents were quieted before any damage had been done.

The witness also stated that a new collar had been placed upon Statuette No. 41144, named in the catalogue "Lydia E. Pinkham." Witness on cross-examination stated that while in Fourteenth St. the statuette of Mrs. Pinkham had no collar on it, but admitted that he had heard of collars appearing more to advantage after a wash. Statue might have been washed and collar have been found. Witness had heard of suspenders being found on objects after wash had been applied. Witness denied that his great great uncle ever wrote a "Cook Book," but stated that he had seen some very "tart books" written by his uncle G. G.

The witness was then dismissed.

The plaintiff's counsel called for the Editor of the *Art Review*, but that gentleman had just died. The defense offered to permit a *Post-mortem* examination, but the Court declared it inadmissible.

The trial was then adjourned until to-morrow at nine o'clock, when the plaintiff expects to prove that Venus retired one evening without any nose and appeared the next day with a full-blown one. Z.

### THE INTELLIGENT VOTER.

MR. PATRICK McHOOLEY, one of the leading Democrats of the Twenty-second Ward and residing during the summer season at Shantee-on-Rocks, descended from his castle upon Riverside Crag to the street one of the cold, snappy mornings of the week past. He was met by his bosom friend, Mr. Denis O'Toole, and the following conversation ensued:

"Top o' the marnin' to yez, Paddy!"

"May the beamin' sun shine an yer pathway this marnin', Dinnis!"

"'T is a purthy cowl'd snap were a-havin', Paddy."

"Yer roight, Dinnis, me bye; an' wholle oi've been a good Jimmycrat since oi first set foot in this country, oi'm goin' to change my polutics!"

"Sure an' phwat's that fur, Pat?"

"Wil, begorry, ye know thim Tammany and Counthy Jimmycrats farmed a cohibition an' unoit on John Roily fur register!"

"Yis, Paddy."

"Oi opposed his nomination, an' moved to throw him under the table ontill the nixt matin'."

"Yis!"

"If he'd been thrown under the table fur a wake, he'd niver



### LINES TO A BULL-CHASED MAN.

LINGER not, brother,

There on the lea,

E'en though fair flowerets

Be tempting thee;

Though their aroma, their beauty, their grace,  
Tempt thee to dwell in that sweet-scented place.

Linger not, brother,

E'en though the view—

N., S., and E.—

Presents grandeur to you;

E'en though a lake, in the distance, is seen,  
With valleys, and hills, and bold crags in between.

Linger not, brother,

With dreamy air—

Castles in Spain

Are out of place there.

Stop not to murmur some beautiful rhyme—  
Wordsworth and Keats 'll do some other time.

WALLACE PECK.

av' bin nominated; but no, begorry, the prisident knocked a hole in the table wid his club, an' sez, sez he: 'The gintleman is in disarder!' An' with that, sivin or eight halers jumps up an' puts me in arder, an', begorry, oi wuz more disardered afther bein' put in arder thin I waz before oi wuz ardeied to be put in undisarder. Thin they nominated this man Roily for register an' paid me foive dollars an' I voted fur him."

"Yis."

"An' now see what they've brought an the city. This cowl'd snap comes on an' we all freeze. Phwat the Divil is the good av havin' a register if he do n't keep the city warrum! That's what oi want to know, Dinnis."

"That's what oi say, Pat. Who'll we run fur the place nixt year?"

"Some man with xperience, Dinnis; and oi say there's only wan man in town what knows how to do it."

"An' who's he, Pat?"

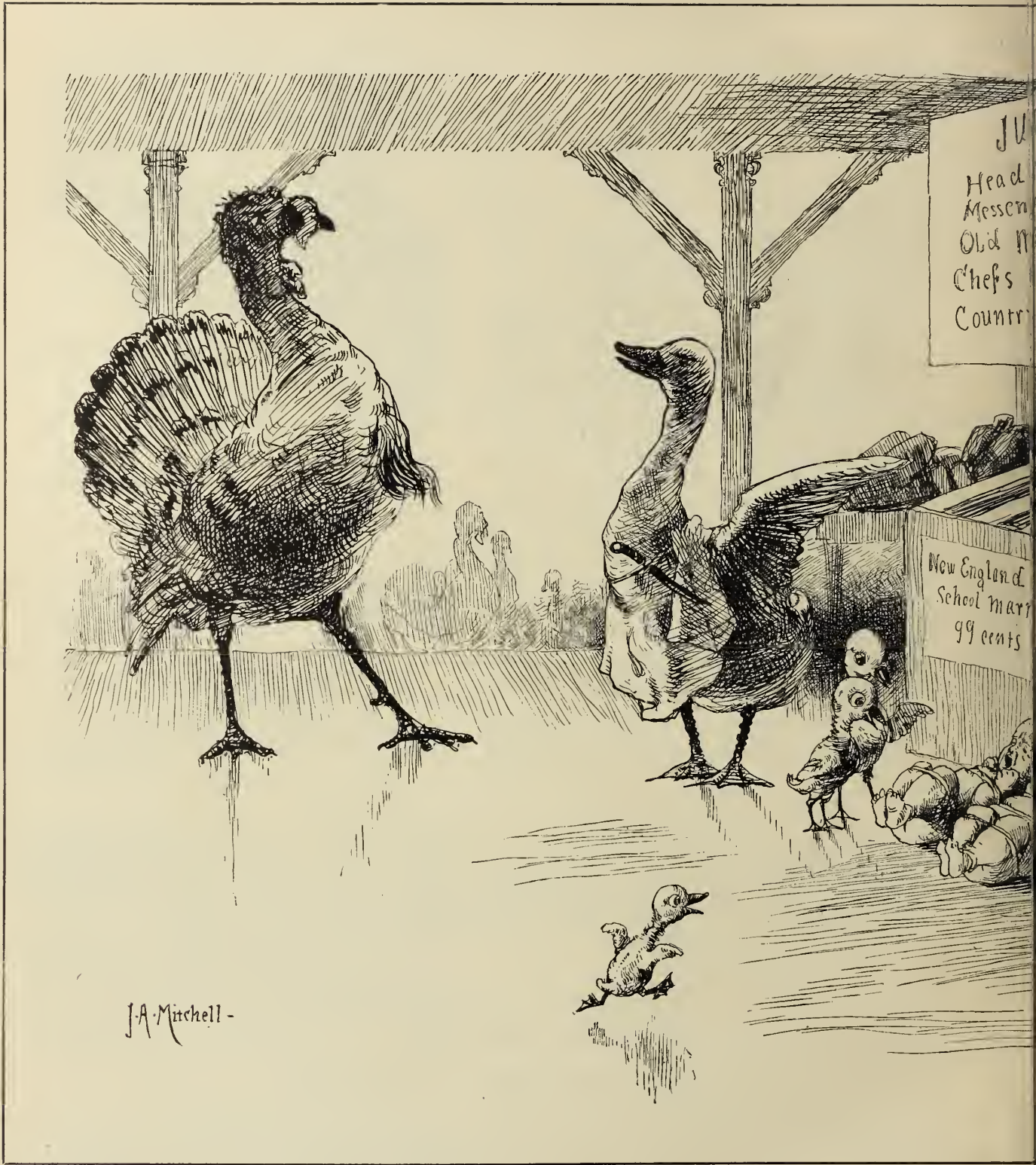
"Shpinola, bedad! Wid his shtame heatin' comp'ny."

"Yez can count on my vote, bedad!"

"Thank ye, Misher O'Toole. There goes the whistle, an' oi must go ter me wurruk on the poipes."

And the two imported statesmen hied them to their labors.

J. K. BANGS.



J.A. Mitchell -

IT IS A POOR RULE THAT





WONT WORK BOTH WAYS.



### THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT GOVERNOUR.

AN ANTIQUE METRE STRETCHED TO A MODERN VERSION.

#### I.

IT is an Ancient Governour,  
And he stoppeth one of three :  
"By thy bold cheek, by thy cock-eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"'Tis now a new Convention time,  
And thither am I sent :  
The suffering Democrats have met  
To choose a President."

He holds him with that curious eye.  
The Delegate stood still,  
And listens like a henchman true—  
The Governour hath his will.

"Now, once there was a goodly ship,  
Her name the old 'Bay State,'  
All goodly was her fair outside,  
And she carried a goodly freight.

"A goodly freight in that grand old ship,  
And bright her prospects then ;  
But the people in a fit of glee,  
Or else of madness, it may be,  
Cried out together in accents free,  
'Let's give the ship to Ben !'



"And out into the storm  
Sailed forth the vessel."

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,  
And out into the storm  
Sailed forth the vessel, past the flats,  
With a crew of 'old line' Democrats  
And I in my uniform !

The ship  
starteth on  
her voy-  
age.

"At length was seen, through the dismal sheen  
That lay upon the sea,  
A weak and piteous phantom bird,  
Yeapt Democracee.

"Though very shy, yet by-and-bye  
The phantom bird did follow :  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the Governour's holloo."

A hungry bird  
followeth the  
ship.

"God save thee, ancient Governour,  
And keep thee lustily !—  
Why look'st thou so ?"—"With my cross-bow  
I shot Democracee."



"I shot Democracee."

#### II.

Down sank the sun with sullen red,  
Down into the stormy sea :  
With terrible shock, we struck a rock,  
The rock of Tewksburee.

Now idly lies my wreckèd ship ;  
Try all the means I can,  
As idly as a speech of mine  
Affects an honest man.

The old man  
complaineth.

Voters, voters, everywhere !  
But all for Georgius D.  
Voters, voters, everywhere,  
But not enough for me.

A phantom ship then hove in sight,  
And naught her way retards,  
Upon her deck two ghastly sprites  
Are playing a game of cards.

They meet a  
ship.

And well I ween, there could be seen,  
As on the vessel came,  
The skinny ghost of Democracee,  
And it played a "skinny" game.

But the other wight, an honest sprite,  
Called out in accents brave :  
"I have won, for mine are the highest cards ;  
You only hold the *knave* !"

An ancient gover-  
nour buttonholeth  
a wedding guest.

And beginneth a  
yarn.





"Upon her deck two ghastly sprites  
Are playing a game of cards."

As soon as that word was plainly heard,  
Uprose my ghostly men,  
And dropping in fine, the name "old line,"  
They became "independents" then.

He loseth his  
grIP.

Now by their aid the wreck was stayed,  
By the men of each degree,  
But not a thing did they leave for me,  
Not even an *LL.D.*!

Now, this is my fate, thus to relate  
To all the people free,  
That the man who only cares for pelf,  
Whose only object is himself,  
The sooner, the better, he 's laid on the shelf,  
To save our dear cuntry.

When thus he found that an honest heart  
Wins a more successful fame,  
A better judge of politics,  
That delegate became.

AUREA.

## AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

### No. X.

"Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?  
Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?  
Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?  
Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet?"

*Henry V., Act II., 2.*

THE answer to this Shakesperian conundrum is most probably that it was because that they were spare in diet. Look at Mrs. BERGAMOT MILLEFLEURS, *née* BERGAMOT, relict of the late lamented ADRIAN MILLEFLEURS, who died of acute paralysis, complicated with chronic bankruptcy, some twelve years ago. Mrs. MILLEFLEURS' position in SOCIETY, it may be safe to say, has been attained by a proud and continuous devotion to poverty. Poverty, in fact, is Mrs. MILLEFLEURS' strong point, and her pride in its possession, is therefore pardonable.

Most persons blessed with a marked talent for losing property or inability to accumulate it, are so ignorant of the true value of their gift, as actually to deplore it. Far from rising to the conscious dignity of such a noble possession as poverty, they will endeavor to conceal it, and will on the slightest pretext, such as the demise of a rich and feeble-minded uncle, fling it away and grovel in the benighted pleasures of wealth with an *abandon* which confirms one's most pessimistic view of human nature. Such, I am glad to say, is not the case with that haughty and exclusive

set of which Mrs. MILLEFLEURS is the leader. Mrs. MILLEFLEURS recognizes the fact that there is nothing so characteristic of true blue blood as mohair furniture, a corroding mortgage, mildewed lambrequins, plenty of bills and no money. She knows that to be truly imposing, your aristocrat must be a trifle moth-eaten. Enrich him, and he straightway loses caste, even as a Pompeian bronze depreciates when the precious green mantle of age has been polished from it by ignorant hands. Like Stilton cheese, he is at his best when in somewhat decayed circumstances. Knowing this, and absolutely certain of her own unimpeachable and steadfast impecuniosity, Mrs. MILLEFLEURS certainly has a right to be even a trifle overbearing towards less fortunate aristocrats to whom a greasy million or so still clings.

Withal, she is gracious even to those who are rich. She knows that some of us cannot help being in affluence, and that, although we are doing our best to bequeath genteel poverty to our posterity, we are unable to quite secure it for ourselves. She therefore magnanimously accepts the will for the deed, and visits and receives us unhappy millionaires just as kindly as she would if we were paupers. Of course, going to her house, we cannot but be shamed by her palpably superior dearth of furniture and edibles; but the cordiality with which she receives us compensates in no small degree.

Mrs. MILLEFLEURS' drawing room, as an exhibition of poverty and *hauteur*, is the product of nothing less than genius. Like all the works of true genius, it is simplicity itself. The exquisitely slippery mohair sofas, a deranged spinning-wheel, half a dozen ancient instruments of torture known as straight-back chairs, a piano built when Cæsar Augustus was a little boy, an *etagère* with china dogs and some waxworks, a centre table with rheumatism in three of its legs, and a rocker which fills one with distrust—these are its belongings, and it is proudly upholstered with four blue curtains and eleven ancestors. What more eloquent of patrician pride? What more befitting its exponent?

Here, by the hour, Mrs. MILLEFLEURS will entertain you most delightfully. Beginning by adroitly noticing that Ancestor No. 1 is a little lopsided on the wall, she launches into his minute history, which, of course, merges at length into that of Ancestor No. 2, and that again, in course of time, brings up Ancestor No. 3, and so on throughout the list. I myself have heard this so often that I can repeat the biography of each forwards or backwards, from that of the red-nosed patriarch in a frilled shirt, who is Ancestor No. II, to the bland young lady with lambrequins down each side of her forehead, whom I know to be Mrs. MILLEFLEURS' maiden aunt, and concerning whose celibacy she relates a most touching and lengthy romance.

"Ah!" Mrs. MILLEFLEURS will conclude, with a sigh and a proud glance which includes all the ancestors, "times have so changed. Now it is money, money, money—nothing else, I assure you. When poor, dear grandpapa was living (there is his picture—the one with the wart on the left side of the nose) he was my *mother's* father—Stephen Bergamot—of course you have heard of him, my dear; the entire family is historical—when *he* was living, New York was a very, very different place. Grandpapa's house was on Bowling Green, and I often remember hearing him speak of his father-in-law, DIETRICH KOBBLESTON VON KARTOFEL (the one on the left—the bald-headed one), and of how he used to talk about money to my grandmama—she was a KARTOFEL; but, of course, the whole world knows that, my dear. There, you see her on the left of the mantel. There

is a history goes with that picture, by the way, and it will interest you. You see, my grandmamma's step-mother," etc., etc.

Now, what could be more delightfully patrician? Why, merely to sit in that room and look at those Ancestors is inspiring, even without the history which goes with them. How disagreeable, going thence, to re-enter our own garish *salon* and realize that our Ancestors were cursed with either property or intelligence, or both, and transmitted them to us. Knowing as well as we do, that to belong truly to the *ancien regime* we must be mouldy and indigent, and own nothing but a few square yards of Ancestors and an expression of *hauteur*, our hopeless inability to shake off our property and accumulate progenitors in oil would tempt us all to suicide, were it not that we know that Mrs. MILLEFLEURS is willing to overlook our riches and come to our dinners just as regularly and sweetly as she would if we were poor. Of course there is a marked condescension in her manner when she does this, but can we blame her? What are we millionaires at best? What can we do? Merely direct commerce, elevate art, give impetus to science and furnish the sinew for those who widen the limits of human knowledge and prosperity. That is our utmost power. Pooh! How do we feel in Mrs. MILLEFLEUR'S drawing-room, when those Ancestors blink at us from the wall? Ha! Seem we grave and learned? Come we of noble family? Seem we religious? Are we spare in diet?



TO Mr. Henry Irving, during his engagement in this city, has been deservedly accorded high praise and as strong censure. No actor has ever made warmer friends or more bitter foes. The friends are vastly in majority. The foes are mainly critics. When the managing editor of a newspaper says to a writer in his employ, "Mr. Carp, please take charge of the theatrical column," the words are supposed to at once fill Mr. Carp with a consummate knowledge of the fine arts, of oratory, acting, dramatic literature, stage effect and movement, and to endow him with a judgment of actors which is infallible. Mr. Carp, having been appointed critic of the *New York Evening Chill*, of course is thenceforth a most tremendous person. As a "professional" critic he is, of course, vastly more intelligent and discriminating than is the humble and obscure drudge, whose sole qualification for judging dramatic affairs is a practical knowledge of them acquired by years of close study and careful observation. To judge of the merits of an orchestra, we all concede that an intimate knowledge of music is necessary. We agree, too, that a competent critic of painting must be acquainted with the laws of art as applied to color, drawing, tone and perspective. We would scarcely accept as a connoisseur of watches a man who could not distinguish between a main-spring, a hair-spring, and a hand-spring. But in average dramatic criticism we are less particular. We are ready to accept a man as our dictator who knows nothing of oratory, nothing of stage mechanism, nothing of dramatic construction or stage effect, practically, and whose theories of the drama are as wild and impracticable as those of a Feejee Islander on electrical railways. We accept him—why? Because he writes for a newspaper, and his opinions are published. Still, we flock to see an actor whom he damns, and enjoy a play which he pronounces worthless. This is an anomalous position which would be hard to explain.

But to return to Mr. Irving. He has been cordially received. His engagement has been an unquestionable success. Despite mannerisms which we Americans do not like, his acting has impressed us. His *Mathias* we admired as a fine weird bit of exaggeration and fantastic action. His *Charles I.* we pronounced exquisitely picturesque, but somewhat lacking in pathos. His *Shylock*, for three acts, was mediocre and in the fourth act good but not great. His versatility in *The Lyons Mail* pleased us, and his *Louis XI.* we applauded and endorsed as a truly great and artistic performance. There is no danger of Mr. Irving's failing to impress a fair-minded and intelligent audience with the fact that he is an artist, and in places a great actor, as well as a stage-manager. In this last capacity he certainly will compel his most malignant detractor to silence.

The week has been somewhat uneventful. The operatic war of course continues. It is a Kilkenny affair, which many of us cordially hope will terminate in true Kilkenny fashion. Madame Janauschek, with the orthodox travelling company, has been thundering at the Grand Opera House. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* The Madison Square Theatre is in the throes of parting



PATENT POLICE REFORM.



with the *Rajah*. The *Rajah's* head should have fallen six months ago. A new play, "Duty," by Henry C. De Mille, is to succeed it. Mr. G. U. Hopkins, whose stage name is Frank Lincoln, made his American *début* at the Madison Club Theatre recently. He is a most versatile and clever mimic, and kept a highly intelligent audience in hysterics for two hours. He will, I think, be a success. He is an American, but has hitherto only appeared abroad.

H. G. C.

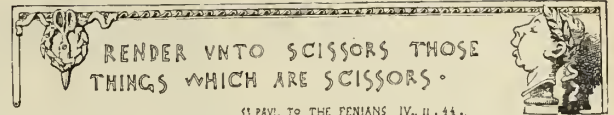
"LE ROMAN DE LA ROSE."

WHITE roses full in beauty blow;  
Let us enjoy them ere they go,  
With petals floating pale to die,  
Woed by the south wind's melody.  
Sweeter when fluttering to their doom  
Than in the glory of their bloom,  
Life's fairest roses die for this:  
The whisper of inconstant bliss.

E. E. T.

THE latest publications of Mr. O'Donovan Rossa are of such an incendiary character that the printer was obliged to employ a fireproof-reader.

SINCE John L. Sullivan has opened his bar-room, it is said that he gives the true Hub punch.



ST PAUL TO THE PENIANS IV., II., 44.

SPECIAL cable despatches are worn so thin by the time they reach this side that they must be padded to be presentable.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

A NOTICE of a certain lecturer states that "he always carries his audience with him." We thought, when we heard him, he'd have to, if he wanted to have any.—*Boston Post*.

IT may appear strange, but nevertheless it is a fact, that rich young ladies are often pressed for money. If you don't believe it, ask the young men who do the pressing.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

An authority on angling says that the best way to brain a trout is to hit the fish on the head. Fishermen who held that the best way to brain a trout was to amputate its tail, will now see their error.—*Norristown Herald*.

NO MATTER what kind of a winter is predicted, no matter whether it is to be away down below zero, or away up above blood-heat, the clergyman will not be troubled with a sore throat until the summer sets in, and it is time to go and rusticate in Palestine.—*Puck*.

A STOCKHOLDER in a Western narrow-gauge railroad made a call at headquarters, the other day, and remarked to the president, "I notice that the gross receipts for October show a decrease over September." "Yes, sir." "Can you explain the matter?" "Certainly, sir. In September we carried a family of seven persons from Dashville to Blanktown, and the receipts were swelled. During October we only got hold of a blind man, two cars of lumber and a dozen barrels of salt, and the receipts shrunk." "And what is the outlook?" "Splendid, sir. So far this month we have more than paid for the wood and oil for the locomotive, and if we get a shipment of six hogs, as promised us yesterday, I believe we can pay the conductor at least five per cent. of his back salary."—*Wall Street News*.

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*From Am. Journal of Medicine.*

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Dr. AB. MESEROLE, No. 96 John St., New York.

**General Logan's Great Play.**

THE play treats upon certain incidents of the late civil war and the romantic experiences of a certain Major Algernon Bellville, U. S. A., who is beloved by Maud Glynn, daughter of a Confederate general. The plot turns upon the young lady's unsuccessful effort to convey intelligence of a proposed sortie to her lover in the Union ranks. She is slain while masking in male attire by Reginald De Courcy, a rejected lover, who is serving as her father's aide-de-camp. This melancholy tragedy is enacted at a spot appointed by the lovers as a rendezvous. Major Bellville rushes in to find his fair idol a corpse. He is wild with grief. The melodrama concludes thus:

De Bell.—Aha! Who done this deed?  
Lieutenant Smythe.—Yonder Reginald De Courcy done it, for I seen him when he done it.

Reginald.—'Sdeath! 'Tis a lie—upon my honor. I did n't do no such thing.

De Bell.—Thou must die. (Draws his sword.) Prepare to meet thy Maker. (Stabs him.)

Reginald (falling).—I see angels. (Dies.)

De Bell.—Now leave me, good Smythe; I faint would rest. (Exit Smythe.) O Maud, Maud, my spotless pearl, what craven hand has snatched thee from our midst? But I will follow thee. Aha, what have we here? A phial of poison secreted in the stump of this gnarled oak!

I thank thee, auspicious heaven, for this sweet boon. (Drinks poison.) Farewell, my native land; I die for thee. (Falls and writhes.) Oh, horror! what if the poison be drugged?—no, no; it must not be—I must die—O Maud—O flag—O my sweet country! I reel, I cannot see—my heart is bursting—Oh! (Dies.) (Enter troops.)

General Glynn.—Aha! My daughter! And Belleville, too! Both dead! How sad—how mortifying. Convey them to yonder cemetery, and bury them side by side under the weeping willow. They were separated in life; in death let them be united. (Slow curtain.)—*From the Chicago News.*

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Is old B— IN LOVE WITH THIS LADY?  
 OH, NO! HE IS THANKING HER IN HIS HEART OF HEARTS FOR HAVING JILTED HIM ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.





VOL. II. DECEMBER 6TH, 1883 NO. 49.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

“IT really appears that I spread myself a little too prematurely on that Thanksgiving proclamation. I take it all back.”—*Buller.*

\* \* \*

MR. TOOTER WILLIAMS was late at the meeting of the Thompson Street Poker Club, Saturday evening; but as he had Elder Boss DICKERSON in tow, the secretary remitted the usual fine. It was confidentially learned that the Elder had just received \$17.50 on an extensive kalsomining contract, and was probably good for as much more, and as Mr. WILLIAMS had already played with the deck of cards now upon the table, and Mr. RUBE JACKSON had consented for a small percentage not to play, but to sit in a sociable way behind the Elder's chair, the game promised to be one of extraordinary interest.

Having been introduced to the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH, Mr. GUS JOHNSON, and Professor BRICK, the Elder shucked off his ulster, produced a corpulent wallet, purchased \$1.79 worth of blues and reds, and opened up the game with an expression of determination and a thumping blind, which made the excitable Mr. JOHNSON'S eyes stand out like those of an apoplectic crab. Seven hands were played, and as Mr. JACKSON, who sat behind the Elder, had evidently forgotten the code of signals to the extent that he winked with his right eye when he should have winked with his left, Mr. WILLIAMS was already out ninety-seven cents, and was correspondingly mad.

At last, however, Mr. JACKSON was made aware of his error by a searching kick delivered beneath the table, and a new deck, which had been thoughtfully placed on ice by the Rev. Mr. SMITH before the company assembled, was produced. It was Mr. JOHNSON'S deal, and the Elder's blind.

Everybody came in.

The Elder raised the blind 65 cents.

The decisive moment had come.

“I rise dat rise a dollah,” said the Rev. THANKFUL SMITH, with the calmness of one who expects to fill a bobtail.

“I sees yo' dat, and I liff yo' a dollah mo',” ventured Mr. WILLIAMS.

“I calls,” said the Elder.

Mr. SMITH also called, and the three proceeded to draw cards. Mr. WILLIAMS wanted two cards; the Rev. Mr. SMITH guessed he'd take one, and the Elder concluded to play what he had.

Mr. SMITH led out with a two dollar stack. Mr. WILLIAMS slowly pulled out a corpulent wallet, fixed a belligerent glare apparently on Mr. SMITH, banged the wallet heavily on the middle of the table, and said impressively:

“I goes yo' dat two, an' six dollahs rise.”

“I rise yo' six,” said the Elder, but without putting up chips.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH dropped out. Mr. WILLIAMS pointed to the wallet and said:

“I goes yo' six mo'.”

The Elder raised one foot, and placed it neatly on top of Mr. WILLIAMS' wallet, and said:

“I rises dat ten.”

“Whar's de money?” inquired Mr. WILLIAMS, with a polite smile.

“Whar's yo' money?” retorted the Elder, as sweetly.

Mr. WILLIAMS pointed to the wallet underneath the Elder's heel.

“Dat's all right, den,” said the Elder: “I'se got jess as much leather on dis yar table as yo' has.”

“Whad yo' mean by dat?” asked Mr. WILLIAMS.

“Put up er shet,” said the Elder.

Mr. WILLIAMS drove his knife through his cards, pinning them to the table, and called out the Rev. Mr. SMITH for a consultation. The Elder thoughtfully whistled a tune, drew a razor, and seemed to be trying its edge on the surface of his bottom card. Mr. JACKSON watched Mr. WILLIAMS' hand to see that nothing got away, and Mr. JOHNSON kept his eye on the pack.

Mr. WILLIAMS returned triumphantly, and counted out thirty dollars, which he had evidently borrowed from Mr. SMITH.

“I calls,” he said.

The Elder put up his razor, shook \$29 out of the wallet, made up a dollar more with mutilated coin, some pennies and a postage stamp, and said briefly:

“Whad yo' got?”

“Fo' kings,” said Mr. WILLIAMS with a deadly gleam in his eye.

“Not good,” said the Elder.

“Wha—whad?” faltered Mr. WILLIAMS.

“Fo' aces.” With this the Elder showed four aces swept the pot into his hat and left the room. The five sat dazed.

“I done guv him three aces an' two trays, sho,” said Mr. JOHNSON.

“I put dat han' up mysif,” asseverated Mr. SMITH, bewildered.

“I seed bofe dem trays in he hand,” observed Mr. JACKSON.

Mr. WILLIAMS said nothing, but silently examined the Elder's hand. Finally he inquired hoarsely:

“Did he hev a razzar?”

“Yezzah,” said Mr. JACKSON; “he done play with he razzar de whole time yo' was outen de room.”

Mr. WILLIAMS rose with a withering look, and put on his coat.

“Whad's de madder, Toot?” inquired Mr. SMITH; How yo' splain hit?”

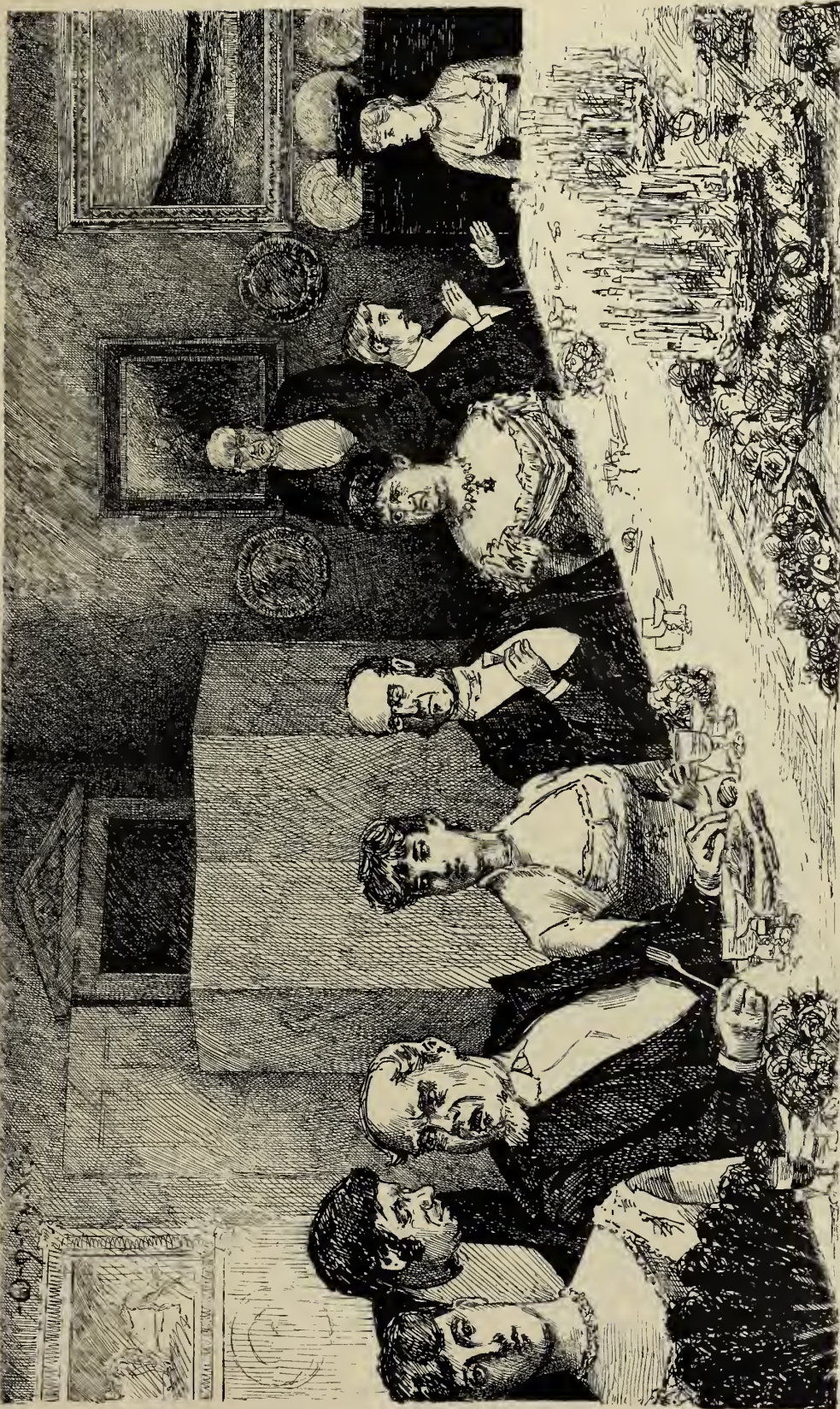
Mr. WILLIAMS pointed to the ace of diamonds, lately in the Elder's hand. “Gin any niggah de tray er diamonds an' a razzar an' tree aces, and whad kin fo' kings do? Gwuffum heah. He done played me outen thirty dollahs on er scraped tray. Dad's what makes me 'spise pokah.”

With this, Mr. WILLIAMS left the room.

\* \* \*

“YOU must really excuse the expression of disdain I wear. I really cannot help it, and after you have set me up on Bedlam's Island I will try and forget your meanness.”—*Liberty.*





TO THE STARS THROUGH DIFFICULTIES.

*Footman (in a whisper to Mr. Doubledollar):* MRS. DOUBLEDOLLAR WANTS YOU, SIR, TO FINISH YOUR FISH AS QUICK AS EVER YOU CAN AND NOT TO ASK FOR A THIRD HELPIN'.



## CABIN LACONICS.

BY BRUDDER ROMULUS.

LIES offen ride w'ile de trufe goes a-walkin';  
 Teamin' prices high when de muel am a-balkin';  
 Lazy rooster struttin' w'ile de ole hen a-layin';  
 Colic mighty bad in de middle ob de hayin';  
 Sowin' mus' be done 'fo' we cum' to de reapin';  
 An' de fool jars de nes' whar de hornet am a-sleepin'.

Dus' allus flies as de win' am a-blowin';  
 Chicken-roos' safes' when de moon am a-showin';  
 Wise man wuckin' when de leabs am a-fallin'.  
 Cow mighty skittish when de calf am a-bawlin';  
 Tough han's de bes' when it comes to de choppin';  
 An' de bait 's mighty skerse when de fish am a-floppin'.

Little fish bite w'ile de big fish am shyin';  
 Little fish big fish a'ter de lyn';  
 'Gaiter fas' ersleep w'ile de little darkey peepin';  
 'Gaiter wide erwake an' de little darkey sleepin';  
 High-up 'simmons toughes' when it cums to de eatin';  
 An' de debbil prays de loudes' at de big camp-meetin'.

Fresh eggs sinkin' w'ile de rotten ones go floatin';  
 Darkey man an' brudder on de mawnin' ob de votin';  
 Dinah heap de sweets' w'ile she 's roastin' ob de 'possum,  
 Roses lose dar color 'side a healthy 'tater blossom;  
 Coarse wooled sheep make de faires' sort ob mutton ;  
 An' a nickel offen jingles wid a tin s'pender button.

BACON thinks that "life 's but a span." So it is for married people, but it 's single harness for bachelors, beyond a doubt.

## A MODERN INSTANCE.

[The author begs leave to inform Mr. W. D. Howells that there are a thousand and one "modern instances;" this one, for instance.]

## CHAPTER I.

"He knuckled a nickel with 'n accurate knack."—*Acy Sunburn.*

BURDENED with hereditary wealth, Nature had consoled Jack Sympleton for this misfortune by giving him no brains whatsoever, which oversight on her part had never been remedied in spite of the efforts of Mr. Sympleton, sire, and various college professors. It was found that there was no degree worthy of Sympleton's acquirements, and conversely his acquirements were worthy of no degree. Nevertheless the young gentleman admirably harmonized his natural abilities with his occupation in life and followed the profession of a gentleman of fashion.

Twenty-five years had seen Sympleton's delicate hands cased in his trousers pockets, not allowing for the period he was sheltered in petticoats, when one bright poetic spring day he was struck by an idea. The shock was so unexpected that it rendered him

more senseless than usual, but collecting himself he calmly reflected:

"Yes! it must be, old man!" he said, addressing himself to the mirror, as he carefully knotted his tie. "It must be. You 're in love, old fellow; you 're in love. Let me congratulate you," and he shook his own hand with delight. "But hold on," he said, pausing, a little discomfited at his own exuberancy. "Here 's a pretty go. Who the devil are you in love with—eh?"

A natural question for a man of Sympleton's attractions, surrounded by objects of ready-made love and beauty; a natural question in our days of cheap manufacture, when beauty lies within reach of the poorest, and the rouge-pot and powder-brush are as freely employed by Joan the cook as my lady. I do not wish to infer that Mr. Sympleton was in love with the cook. Far from it. The gentleman certainly had sound ideas concerning the desirability of domestic virtues in woman, but he did not seek them in the exaggerated stage reached in his cook. But we neglect the gentleman.

The hesitation was only momentary.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, and meditatively extracted a coin from his silken purse. "Deucedly awkward for a fellow like me to have to choose from so many, though. Let 's see. There 's Virginia Columbine—and Hebe Coy, and—what 's her name?—oh! Diana Bluestock. That 's enough to start with. Flip 's the word. Head 's for Virgie and tail 's for Hebe. Tail it is! That 's Hebe," he said, as he chased the coin across the room.

"Now, then, once more. Head 's for Miss Bluestock. By Jove, she 's got me," he said, examining the coin and finding it in favor of Diana.

"She knows a lot of things—she knows Latin and Greek—but she can 't do her own hair," he soliloquized; but this latter objection seemed of minor importance in the eyes of his consuming passion, and Jack Sympleton never trusted to his own judgment in any matter whatsoever, for he knew that Fate or Chance could not be so blind as he.

## CHAPTER II.

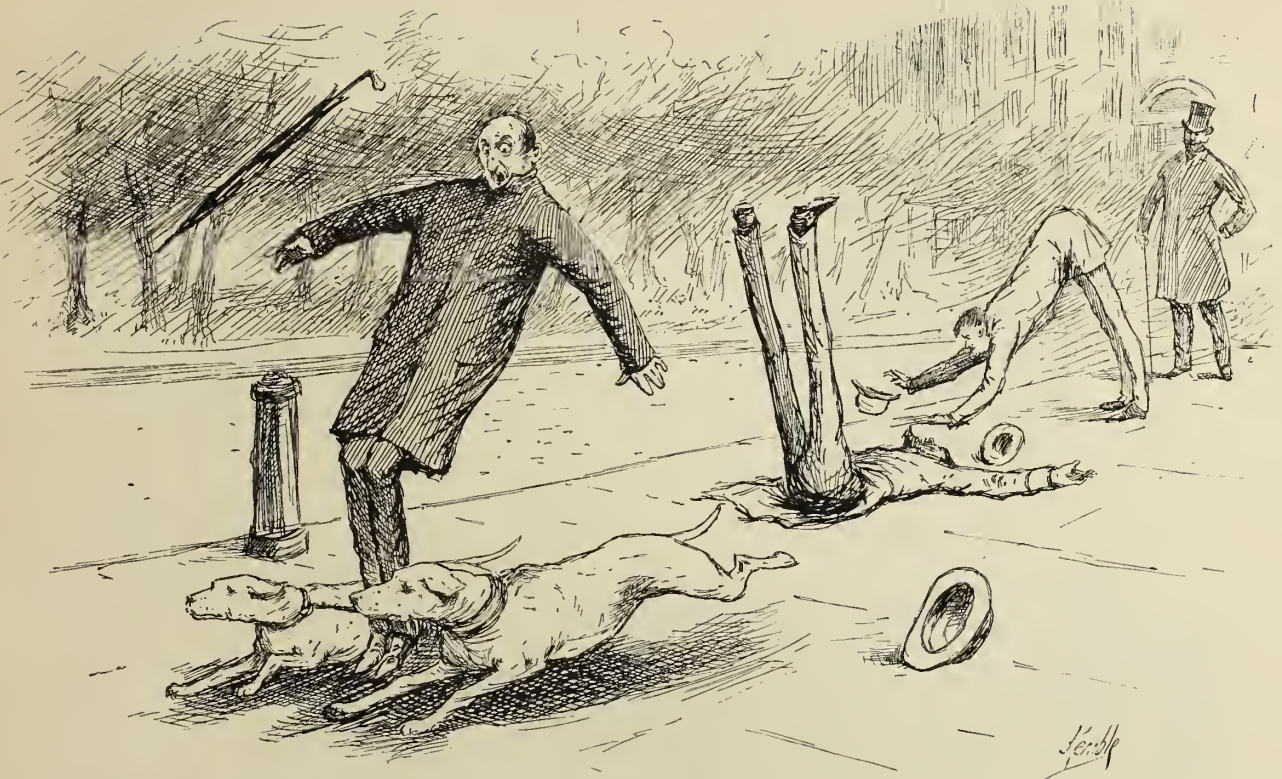
"And what do you propose, sir?"—"To marry you, madam, that is my proposal."

*Old Play. (Author unknown.)*

THE same afternoon Sympleton drove up to Mr. Bluestock's residence and was quickly ushered into the parlor:

Mr. Bluestock, be it said by way of explanation, had not enough of the public's confidence or dollars to hold the position of president of a bank or director of a railroad; the fame of his grandfather had been carefully inverted at a paying rate and returned a sufficient income to support even the third and fourth generations. It seems that his grandfather, John Bluestock had pronounced in our national legislature many years since a speech on the "Domestic Manu-





The fashion of chaining dogs together and allowing them to run at large is a very pretty one, but there are some people who see no beauty in anything.

facture of Putty and the Prohibition of its Foreign Importation," which masterly speech had engaged him in that famous controversy with the Hon. Philocletus Ringtail, of Louisiana; Johns Bluestock, 2nd, his son, had increased the family glory by editing his father's memoirs, in which it was related how the original Johns Bluestock, when a mere schoolboy, was addicted to putty, which, employed in conjunction with a long tin tube, he used much to the discomfiture of his school-master's bald head; and Johns Bluestock, 3rd, had issued a second edition of these memoirs, with supplementary chapters, showing what the school-master had done to his grandfather to destroy the boy's growing passion for putty; and finally Miss Diana Bluestock had fertilized the family renown by the recent publication of a sonnet, "On Death and Mumps," in the *Philadelphia Ledger*, but as yet she had done nothing in the putty line.

Miss Bluestock had scarcely saluted Sympleton before he began fire.

"Miss Diana, let us be plain spoken," said he. "I wish to marry you."

"My dear Mr. Sympleton, it's very natural you should. You exhibit symptoms of a taste superior to that of most men." This was undoubtedly true, for in spite of five year's penal servitude to the idea of enter-

ing upon matrimony, no other man had ever expressed the same desire in her hearing.

"I have n't much brains," continued Jack.

"I did n't accuse you of having any at all," replied Diana. "You are undeniably a most perfect and absolute fool."

"I know I'm a fool, Miss Diana, but I'm not such a fool as not to know I'm a fool, Miss Diana. But the case is this," he went on. "I have too little brains and too much money—an embarrassing position."

"A most embarrassing concatenation of events, indeed. An *embarras de richesse*," said Miss Diana.


"What a pretty name that was! You'll call me that when we're married," spoke the ingenious millionaire, for he was not shrewd enough to see, that, like most of her race, Miss Diana Bluestock was never so English as when she spoke French.

"What I want you to do is to help me spend my money," Jack began again.

"Oh, then, you'll buy me a newspaper, so that I can get all my verses published, and I'll have a real *salon* with rising poets for lions, and we'll talk literature, the soul shall soar—" she might have continued, but Sympleton stopped her.

"And in return can you do nothing for me? Nothing to make me great?" he whined, almost piteously.



**W**inter's Change.  
 Henny: Winter days are heere  
 You'll hav: frozen pipes w: leere  
 And y: blumber with hys tools  
 will mak: a call:  
 Hys bill for resin and for ledd:  
 Will mak: you scrattch: your  
 poor old: hedd:  
 And badd: words fromm: out your  
 lippes are sure to fall:  


## A WINTER SERENADE.

I 'M awfully bold,  
 For it 's very cold  
 To be singing under your winder ;  
 O the wind doth blow,  
 And in drifting snow  
 I am singing to you, Belinda !

But I greatly fear  
 That you do not hear,  
 And I wish that I knew the reason.  
 Does my voice seem lost  
 Amid all the frost,  
 And can I be crowding the season ?

But I see the trouble—  
 Your window is *double* !  
 And I might as well serenade Nero !  
 So homeward I 'll slink,  
 And hot ginger drink,  
 For it 's ten degrees below zero !

ROLAND KING.

WHAT is the difference between a lawyer and an Irish agitator ? A lawyer makes money with other people's quarrels, and an agitator makes quarrels with other people's money.

A MAN WITH A NATURAL BENT.—A hunchback.

FOND OF "PUT-UP JOBS."—An architect.

THE RELIGION OF THE CROSS.—To grumble.

THE PINCH OF POVERTY.—Snuff.

Is Peruvian bark as bad as its bite ?

A GOOD NAME FOR A SLEEPY GAME.—  
 "Nap."

A SLOW TRADE.—Pottery.

"You can let your hair grow," she said. "Many a bigger fool than you has been judged clever from the mere length of his locks. But better still, that you should shine by reflected glory—you shall be my husband."

Jack was so overwhelmed by the magnanimity of this proposal, that he carefully spread out his handkerchief on the carpet and sinking upon it with one knee, reverentially raised Diana's hand to his lips, and rising he took his farewell, well satisfied with his success in love-making and the propitious manner in which Chance had abetted him.

## CHAPTER III.

IN the "Literary News," two months later, appeared the following paragraph :

"On Thursday last was married Miss Diana Blue-

stock, great grand-daughter of Johns Bluestock, who made the greatest speech ever pronounced on the importation of foreign putties ; grand-daughter to Johns Bluestock, 2d, the author of the *Memoirs* of the preceding gentleman ; and daughter to Johns Bluestock, 3d, the author of *Supplementary Chapters*. Miss Bluestock was married to a Mr. John Sympleton, a *nincompoop*."

And in the "Financial Gazette," of the same date, this paragraph :

"On Thursday last were joined in wedlock, a bank account of \$250,000, the half of the Scarecrow Gold Mine, Limited ; 500 shares in the N. Pacific R. R. ; 100 shares in the Evergreen Street Paving and Steam Heating Company, and numerous other investments, all of which property is attached to the body of Mr. John Sympleton, to the person of Miss Diana Bluestock, a *young lady of no figure whatsoever*."

L. VAN NECK.





“POEMS IN PROSE.”

BY IVAN TURNHIMOFF.

**THE BLOCKHEAD.**—Once upon a time there was a blockhead. He lived for a long while contented and happy, until it came to his ears that he was considered a brainless fool. He determined to give the lie to the rumors by becoming a critic. So he purchased a musical dictionary and a dress suit, and a great daily paper decided that he had all the qualifications to represent it at the opera. He liberally puffed the tenor, soprano and the manager's cigars. The advertisement in the amusement column was immediately increased in size, and the critic had his reward (tickets for friends in the row next the bass-drum). And now his poor relations respect him and tremble before him.

**THE SPHINX.**—Yellowish, gray, complete—a symphony in colored plaster and Stratena cement—A beautiful harmony of unrelated parts! “What do these thick, projecting lips wish to say?—these broad spreading nostrils, and these eyes, these long, half-sleepy, half-observant eyes, under the double curve of their high brows? They have indeed something to say! They even say it!” Hark! “I am a Cypriote antiquity.” Even so, Ædipus Cesnola.

**THERE** are pretty verses among “Stray Chords” by Julia R. Anagnos, notably those on Hawthorne and a Greek vase, and there are many pages which cannot rise above the level of rhymed prose. It is a satisfaction to read in an ode to Truth that the author “drinks of thy crystal goblet” and “bathes in thy silver stream,” but one is compelled to have doubts of the strength of the beverage and thoroughness of the ablutions when he reads that she looks into the sky and wonders why she cannot “pluck a star and wear it on my breast.” As a matter of fact, we believe that a star would be unwieldy and uncomfortable, either as an ornament or a chest protector.

**IN** the eyes of many benevolent people it will be considered a great defect in Mrs. James T. Fields' book on “How to help the Poor” that she does not explain how a worn-out suit of clothing or a fermented jar of Marmalade can be made to shine with the glory of true charity in the midst of a home-missionary box.

**AMONG** the newest books is a translation into blank verse and rhyme of “The Odes of Horace” by Henry Hubbard Pierce, an adjutant of the Twenty-first Infantry, who dates his preface at Vancouver Barracks, Washington Sq. The book was written during the “active routine of military service.”

**SHAKESPEARE'S** accurate use of technical legal terms is portrayed in a little book by F. F. Heard, entitled “Shakespeare as a lawyer.”

**TWO** books will be heartily welcomed by lovers of gentle and refined humor: Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's “Nights with Uncle Remus” and the joint production of Mr. Howells and his daughter, “A Little Girl among the Old Masters.” The sketches by the little girl are often pretty and always original and amusing. Her father's comments are slyly humorous.

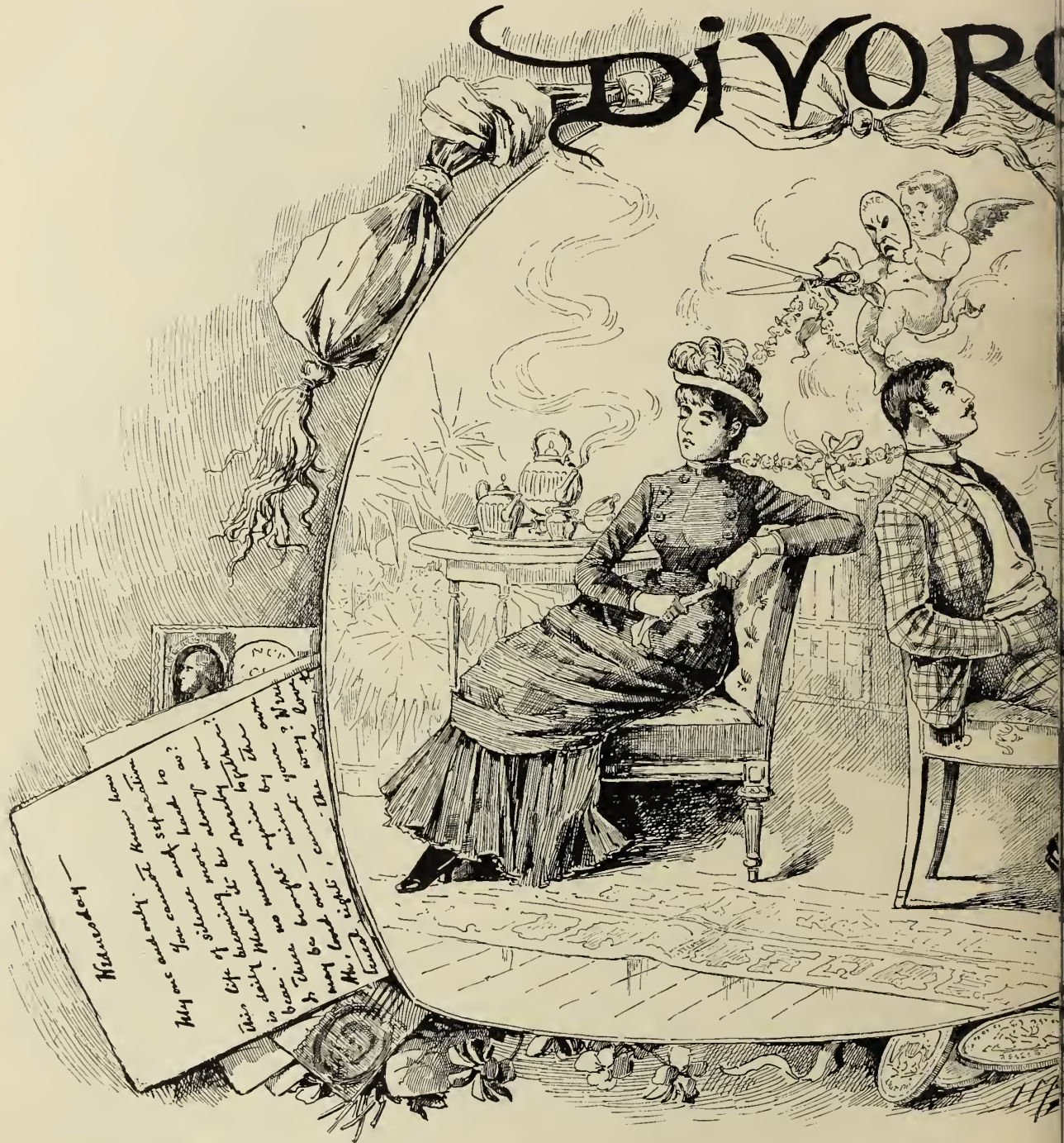


“*Tempora mutantur et Nos mutamur in illis...*”

**S**O you're the Miss I used to know  
 When I was twenty? You were one,  
 And that was twenty years ago.  
 Lord! How these sinful years do run.  
 I used to take you on my knee  
 And kiss you, for your mother's sake.  
 But now—hm!—yes, dear me, dear me,  
 The times have changed and no mistake.  
 I used to love your sister Kate?  
 What nonsense! Well, perhaps you're right.  
 But she—you see she would n't wait.  
 She did n't treat me fairly, quite.  
 I really think she might have tarried  
 As long as I remained alive;  
 But no—she basely went and married,  
 And joined the matrimonial hive.  
 And now she has two lovely boys  
 That fill her heart with joy and ache,  
 And all the neighborhood with noise.  
 Well, times have changed and no mistake.  
 So you're the girl I used to kiss—  
 Ah yes! I mentioned that before.  
 'T is strange our boons we never miss  
 Until the've gone for evermore.  
 And that reminds me of some fancies,  
 That seemed so *à propos* to you,  
 Of dawning beauty, waking glances,  
 Blush rose-buds fresh with morning dew,  
 The virgin day's eyes—that is, daisies,  
 Youth, buds—and all that sort of thing—  
 O Lord! My brain in such a maze is—  
 Here—won't you wear this diamond ring?  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Engaged to him? That callow youth?  
 Well! Oh my heart's too old to break;  
 But I will swear one solemn truth—  
 Times have changed; badly, no mistake.



# DIVORCE



Remembered—

My one and only I know how  
you cannot and have to  
of silence were always on  
This being to be surely then  
in dear heart was often by  
been, so many times your  
to these long — want your  
may look out — the  
My right, count — the  
love





## AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

No. XI.

"My country, 'tis of thee!"

—*Misunderstood and obsolete song.*

## IN THE MOONLIGHT.

PANTOUM.

DO you know how lovely you are  
As you sit in the soft moonlight?  
While you pensively gaze afar,  
Are you unaware of it quite?

As you sit in the soft moonlight,  
To me it is manifest—  
Are you unaware of it quite—  
That the pensive look suits you best?

To me it is manifest—  
Have you often been told before  
That the pensive look suits you best?  
Am I the first one to adore?

Have you often been told before  
How charming are upturned eyes?  
Am I the first one to adore?  
Do you find it quite a surprise?

How charming are upturned eyes;  
Do you know how lovely you are?  
Do you find it quite a surprise,  
While you pensively gaze afar?

ALICE TRUMBULL LEARNED.

## SHELLS.

IN political conventions, the "dark horse" is always a sort of night-mare.

SOME people are so modest that even their wounds are mortified when the surgeon looks at them.

THE best fishermen like to fish on their own hook.

WE were all of us very much mortified last Monday at the uprising of the LOWER CLASSES. We were only consoled by the fact that Heaven was on our side and that the LOWER CLASSES got wet. This was very civil, indeed, of Heaven, I am sure, and we all of us remembered it on Thanksgiving Day—returned the call, as it were.

This uprising of the LOWER CLASSES was a deliberate insult to us ARISTOCRATS, under the shallow pretense of patriotism. For a hundred years we have endeavored to atone to our own dear MOTHER COUNTRY for the offensive conduct of "George" Washington, "George" Clinton, and other notorious rebels on the 25th of November, 1783, when they drove the MOTHER COUNTRY'S sons into the sea, tore down the sacred banner of GREAT BRITAIN, and nailed the odious symbol of the LOWER CLASSES to the staff. For a hundred years, I say, we have endeavored to efface the memory of that affront. We have shown by blazoning the crests of our ENGLISH forefathers upon our coupes and stationery, that we devoutly owe them reverence, and are sorry for having cut off our succession to their illustrious titles. We have, by the aid of a good deal of tact and some lying, succeeded in getting up a Blue Book. It is not a very big Blue Book yet, but it takes after its papa, the BLUE BOOK of GREAT BRITAIN, and if we can only get it to grow, it will in time be enough like him to deceive a stranger—particularly in the cover. The only thing to fear is that too much nursing will kill it. Then, we have been very obsequious to ENGLISH LORDS and LADIES who have come over to "do" the country, make money, or economize. Some of them treated us very shabbily, too, but we were as humbly blind to that as servants are to their master's paroxysms of wrath. We were determined to overlook all snubs and do the polite thing—and we did it. Last summer some of us invited an ENGLISHMAN to our splendid country homes on the Hudson. He was not a LORD or even a LORD'S son or nephew or first cousin, but he was undeniably ENGLISH. The entertainments to which we invited him were very brilliant, and we had some of our finest and best bred daughters there to amuse him. Of course we expected that he would be civil enough to dress and conduct himself as he would were he at HOME. We were somewhat surprised when he made his appearance in a brindle cheviot suit, considerably stained and dusty, and persisted in wearing it at dinner, lawn party, luncheon and *musicale*, as long as he was our guest. Moreover, he was brusque to our best friends, rude to some of our relatives, snubbed many of our most desirable acquaintances, and in four instances not only studiously omitted the ceremony of a dinner call, but even failed to recognize the host and hostess who had extended him the hospitality. But we were not angry. We knew away down in our small hearts that while he is ENGLISH, we are only Americans, and we knew that he knew that we knew it. We invited him again, and he came. But suppose a contemptible American had so treated us? The very thought invests us in gooseflesh.

Yes, we have done everything in our power to obtain pardon for our offense of 1776-1783. We have left no stone unturned. Even our daughters, whom we so jealously guard from the ignoble workers of our miserable nation, we give freely, with a for-

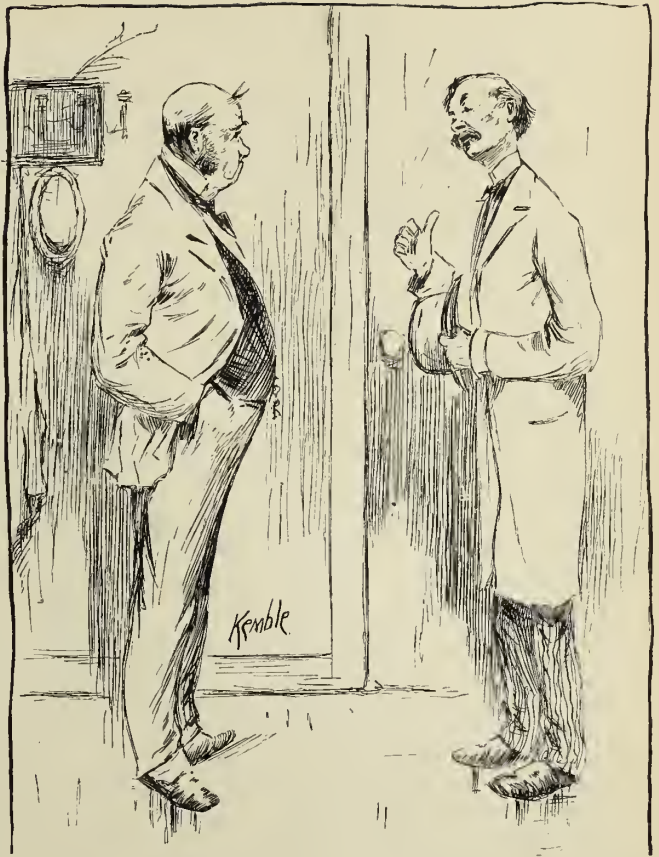


tune, to ENGLAND's paupers—provided only that he or one of his tribe has just a wee bit of a small corner in the Big BLUE BOOK we all of us worship. And how consummately proud and happy we are when we have made such match, and how the rest of our SOCIETY cackles over the happy pair, and how envy gets in its fine work on the unhappy families whose daughters have n't had the luck or good management to decoy some ENGLISHMAN in brindle cheviot into proposing, but *have* had the bad taste to marry a real and therefore low-flung American. Ah, we have a great deal of self-respect and true pride—we American ARISTOCRATS. We know our real value.

Besides all this, we have endeavored in our customs, dress, pronunciation and manner to obliterate as far as possible the dividing line between the two nations. As befits our spirit of humility, we choose to imitate ENGLAND's worst in this, not her best. We select Liverpool cads as our models for manly grace and dignity, and Manchester dowdies as patterns for our women. As we do not allow our coachman to remove his hat when he salutes us or our friends, so humble we, to please great ENGLAND, copy her most boorish manners and lamest graces. We might otherwise impress her with the idea we thought ourselves her equal.

How maddening, therefore, this imbecile uprising of the LOWER CLASSES to joyfully celebrate a day which to us is a day of blackest mourning. The first thought with all of us was: "What will ENGLAND and our ENGLISH friends think of this brutal glee?" Our second thought was to testify our disapproval by draping our doors with the cross of ST. GEORGE, and trimming our lintels with small rampant lions; but unfortunately a third thought obtruded itself, to the effect that the LOWER CLASSES might not like it. We have, you know, to affect a certain respect for the LOWER CLASSES' opinions, even if we despise their persons; for the disapproval of the LOWER CLASSES, when it takes the form of invalid eggs and other decayed missiles, is unpleasant. Our fourth thought, therefore, was best. It was to refuse to aid the LOWER CLASSES in their ill-mannered and boisterous merriment, and to refuse to deck our houses with those hated colors which call up disagreeable memories to our beloved ENGLISH friends. This we did. Several of our ENGLISH trades persons, who honor us by condescending to stay on this side of the water and make money out of us, showed their appreciation of our timely sympathy by imitating us. One firm stated that it was "not in sympathy with the movement," and another that it was "opposed to it." We should be very grateful to them for this snub to our LOWER CLASSES and to our grandfathers. It was ENGLISH to the last degree, and we should not forget to honor it.

One of our millionaires frugally forgot to hang out a banner on his outer wall. Why should he hang one out? True, the sweat of the LOWER CLASSES built his fortune, and it was under the shadow of their flag and the protection of their laws his father rose from their ranks. Besides, if he did hang one out, would it not have been a truckling to a nation, a government and sentiments which are radically and villainously opposed to us aristocrats and our pretensions? Shall we, who are doing our best to inculcate monarchical principles, pollute our thresholds with the vile emblem of universal suffrage? What would become of our pride if we did? No, no. We have to swallow a good deal of humble pie, administered by our ENGLISH friends, who ride over us rough-shod pretty often, and we can only soothe our soul by taking it out of our own LOWER CLASSES; just as our butler, when



*Paterfamilias* (examining candidate who has applied for position of Butler): AND WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST PLACE?

*Candidate*: WELL, I HAIN'T LEFT AS YET; THE WORK IS LIGHT AND GENTEEL, BUT RATHER SOLLUM, AN' I DO N'T THINK I SHOULD MIND A CHANGE.

*Paterfamilias*: AND WHAT ARE YOUR DUTIES, PRAY?

*Candidate*: I KEEPS THE MORGUE DOWN BY THE RIVER, SIR.

we have berated him in the dining-room, will descend to the kitchen and work off his injury by a scathing satire on the cook.

The same gentleman has very properly refused to loan his pictures to the horde of LOWER CLASS sympathizers, who wish to disgrace our chosen city with a statue of Liberty, which some misguided French persons, thinking we took some pride in our form of government, have offered us. What do we want with that bronze effigy? or with what it represents? or with the compliment and sympathy it expresses? Pah! If England, now, our dear, old MOTHER COUNTRY, whom we aristocrats are dreadfully sorry our grandfathers thrashed—if ENGLAND will only give us a colossal image of George III.—ah, *there* is something we could and would worship, gild, and sing psalms to. Why, we will guarantee, if ENGLAND will only melt down a few of her sons in this country to furnish the necessarily immense quantity

of brass, that that same Aristocrat who refused to deck his house last Monday, will every morning, while he lives, anoint the feet of the Colossus with the black paste peculiar to the country, and polish them until they dazzle the nation. Even then he would be doing no more than he did last Monday. Let GEORGE but stretch his foot and give WILLIAM a chance to get in some fine and beautiful work.

### MOTTOES FOR THE MANY.

BURGLAR'S.—Go it till you 're hung.

LAWYER'S.—Sue as you would be dunned by.

SECOND-HAND CLOTHES DEALER'S.—There 's nothing new under the sun.

THE TEACHER'S.—The switch is father to the taught.

THE SCHOLAR'S.—It never pains but it roars.

THE GUEST'S.—None so left as those who're not here.

### A TRIOLET.

AN ulster of ancient cut,  
Dragged from a closet's corner.  
It's cold and I'll wear it—but  
An ulster of ancient cut,  
With many a stain and smut,  
Yet it might be much forlorn !  
This ulster of ancient cut,  
Dragged from a closet's corner.



### "STORM BEATEN."

IF the first programme of Mr. Robert Buchanan's play, at the Union Square Theatre last week, illustrated this fact: That a brilliant company of actors, vigorous and intelligent stage-management, and charming scenery can elevate a commonplace and melodramatic play to a level much above its value. Mr. Buchanan appears to have a wild desire to write dramas. Well, the desire is natural enough, and it is possessed by many excellent and virtuous persons. If these persons would only show a noble self-sacrifice by not placing their work upon the stage, we should be exceedingly grateful to them and might be induced to regard them as heroes, on a small scale. But the man who evolves a play is immediately ambitious to have his play acted, to see an audience groan in spirit over it, and to be convinced that genius, in this melancholy world, goes without its proper reward. All this bears indirectly upon Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Buchanan is a Scotchman who has written spirited and fine verse. Much of his verse is essentially dramatic. Yet he is not, on this account, a dramatist. It is one thing to have dramatic ideas; it is another thing to give shape to them. Mr. Buchanan has won wide reputation as a poet; his plays have been invariably unsuccessful. It is likely that, in ordinary conditions, "Storm Beaten" would be equally unsuccessful. But this drama has gained here some foothold of success. So much the worse, perhaps, for Mr. Buchanan, for the production of "Storm Beaten" can add no whit to his reputation, if, indeed, it does not make one reflect that an excellent poet may be a very foolish playwright. It is to be remarked that the genial and accomplished Mr. A. R. Cazauran has had his name printed among the officers of the Union Square



A BARN RAISING IN NEW ENGLAND.



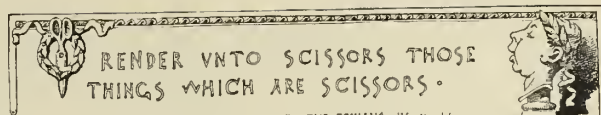
A BARN RAISING IN THE BOUNDLESS WEST.

### DIFFERENCE OF LONGITUDE.



Theatre as "dramatist." It will be found in the list which includes the proprietor, the manager, the scenic artist, the machinist and the prompter. An official "dramatist" is a new thing at this time. It is the business of Mr. Cazauran to hack up the works of other writers. He has done labor of this entertaining kind for Mr. Buchanan. But though Mr. Cazauran has probably done his best for "Storm Beaten," though he has even turned Mr. Buchanan's diabolical villain into a repentant sinner who walks finally in the ways of righteousness, he has accomplished but a meagre result. The play opens with the ancient story about the wrong done by a rich 'squire to a poor devil who is fortunately out of this ill world. But the widow, a son, and a daughter remain, and upon these falls the wrath of 'Squire Orchardson. There is, of course, a mortgage in this case. When was there not a mortgage in any similar case? The dramatists of the nineteenth century have dealt most liberally in mortgages. The Widow Christiansen and her children are thus in a great deal of trouble. The widow, luckily, dies. It is then shown that young Orchardson, son of the 'Squire, has been the lover of Kate Christiansen. He is a very bad lover. In fact, he deserts his sweetheart and proposes to marry Priscilla Sefton. Now, Christian Christiansen, brother of Kate, proposes also to marry Priscilla. Such is the beginning of several agonizing acts, during which there is a terrible struggle between heroes and maidens and villains and icebergs. The icebergs are portentous, and there are many of them. The whole second half of the play is a display of scenery, which illustrates Mr. Buchanan's lively imagination with great fidelity. However, it is not the play which has drawn attention to the Union Square Theatre. It is the manner in which this play is exhibited and acted. The scenery painted for it by Mr. Marston is elaborate and beautiful, though somewhat ponderous for a stage which is exceptionally small. But I do not like to harp upon the scenery of a play. Scenery, at its best, is insignificant. The performance is full of charm and interest. It is an evenly balanced performance, above everything. Nothing but good work could be looked for in a cast which includes Mr. Purselle, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Rankin, Mr. Stoddart, Mr. Seymour, Miss Ellsler, and Miss Harrison. These actors move together with perfect intelligence and harmony.

G. E. M.



ST PAUL TO THE PENEANS IV, II, 44.

THE MODERN STYLE.

BOXES of candy, light of the moon,  
Kisses by starlight, desperate spoon;  
Down on his knees to her, swearing their love,  
Out to the opera, murmuring dove;  
Beautiful hat-bands (bought in a store)—  
Sighs like a furnace, each other adore.  
Penning of verses, sending of books;  
Languishing glances, deep, pensive looks.  
Hands clasping hands, eyes meeting eyes,  
Souls mixed with souls, some tears and more sighs.  
Eternal fidelity, the notice is read;  
Seventeen bridesmaids, and then they are wed.

—Lowell Citizen.

CONTRIBUTOR: Your verses beginning "Two little feet so small that both nestle in one warm buffalo robe" are declined. We never print Chicago poetry.—*Phila. Call.*

"MANY Philadelphians can yet be seen at Newport," says the *Press*. This is a graceful tribute to the strength of the Newport jail.—*Courier-Journal.*

THE Pullman Car Company have 13,000 blankets. If you do not believe this, give the porter fifty cents on a cold night, and he will show you one.—*Phila. Call.*

"OH, dear, I do not know what I shall do with Reginald, he has such a big, large head," said a fond mother, endeavoring to attract attention to her offspring. "Why, if there is any danger of his toppling over you might weight his feet, you know," was a kind neighbor's suggestion. And a little thing like that severed a friendship of fully three weeks' standing.—*Hartford Post.*

No, dear, it is not spelled mellow drama; you were led into error because it was so soft.—*Boston Transcript.*

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WHO says it is unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the spring chicken, and see how tough it is.—*Scientific American.*

ACCORDING to the New York *Journal*, "a good sculptor ought to make a model husband." Not so; but he ought to have a model wife.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

A SICK friend writes to us to ascertain the shortest road to health. There are two paths—the allopaths and homoeopaths; you take your choice and pay your money.—*Boston Courier.*

MRS. FRENCH heard a terrible pounding on the stovepipe, the other day, and called to her husband to know what was the matter. "I'm only getting out my fall coat," he replied, gravely.—*Boston Times.*

IN Salt Lake City the sidewalks are twenty feet wide. This, probably, is to permit a man's widows to walk abreast instead of in couples when going to his funeral.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

THE *Scientific American* makes a desperate effort to prove that wind power is cheap, in the very face of the fact that the extra session of the Pennsylvania Legislature will cost over \$500,000.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

A DETROIT man on a visit to St. Louis lost \$10,000 in cash, and rewarded the finder with a twenty-cent piece. In justice to Detroit it should be stated that the man really thought it was a quarter.—*Philadelphia Call.*

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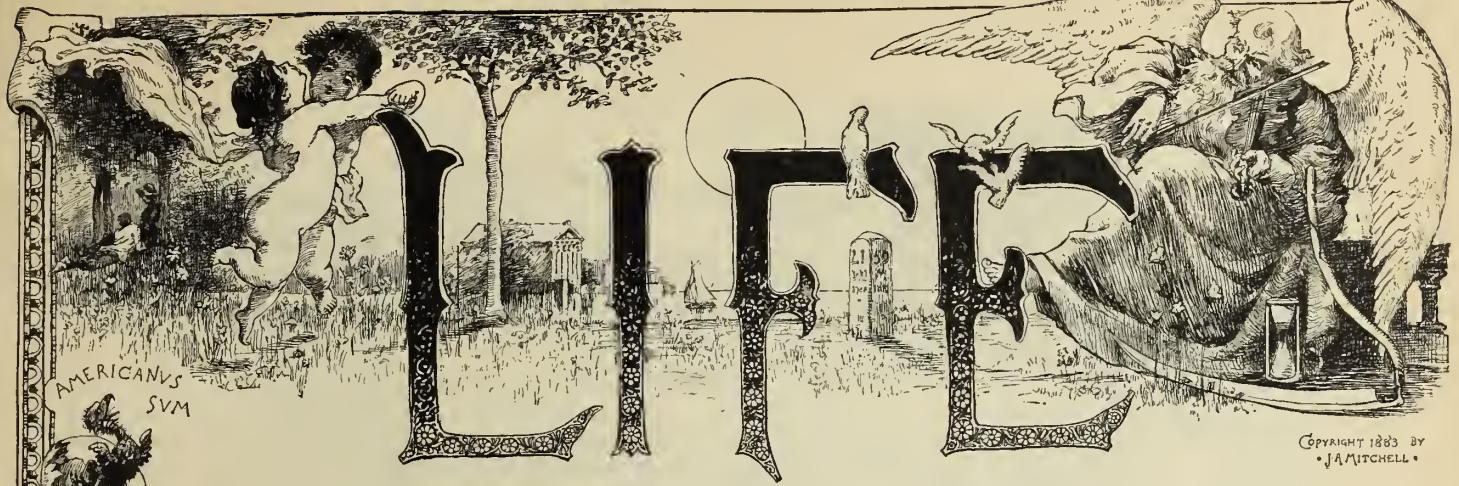
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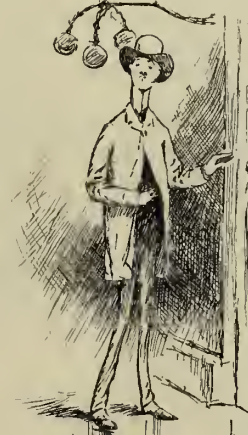
LITERATURE

POLITICS

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2. The coat + watch went. so did the pair, but Arabella will never know that in order to redeem the pledges, Claude for two whole months paid no fare to business but

Yes! Arabella shall go to the Opera even though my watch + overcoat go up to buy the tickets!

3. rode down free and carried his lunch.

LOVE LAUGHS AT—MANAGERS.





VOL. II. DECEMBER 13TH, 1883. NO. 50.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions in future.

MR. CORNWALLIS WEST says that Mrs. LANGTRY's acting has improved. Now how can a thing which has no existence, or rather—but let us first premise that the existence of something which of course never has existed, but which nevertheless might have existed if its existence had—which we all admit—and when we look at it, seems to be, and yet is not—that is to say, if we suppose the possibility probable, as some improbabilities are possible, although some deny it—therefore if a thing could be imagined as real—but this whole question can just as well be settled next spring.

\* \* \*

“IT is n't so much my own defeat, but when I think how poor RANDALL must feel I am almost ready to die.”—Cox.

\* \* \*

DOG Cañon, Arizona, recently undertook to remodel its judiciary. Justice, within the cheerful corporate limits of Red Dog, had for ten years past been administered by a random posse of citizens, who zealously hung three men a week in the interests of morality. As the posse was composed of heterogeneous and unrelated leaders of Red Dog society, the results of their labors were not always agreeable to the public at large. MR. JAMES MCINTOSH, for example, on the 14th of September, 1881, had the good fortune to steal a mule, and the misfortune to be caught at it. The posse turned out of bed with burning enthusiasm, liberated the mule from the halter, inserted Mr. MCINTOSH in its place, and tied the other end to a stalwart oaken limb twelve feet from the ground. To this proceeding, as Mr. MCINTOSH had been on the wrong side of the ticket at the recent election, not one of the officials of Red Dog offered the slightest objection. A week later, however, Mr. REDDY MCGUIRE, an esteemed bar-keeper, scientifically managed to hold four aces against four kings held by Mr. ONE-EYED JIM, a professional desperado of no small local renown, and expired within four minutes after the hands were shown down. Mr. JIM exhibited great coolness when examined before the posse, trusting, no doubt, that his well-known efforts in the past to secure residents for the public cemetery,

together with the natural local prejudice against four aces, would secure his acquittal. To the surprise and indignation of every right-minded citizen, he was not only severely reprimanded, but was invested with a complete suit of asphalt trimmed with feathers, and banished from the town.

This excited no little unfavorable comment; and when, a year ago, Mr. MONTE CHARLEY, an esteemed but convivial citizen, was exiled for having playfully undertaken to ventilate three Chinamen by making calibre 45 apertures in their systems, it was felt that the judiciary power should be invested in a person conversant with the spirit and by-laws of the community, and that the posse should be disbanded. Accordingly, a month ago, Judge BARTLEY SMITH was duly elected to the bench, and sobered up sufficiently to take the oath and enter upon his duties. Last week the sessions began. Red Dog was in a fever of excitement. The first case called was that of Mr. WILLIAM FALCONER, who had shot and killed a Mexican for fun Christmas Eve. He was promptly fined \$5, and Red Dog felt that, although its administration was unduly severe, the judiciary could be depended upon. The next case was that of Mr. BIRDIE MCGEE, who had, in a fit of despondency, accidentally wandered off with a hair lariat, one end of which had been casually attached to Judge BARTLEY SMITH's own private and particular sorrel mustang. Mr. MCGEE pleaded not guilty, and a jury was impanelled. Nineteen citizens swore to having found the mustang upon Mr. MCGEE's person, or *vice versa*, and, there being no defense other than Mr. MCGEE's own lie, the case rested. Without leaving their seats, the jury found Mr. MCGEE not guilty. The foreman, it seems, was Mr. MCGEE's uncle, and the rest of the jurors had private interests in a system of horse-raising which a different verdict might seriously affect. No sooner was the verdict rendered than His Honor promptly produced a revolver and shot the foreman dead. Simultaneously the counsel for the defense neatly winged the counsel for the prosecution, and had the top of his own head blown off in return; the defendant perforated His Honor with a load of buck-shot, and a rough-and-tumble discussion arose among the spectators and officers of the court, which terminated only after the necessity for a new election had been thoroughly created. Red Dog is seriously considering the advisability of either making it unlawful for the next judge to try cases in which he is personally concerned, or of returning to first principles and distributing the judiciary power among citizens at large.

\* \* \*

THE recent accident on Fifth Avenue with the electric light wires has opened up a long line of delightful possibilities. A horse stepped upon the broken conductor and was instantly paralysed. Scientifically, there is not much difference between a horse and a mule. The same thing might be said of Mr. BUTLER, Gen. DI CESNOLA and several prominent politicians. They walk along our public streets. There are plenty of wires.





*Brute*: WELL, ETHEL, HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT?

*Angel (under treatment for her voice)*: I DID N'T LIKE IT AT ALL, AND I DO N'T SEE WHY THE DOCTOR FINDS IT NECESSARY TO RUN AN INSTRUMENT DOWN MY THROAT SO FAR, THAT IT SEEMS AS IF HE WOULD TOUCH MY HEART.

*Brute*: OH, HE WAS PROBABLY TRYING TO FIND THE END OF YOUR TONGUE, MY DEAR!

ECHORIAMBICS.

TELL me, sweet sprite, what shall I give to best  
Secure Jocusta's active interest?  
—"A rest."

How shall I melt her heart? The merry masquer  
Would have me think her cold as all Alaska.  
—"Ask her."

I see the point; but tell me, on the quiet,  
Just how to reach that point, and not go by it?  
—"Go buy it."

And yet, my rival! Was it "Yes" or "No,"  
Whilst bending o'er his gaudy jacqueminot?  
—"Jack may know."

Methinks her eyes shone with suspicious lustre;  
What was 't the rascal said to my Jocusta?  
—"Cussed her."

Zounds! Think you that bold mushroom of a fop  
Said aught to bring a blush to my snow-drop?  
—"Oh! Drop."

Go to, thou demon! Yet, another answer:  
Whom likes she best? Speak true, thou rank romancer!  
—"A man, sir."

I pray you, finally, do not deceive me;  
When I proclaim my love, will she believe me?  
—"Leave me."

A pretty priest to whom I cry "*Peccavi!*"  
I'll not repeat again this useless *Ave*.  
—"Sabe?"

Was ever luckless wight so great a martyr?  
To seek for kindly words, and catch a tartar!  
—"Ta-ta."

J. F. DUFFIELD.



## LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF HENRY IRVING.

MONDAY, NOV.—Bless my soul! The *Herald* says this morning that I sat up all last night with Attorney-General Brewster and found him the most interesting man in America. Never saw Brewster in my life. I must tell Brahm Stoker not to have me meet any more of the “most interesting men” in America. Brewster is the twenty-seventh, and it begins to look suspicious.

WEDNESDAY, NOV.—Brahm Stoker says this morning I must make a speech at the Lotus Club; wants to know if he had better put into my American speeches the English “gag” about wishing I had been born, or might die, in this particular town. Told him yes, if he would put it in Latin, for I hear a man they call “Piggy” Everett is the only inhabitant of this country who understands Latin, and he is way off in Massachusetts.

SUNDAY, NOV.—Brahm Stoker was taken out to drive (they say ride here) this afternoon. He says he never went so fast before in his life.

TUESDAY, NOV.—Stoker says Booth has bought a house in Boston, and Aldrich (who the deuce is Aldrich?) has just given him a reception. Stoker may put the English “gag” into my speech for the St. Botolph Club at Boston. Stoker says a man named F\*\* invited him and his wife to stop with him in Boston. Deuced glad Stoker did n't bring his wife. Stoker has certain drawing qualities as a single man that are helpful.

PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY.—Boston *Herald* says I am “enthusiastically artistic,” while Booth is only “artistically enthusiastic.” Why the Devil did n't Stoker think of that? Yes, I am enthusiastically artistic. Must send the Boston *Herald* a box. Stoker says, though, that he has promised thirteen boxes in Boston for the opening night. I have it! He can say he thought they were stalls, like the Lyceum, you know.

WEDNESDAY, NOV.—If I ever get Ellen home again, by Jove, I shall keep her there. She flirted with Beecher at his own table. Seems to me I have heard of Beecher before. The *Philadelphia Press* man, last Monday, praised her acting in “Louis XI,” and she did n't take part at all! O Demmit!

THURSDAY, NOV.—Getting more and more nervous about Boston. Beastly hole. They like Arnold. Do n't believe I am like Arnold. Now, New York did n't like Arnold. Stoker says F\*\* runs all the clubs in Boston, and thinks Ellen had better accept the invitation to the Somerset Club. Stoker says F\*\* told him I need n't be so English there as I was in New York. That is a great relief.

MUCH of a young man's success in life depends on his selection of a father.

THE Dude's absorbing pastime is looking at his feet through the wrong end of an opera-glass.

THE Congressional labor investigation revealed the fact that Jay Gould received his first lesson in watering stock while working on a farm.

AN Arkansaw man claims to have discovered the skeleton of De Soto, but a careful examination and measurement of the remains prove that they are not De Soto's bones the explorer used to wear when he was hunting for big rivers. And now if that man does n't pronounce right, here is a good joke thrown out of gear by the perverse language of a lot of foreigners who never had any business prowling about this country anyhow.



“MRS. Gilpin's Frugalities,” an oblong, pink-edged cook-book, by Mrs. Susan Anna Brown, has been received and read, but containing as it does so many indigestible articles, we cannot truthfully say, has been inwardly digested. We commend it to our readers as being full of good things, or rather full of what in competent hands can be made good things. A perusal of its pages will convince the ordinary man that “ways that are dark and tricks that are vain” are not peculiarities solely of the “must-goed” but still “unwent” Heathen Chinees.

The plot is rather commonplace, what there is of it, and consists merely of a succession of incidents strung together in an ingenious manner. The situations are in some parts strong, but the book as a whole is entirely devoid of humor, while there are scattered here and there touches of the most exquisite pathos.

SEVERAL years ago a novel in the No Name Series, called “His Majesty Myself,” attracted a great deal of attention because of the vivid picture which it gave of the career of a sensational preacher. Many believers in the orthodox ending for all stories found fault with its unsatisfactory conclusion. In time it became known that the Rev. Wm. M. Baker, of Boston, was its author. About a year afterward he wrote another book, “Blessed Saint, Certainly,” in which some of the old characters appeared, but not the hero and heroine. A few months ago he died; but now, as an agreeable surprise to his many readers, there is appearing in the *Philadelphia Call* a posthumous story from his pen, called “Thirlmore,” in which the leading characters of “His Majesty Myself” take the prominent part.

R. EDGAR FAWCETT'S novel, “An Ambitious Woman,” has been published in a handsome volume. The story is worth its permanent shape.

IN Anthony Comstock's “Traps for the Young,” no mention, unaccountably, is made of Old Maids and Christmas Sunday-school festivals.

BISHOP PIERCE, of Arkansas, has published a small volume of poems. The title-piece, “The Agnostic,” does not refer to Jay Gould as a witness in the railway suits.

PEOPLE are wondering what the defense in the Cesnola trial is going to be. If we are to believe what we hear on all sides, the defense has not yet been determined on—in fact, lies entirely in Choate.

THE new administration in Massachusetts have decided to stop that “skin-tanning” business by providing all paupers at Tewksbury with silk umbrellas.





SCIENCE IN CLOVER.

A FAMOUS general and Archæologist was one day walking in Central Park, when he encountered a little girl, who seemed in great distress.

Upon asking the cause of her trouble, he found she had been hunting all the morning for a four-leaved clover, but had hunted in vain.

"And why do you wish so much to find one?" asked the great man.

"Because I have been promised fifty cents for it."

"Little girl," said the great man as he seated himself in the grass by her side, "I will give you what you seek."

Plucking a three-leaved clover, he cunningly attached to it a fourth leaf by means of an almost invisible wire which he drew from his pocket. Smiling sweetly upon the child, he said, "Now, run with this and get your fifty cents; then come back and we will divide—"

"But, sir, this is not a *real* four-leaved clover, and—"

"Tut! my child. Is your friend an American?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, run and get your money, for Americans enjoy being humbugged. They prefer quantity to quality. But should they discover the fraud—that is, the *re-restoration*, you must stick to it through thick and thin, and black and white, that the leaf belonged there originally—now go." The little girl went, but she soon returned with fifty cents, of which the great man retained forty-nine. Placing the remaining penny in her chubby hand, he said, with a friendly smile, "Be virtuous and you will be happy," and turning away he strode proudly across the lawn and disappeared within the recesses of the Metropolitan Museum.

A LONG SPELL.—A Russian pet name.

THE GOING MAN.

ON a certain Monday morning, a Banker in his chair, Gazed vacantly upon his safe; his Cashier was n't there.

And thus in peevish, fretful mood, with Much uneasy air, The banker heard a foot-fall a-Coming up the stair.

The door was opened and he saw the Cashier's wife in tears— "O, tell me where 's my husband? Pray, Ease my anxious fears."

He took the situation in, with sym-Pathetic looks.

Said she, "Pray, search the river." Said He, "Pray, search the books!"

PAUL PRY.

AN EPISODE OF NEWPORT.

There is a land of pure delight,  
Where the best circlers reign;  
The lectric light dispels the night,  
And new clothes banish pain.

*Me & Watts.*

IT was midnight; the sun had set, and young Thaddeus Warsaw Mt. Vernon sat in the billiard-room of his boarding-house on Catharine St., bathing with Pond's extract the raw place on his throat made by his high collar.

Thaddeus was the last surviving member of that illustrious old family which founded the cemetery which bears their name. His fourteenth great-grandfather had been the first colonial governor of Newark, and his own father would at least have been mayor had it not been for an unfortunate slip of his pen which got him into the penitentiary.

Thaddeus was thus left alone to scabble for himself, so, buying a copy of William Black's Therapeutics, he set up as a veterinary surgeon, and happily the experiment turned out a great success, as the public of course preferred having their animals killed by a member of a grand old family to having them cured by a vulgarian.

But to return. As Thad. sat bathing his neck a brick suddenly came through the window, and on looking out he espied a young lady in a village cart who at once called out to him, saying, "I am Miss Pussy Cotter,—one of my hens has been taken ill and you are to come at once;" so Thad. seized his hobbles and firing-irons and ran down to the cart. "No, don't get on the back seat—you 'll lift the pony off his feet—here—that 's it," said Miss Pussy, and so they drove off to their patient who Thad. found very low with hysteria and tooth-ache, so he applied a porous plaster and tried to comfort Miss Pussy by telling her



THE man who can thoroughly enjoy himself at a fashionable reception after discovering the bow of his white tie is under his left ear, is superior to the poms and vanities of this wicked world.

IT is always unnecessary to tell people to get out of the road of a swill cart. "Where there's a swill there's a way."

"WELL, that baits all," remarked the Irish fisherman as he looked into his can in vain for a worm.

"A \$75,000 high school is nearly completed in Warren, O.," says a current item. "How tall is a \$75,000 high school?"

THOUGH an aeronaut may not make his ascents for wages, he certainly goes up for higher.

JOURNALISTS are noble men; they always go in for the write.

AN old illuminator.—A monk of the Middle Ages.

LIGHT literature.—The chandler's journal.

A STRONG case.—Switzer.

BECAUSE a man has a Mobile countenance it does not follow that he is Alabama life.

THE thread of a story is generally caught by the eye of the reader.

A BRUNETTE flirt is like Captain Eads—she is successful with her jet eyes.

A RING politician is like one who procrastinates—it's always slate with him.

that when a hen died she (the hen, not Miss Pussy) became a spring chicken and was worth just twice as much as when it was alive, but Miss Pussy said it was n't the money she cared about, but that facing and seeing death was, to her, very sad and solemn.

"That shows you have never been to any of the Boston 'Assemblies,'" replied Thad. as he sadly stroked the bald spot on his head.

They sat up with their patient until breakfast-time, when they went into the house, and Thad. was received with effusion by Mr. Cotter, who said that it was a real treat to him to meet a gentleman in a place so filled with millionaires, and he went on to say, that, as Newport was the one place on the face of the globe where

money went for nothing and respectability was everything, he was at a loss to understand why the millionaires persisted in coming there.

Mr. Cotter was a florid, fluffy little man, who somehow reminded one of an over-ripe watermelon, and he was so given to talk and gossip that he was known among his friends as "Terror" Cotter. He was, however, quite respectable, as he knew who his father and mother were, and even faint rumors of a grandfather had reached him, and this, as we all know, constitutes in America a pedigree. In addition to this he was quite rich, having made his money by scientific marrying, a process which he looked upon as one of the regular branches of industry, and which consisted



in selecting for his wives ladies who were both wealthy and in delicate health—this latter point being of great importance, as unless they hopped off promptly, speculation was, so to speak, at a standstill.

After breakfast our trio strolled down to the Casino, where they found the usual crowd of millionaires engaged in sighing their souls out for a little respectability, and who turned Nile-green with envy at the cordial bow that Thad. received from the great Mrs. De Ramm. This Mrs. De Ramm, by the way, had once been a born millionaire herself, but had been doubly purified by marrying into a noble English family, and at the same time losing her money. She, of course, was now obliged to conform to the requirements of modern society and Christianity by treating all common people with a proper contempt, and she therefore gave Miss Pussy such a cold nod that that young lady felt herself constrained to ask in her sweetest voice, "How is your poor son, Mrs. De Ramm; still on that dreadful ranche in the West?"

"Oh! no," answered her ladyship, still more sweetly. "His novel has been quite a success, and he is now in London, staying with Lord De Ramm."

"Oh, I'm so glad I inquired and gave you a chance to tell of it," answered Miss Pussy blandly.

Mrs. De Ramm pretended not to hear this remark, and turning to Thad. proceeded to explain to him that Lord De Ramm was her brother-in-law, and that the town of Ramsgate had been named after one of his great-grandfathers.

"And Margate was named after one of his great-grandmamas, I suppose," chimed in Miss Pussy, and then there came an awkward pause. Fortunately, however, a game of tennis attracted their attention, and brought up the much mooted question of whether a man who played neither polo or tennis would be admitted into the next world, and if so, would he have any social position there?

Just then one of the tennis players called "love—all!" and Pussy's and Thad.'s eyes met—they read one another's thoughts and blushed with joy. Pa Cotter observed the glance also, and drawing Thad. aside, told him how delighted he was, that he gave his fullest consent, and would settle two millions on them.

Thad., with tears in his eyes, was about to express his thanks, when a gentleman, at whose house the "Town and Country Club" was about to meet, approached them, and they, fearing an invitation, took to their heels and ran for dear life.

Thad. never stopped until he had reached his boarding-house, where, confronting a tall, fair lady, he said:

"Maria, if I will give you a quarter of a million, will you get divorced from me?"

"Yes, if you'll pay in advance?"

"I can't, but—"

"Then, drop it."

So Thad. dropped it, and went sadly away to visit a goat that had the colic.

ROLAND KING.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

"My only books  
Were woman's looks." *Moore.*

SWEET girl, whose look engages  
More studious regard  
Than all the printed pages  
Of novelist or bard—  
Their strained effects unheeding  
In search of wisdom true,  
I find life's choicest reading  
Fresh every day in you.  
In "flexible cloth covers"  
This book of books is "bound"—  
To fascinate all lovers,  
All critics to confound.

Those eyes a whole love-story  
A tangled plot the hair;  
That face—a limner's glory—  
The frontispiece most fair.

Two rosy index fingers  
Are apt for reference;  
And in your laugh there lingers  
A "table of contents."

And from this brief recital  
Must not omitted be  
The imprint on the title—  
"LOVE, 1863."

Your grace, it may be stated—  
Though everybody knows—  
Is "fully illustrated"  
In every witching pose.

The "preface"—can't remember  
How Mrs. Flutter's tea  
(Nineteenth of last December)  
Acquainted you and me?

Full well each leaf has newly  
Upset the student's head  
There's been no skipping, truly—  
Your very lips are read!

Ah, let me be the chap-ter  
Both name and service gage—  
That is, in language apter,  
Accept a "title page."

May fortune fair attend a  
Provision thus begun,  
And little *corrigenda*  
Complete my "Volume Won."

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

AMATEUR FLUTEIST (*to accompanist*): "Here in this part, I do n't have any chance to take breath for fourteen bars, so please play it as fast as you can, as several of my family have died from appoplexy."

Christma



-Pa weareth a perpetual frown

CORN

-the turkey is well fed

Amelia worketh slippers, regardless of size

-the young-ster peereth up the chimney

In ye goode old days when ye festive boar-hunt (vulgarly called pig-sticking) took place, it was a sign that Christmas drew nigh, but, oft times ye boar tooke to hunt ye man which was a kward



draweth high-  
when-

-the small boy weareth  
a fixed smile

-the family man cometh  
home with many bundles.



-the rich uncle hunteth  
for a Xmas tree.



-the artist  
worketh  
hard



-it into his head  
for ye manz (see illustration)

-the pumpkin winketh at the pie. plate.

Kemble.





### TWANKLE, TWANKLE.

[THE Prince of Wales' proficiency on the banjo is due to lessons on that instrument by the unmarried Miss Yznaga, sister of Lady Mandeville and Lady Lister Kaye. She learned the art on her father's Louisiana plantation, and during her last visit to England had the Prince for a pupil.—*Morning paper.*]

SCREAM, oh eagle of my country, fair Columbia rejoice!  
Let the land from Maine to Texas shout with universal voice.

Cry the news upon the house-tops, and proclaim it everywhere,  
For at last we've taught the banjo to Great Britain's son and heir.

Though the royal dwelling's echoes are aghast at the refrain,  
Yet the tinkle and the thrumming sound again and yet again.

Marlborough House is fain to listen to the "Golden Slippers"  
claims,  
And the patter of the Juba haunts the palace of St. James.

One can picture the tuition—'t is a pleasant sight to see  
H. R. H. benignly seated, with his banjo on his knee,

While his teacher, 'twixt the snatches of the little song she sings,  
Strives to guide his clumsy fingers as they blunder o'er the strings.

Ah! at mention of the teacher, foolish fancy needs must fly,  
Leaving memory to replace her with the thoughts of days gone by;

Bringing once again a picture of the little waves that break  
On the cypress trees' dark outlines in a lonely Southern lake;

Of a hammock idly swaying in the flower-scented air,  
Little feet in high-heeled slippers, and a mass of bronze-brown hair;

Of a slender, girlish figure in the whiteness of the moon,  
Tinkling chords that mark the rhythm of a wailing Spanish tune.

May our plaintive negro music long by Albert E. be sung;  
May the soft-toned negro accent roll most smoothly from his tongue;

But, the while he thrums his banjo, let him still remember this—  
There are few may learn to play it from a teacher sweet as his!  
SOPHIE ST. G. LAWRENCE.

## AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

### No. XII.

"How much vile clay a little gold will gild,  
And make it worshipful."

—*Semiramis, Act. I.*

IT was claimed by Confucius that the enjoyment of wealth depends upon an acquired taste. The strength of this argument lies chiefly in the apparent fact that the acquirement of wealth develops the taste. This is supported by the observations of a large number of political economists and students of social science and philosophy, who have discovered that a man utterly destitute of money has no enjoyment of it, and hence must be considered as wanting in the taste of which Confucius spoke.

Without entering into a discussion of this abstruse problem too far, we American ARISTOCRATS may safely say that our ranks are not divided into two classes by the possession or lack of wealth. True, there are some of us who have wealth, and some of us who have it not, but the taste for its enjoyment is a common property. In this we differ from the Aristocrats of Europe. We differ from them in other ways as well. But this is irrelevant.

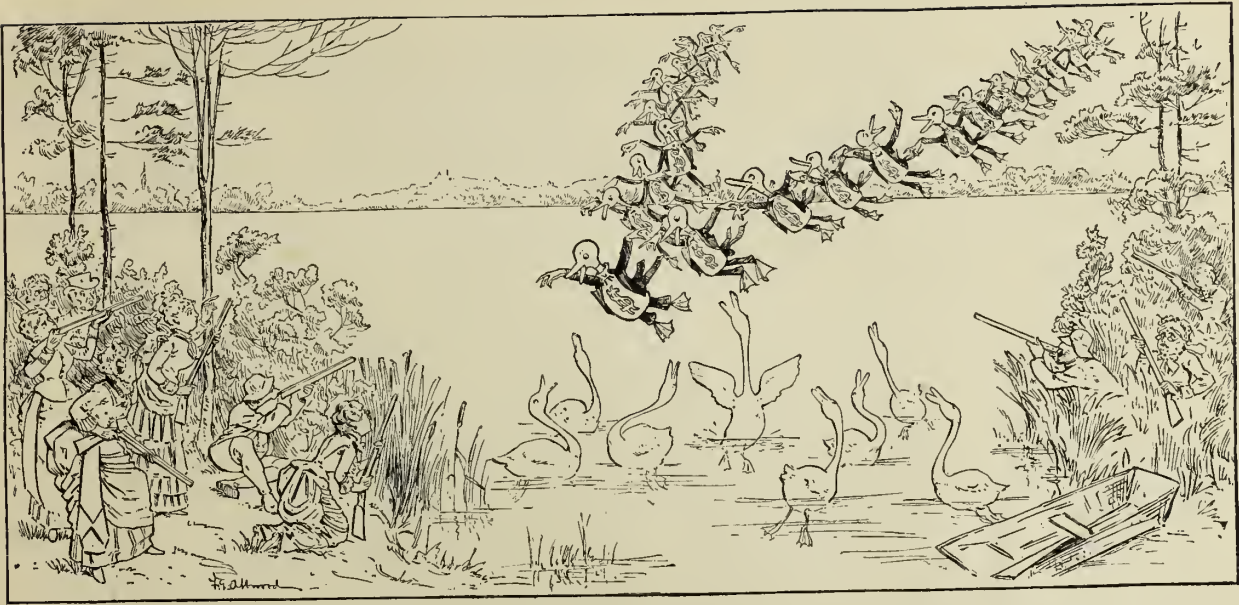
In 1821, Mr. WILLIAM GRAMERCY, of this city, developed aristocratic proclivities in the shape of a wild and consuming desire to save money. With true patrician *hauteur*, he exhibited no preference for the manner of its acquirement, but launched his genius vigorously into a sea of glue. It was subsequently alleged by some envious and contemporaneous persons that, with the increase of his interests in glue, Mr. GRAMERCY got to be "stuck up"—a low and vulgar term sometimes applied by the LOWER CLASSES of the present day to magnates who have builded fortunes of starch, mucilage, syrup, comfits and other varieties of hardware.

The best practical refutation of this slander is found in the fact that the demand for Mr. GRAMERCY'S glue grew daily, and that in course of time he got to be very rich. If we do not claim that riches are a refutation of slander, where would some of us First Circle be?

It might at first sight be supposed that a fortune acquired in good glue would be strongly adhesive to its proprietor. A million rolled up in mucilage might be affected by dampness, and capital extracted from starch, while stiff at normal temperature, might be liable to sag and wilt, during a burst of unusually hot weather; but a competency wrung from glue or Japanese cement could reasonably be expected to survive the efforts of two or three generations to undo it.

The excellence and tenacity of Mr. GRAMERCY'S staple could not be disputed during his life, for of the myriad dollars it secured to his name, but few got away. His heir, pursuing the same viscous enterprise, topped Mr. GRAMERCY'S pile with a frieze of pride and wealth which added in no small degree to its splendor, and then, becoming deglutinated, as it were, passed to





THE HUNTING SEASON. CHASE OF THE WILD GOOSE. (*Anser Nincompoopus.*)

THE pursuit of the Wild Goose is carried on entirely by means of decoys carefully trained for the purpose, and with which they may be lured from a long distance. If a little care is taken not to alarm them prematurely, their capture, except in the case of very old and wily birds, is easy. Although the winter is the true season for hunting them, yet, being totally unprotected by the game-laws, the finest specimens are sometimes taken in the summer months, when they often appear listless and off their guard. In the warm afternoons of July and August they may be seen basking in sheltered nooks of the coast from Cape May to Mt. Desert, and are frequently slaughtered in great numbers, seemingly unconscious of their danger.

that bourne where coats of arms and glue are not necessities, and left the colossal interests he inherited and furthered, to three sons.

It is on this tripartite issue that the views of generations to come must necessarily stick, in so far at least as a combination of glue and *hauteur* are concerned.

The GRAMERCYS are now of our set. They have a grandfather, a coat of arms, money and a refrigerating smile. They remember the grandfather, but are somewhat disposed to forget the glue. Like many of us, they are inclined to indulge in exuberant litigation.

It is natural for a man, if he has both his own fortune and that of a relative in charge, to spend the relative's fortune and keep his own. This is in strict accordance with those principles of political economy which made some of our grandfathers great. Sometimes, however, the relative takes it unkindly. Most relatives, strange to say, when copiously mentioned in a last will and testament, desire to do the spending themselves. This is a sordid and grasping spirit, which every dutiful guardian should check. For the purposes of discipline, however, it is necessary to keep the relative so poor that he cannot enter into litigation.

In this one point, the elder GRAMERCY failed. GRAMERCY junior, when he came of age and found a bewilderingly deep hole in the ground where he expected to find an estate, set up such a howl of mingled suspicion and astonishment, as to attract the attention of several disinterested minions of the law, by

whose advice he plunged into litigation with an *abandon* most pitiful to see. The result was that the elder GRAMERCY, who had lovingly tried to keep his brother from the perils of wealth by generously scattering his patrimony to the four winds, found himself posing unpleasantly as a defendant, and the judge, vulgarly adhering to the law, so worded his decision as to make it appear that he thought the juvenile GRAMERCY in the right. This evil and pernicious decision now gives GRAMERCY the younger a chance to indulge to the utmost his riotous appetite for spending his own money, and clearly does gross injustice to the guardianship of which the senior GRAMERCY had just reason to be proud.

But this is not all. The elder GRAMERCY, in order to properly obey the mandate of the tyrannical court, was compelled to reduce himself to the position of a pauper, for the sum of his own fortune but equaled the moiety he had so magnanimously spent for his brother. To a member of the LOWER CLASSES, this would have meant ruin—moral, mental and social. Not so with the possessor of an adhesive grandfather and a crest. With three words he repaired the injury done to his fortune, by proposing marriage to a lady whose father, in consideration of the crest and grandfather, was willing to give a fortune with her.

This clearly demonstrates that Heaven looks after the Aristocrats, and at the same time shows that our climate is unfavorable to the durability of glue. Among the LOWER CLASSES the result would have been somewhat different.

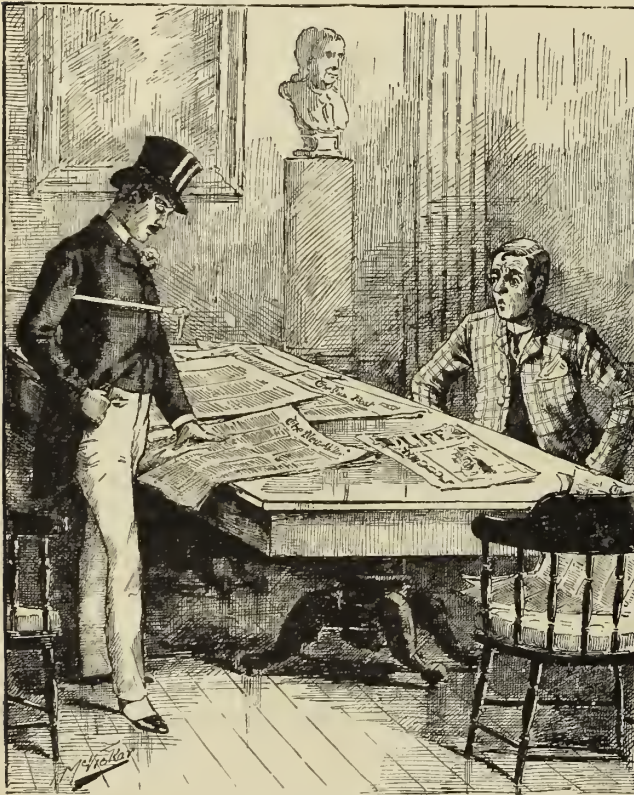
## THE CONJUGAL GENESIS.

(A LUCIFER-MATCH REVELATION.)

THE new-made Adam in his garden lay,  
 Drying in sunshine his still moist clay.  
 Lulled by the perfume-laden airs that sweep  
 Through Eden's balmy groves, he fell asleep.  
*Nick*, through a crack where he was wont to lurk,  
 Now saw a chance for getting in his work.  
 Under the fence, in serpent guise, he crept  
 And chloroformed poor Adam as he slept.  
 Then deftly carved a rib from out his side,  
 Muttering grimly, "*I* will make his bride."—  
 Over the bone the devil softly blew,  
 And quickly into life and form it grew,  
 Until the perfect-finished Eve arose.—  
 And that first sleep was Adam's last repose!

G. H. K.

A NORTH CAROLINA man named Comfort committed suicide because his girl "went back on him." It must have been a queer girl who would n't take comfort in getting married.



CAN'T GO TO WALK YET, OLD MAN; MUST GO TO MY ROOM AND FINISH "MR. ISAACS."

OH, I READ THAT ROT LAST YEAR, MAN.

SHOCKING BAD FORM OF YOU, CHAPPY—IT'S ONLY THIS YEAR THE BOOK OF THE SEASON—in *London*, YOU KNOW.



## THE OPERA AND NEW PLAYS.

WE are beginning to understand finally that, in the Metropolitan Opera House, we have really an opera; and I think it will be admitted that Mr. Abbey is not a bad sort of impresario. Mr. Abbey may felicitate himself on the result of his first experiment. It is seldom that his large theatre is not crowded, and it is seldom that the performances given on his stage are not marked by genuine musical feeling, harmonious and well-balanced talent, and scenic propriety. There can be no doubt, on the other hand, that Mr. Mapleson is forced to place dependence upon three great singers—Patti, Gerster, and Galassi. Outside of these three accomplished and delightful artists, he has to speak of, not even an acceptable tenor or contralto. The new men and women brought forward by Mr. Mapleson have taken pains, apparently, to show how carefully they deceived their manager. But Mr. Mapleson has pluck and confidence, and his three strong artists hold his head above water. But one need simply listen to "*Il Barbiere*," or "*Lucia*," or "*Lohengrin*," or "*Carmen*," to be assured immediately that Mr. Abbey directs a company. He has Sembrich, and Nilsson, and Valleria, and Fursch-Madi; he has Scalchi, and Trebelli; he has the silver-tongued Campanini, and the splendidly gifted Stagno, who does not always sing with good method; he has Kaschman and Del Puente, Mirabella and Novara, and many others who are able to sing small parts. He has an excellent chorus, a fine orchestra, and a strong conductor; though it may be suggested that Signor Vianesi is inclined occasionally to think more of his orchestra than of anything else. Several operas have been superbly done at Mr. Abbey's theatre. There was "*Carmen*" last Friday, for instance, with Trebelli as *Carmen*, and with a cast that included Campanini, Trebelli, and Valleria. Is it surprising, then, that a night at the Metropolitan Opera House is more than likely to be one of brilliancy and enthusiasm?

If you appreciate humor and the human form divine, you must not fail to see "*Orpheus and Eurydice*" at that new and charming little theatre, with its bright Moresque designs, the Bijou Opera House. Perhaps you are familiar with the French "*Orphee aux Enfers*," with its delicious and spirited melodies by Offenbach. The French piece is a clever satire upon Mr. and Mrs. Orpheus and Mr. Astasus, three persons who held a somewhat distinguished place in the Antique Olympus. Mr. Max Freeman, who is not a bad actor at times, and who is a sprightly German, has undertaken to give an English shape to "*Orphee*." The humor of his adaptation seems to be a cross between Teutonic aberration of mind and American vulgarity. Indeed, Mr. Freeman is worse than a witless person, and, for this reason, I cannot commend his treatment of Jupiter and the Olympian family. When Jupiter, for example, suggests that "he should smile," or when Pluto finds Eurydice as "dead as a door nail," or when dear little Cupid says something about "giving himself away," and when a spangled and radiant company of celestial persons try to make still more profane language appear heavenly,

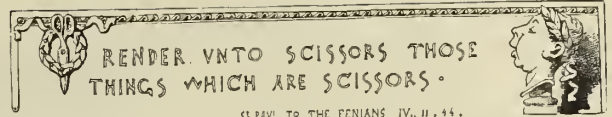


the cheerful observer feels oppressed by a strange gloom, and reflects upon the yawning chasm which separates the talent of Meilhac and Halévy from the talent of Mr. Max Freeman. In short, "Orpheus and Eurydice" might have been written by a phenomenally stupid person. But Mr. Freeman is not phenomenally stupid. He has only made a lugubrious mistake. However, "Orpheus and Eurydice" does not depend upon humor for success. It runs, so to speak, on the legs of several pretty girls. The exhibition of legs in this piece is almost startling.

It is a long way from "Orpheus" to "The Road to Ruin," Thomas Holcroft's play, which was revived last week at Wallack's. Poor Holcroft! He worked hard for immortality. It came to him in some degree with "The Road to Ruin," after he had composed a score and ten pieces which are completely forgotten. That dear old gentleman and fine actor, John Gilbert, re-appeared in Holcroft's comedy. What a type of the past school this actor is—the best school, I mean. For a rare *gentilhomme* of the eighteenth century, give me Gilbert in "The School for Scandal;" and his Dornton is quite as true and striking as his Sir Peter Teazle. On the whole, "The Road to Ruin" is neatly acted by the present Wallack company, though Mr. Osmond Tearle is awkward enough and out of the spirit of the piece. Miss Adela Measor's Sophia is delightful in its breezy ingenuousness.

That eminent representative of law and order, Judge Barrett, has written a play called "An American Wife," which is about to be produced at Wallack's.

There are several new plays on the stage this week. A brief mention of Mr. Pinero's cheerful comedy, "Girls and Boys," should be made. It will be worth while saying something about "Girls and Boys" next week. This comedy is brightly acted by Mr. Lewis, Mr. Stephens, Miss Rehan, and by the other actors in Mr. Daly's popular company. G. E. M.



SONG OF A GREAT SOLE.

BRING forth my flannels, mother dear,  
From out the camphored box,  
And also bring me, mother, dear,  
My home-made, all yarn stocks.

And take my boots to be half-soled,  
And patched, too, all around,  
I really fear that I'll take cold,  
I've so much on the ground.

—Evansville Argus.

"Who was the straightest man in the Bible?" "Joseph." "Why?" "Because Pharaoh made a ruler of him."—*Ex.*

THE electric lights behaved so badly in Newport the other night, that they had to be put out.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

THE latest dude story is that a farmer saw a couple of those agonizing specimens on the street and exclaimed: "Gosh! what things we see when we don't have a gun."—*Troy Times.*

ADMIRAL Courbet telegraphs: "I am continuing my preparations for an advance." This reminds us of Artemus Ward's heroine, of whom he wrote, "All of a sudden the fair girl continued to gaze out upon the briny deep."—*Globe.*

It is said that one cent's worth of ergotine will kill a cat instantaneously, and that a millionaire by investing his entire fortune in the drug might become the owner of about fifty pounds of it; but we do not suppose there is a millionaire living who wants to poison 100,000,000 cats.—*Norristown Herald.*

A POET, in a four stanza production, says, "I miss you, my darling, my darling," "I want you, my darling, my darling," "I call you, my darling, darling," "I need you, my darling, my darling," and that "the blank of the dumb air is bitter" without her. He evidently *does* miss her—quite considerably; but whether he wants her to sew on a suspender button or pull off his boots, he fails to state.—*Scientific American.*

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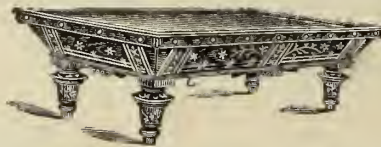
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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send **TWO BOTTLES FREE**, together with a **VALUABLE TREATISE** on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address, **DR. T. A. SLOCUM**, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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**The H. W. COLLENDER COMPANY,**  
768 Broadway, New York. 241 Tremont St., Boston.  
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Every night 8:15; over 10:40; Matinees begin at 2.

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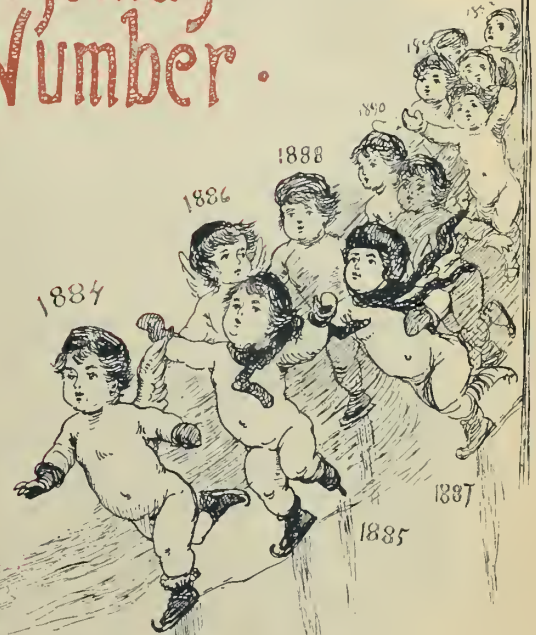
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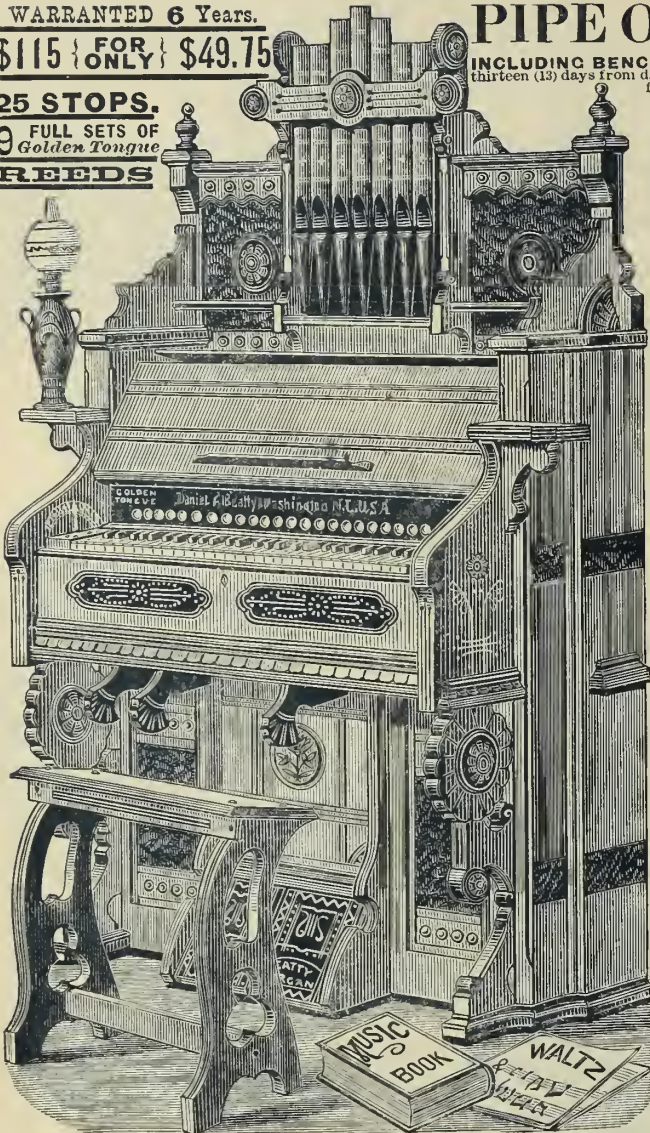
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9 FULL SETS OF  
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INCLUDING BENCH, BOOK AND MUSIC, provided you order within thirteen (13) days from date of this newspaper, or if you order within five days a further reduction of Four Dollars (\$4.00) will be allowed.

I desire this **PIANO UPRIGHT PIPE PARLOR ORGAN** introduced WITH-OUT DELAY, HENCE THIS **GREAT REDUCTION.**

**REGULAR PRICE, \$115.00** If you are in want of an ORGAN order at once from this advertisement, or if you are unable to buy now, write your reasons why. Remember this offer cannot be continued after the limited time has expired, as the WINTER MONTHS are fast approaching, when I sell thousands at the regular price for Holiday Presents. Read the following brief description and let me hear from you anyway, whether you buy or not.

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- 1—Voix Celeste.—The sweet, pure, exalted tones produced from this stop are beyond description.
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  - 11—Eolian. 12—Clarinet. 13—Cello. 14—Violin. 15—Clarabella. 16—Grand Forte. 17—Melodia. 18—Bourdon. 19—Viol di Gamba. 20—Viola Dolce. 21—Grand Expression. 22—Harp Eolian. 23—Echo. 24—Aerostatic Expression Indicator.
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Five Full Octaves, Manual or Keyboard, Handsome Walnut Case, with Illuminated Pipes, Receptacle for Book and Sheet Music, Lamp Stands, Handles, Rollers, treble upright Bellows of Immense power, Steel Springs, &c. Right Knee Swell, also Left Grand Organ Knee Swell, by which the full power of this Organ may be obtained at pleasure, by use of the knee, without removing the hands from the keyboard.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**—This Special Limited Offer is positively not good on and after the limited time has expired, and to secure the special Price the following NOTICE must accompany your order.



Given under my Hand and Seal,  
20th Day of December,

*Daniel F. Beatty*  
1883.

This notice, if sent by any reader of LIFE together with only \$49.75 or \$49.75 CASH by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, Check or Bank Draft, mailed within five (5) or thirteen (13) days, as specified, I hereby agree to receive same in full payment for one of my Pipe Organs with New Style, No. 9,390, &c. Money refunded, with interest at 6 per cent. from date of your remittance, if not as represented, after year's use. Signed, **DANIEL F. BEATTY.**

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unable to accept this OFFER NOW, write me your reasons why. Let me hear from you anyway. Friends of yours may desire an ORGAN. Call their attention to this advertisement. If they are from home mail this offer to them. If you can conveniently help me extend the sale of these POPULAR INSTRUMENTS I shall certainly appreciate your efforts. If you should, if possible, order within Five Days, thus securing the \$4.00 extra. Remember, positively no orders for this handsome Pipe Organ will be executed for less than the regular price, \$115.00, after the limited time, as specified above, has expired; thus, if you order within 5 days it costs \$45.75; within 13 days, \$49.75; after that date, \$115.00 each.



Got some of  
Mellin's Food.  
I just live  
on it.

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SOLE AGENTS.  
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Greeting.

**Y**e Fule Logg: Blazing onne ye Wearth  
Sends Forth A Mightie Glowing,  
& Wie and Lowe ye Mistletoe  
Kne: Brabest Green: is Shewing;  
Whyle onne ye Boarde ye Puddinge Smokes,  
Alle Prank<sup>ed</sup> wth Shyninge Wolly,  
& Glass<sup>es</sup> Clink: toe Bid us Drink:  
Toe Xmas Mirth<sup>e</sup> & Jolly.

Soe Lett ye Brimming: Bowl goe Round:  
Wth Musick & wth Laughter,  
Till Frolick Glee ye Wearth Free,  
Shaykes everie Sturdie Kaffer;  
& here 's A Wealth toe Alle we Love,  
A Wealth toe Alle ye Love us,  
& Joie Betyd, as Farre and Wyde  
As ye Blue Skie Above us!

PA. H. W.



VOL. II. DECEMBER 20TH, 1883. NO. 51.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions in future.

THE Rev. Father JOSEPH F. MENDEL, of Montclair, N. J., is the inventor of an improved system of church collection, which must eventually come into great favor in Evangelical circles. On the first Sunday of September, being desirous of a specially large plate, he locked his congregation in, and then proceeded to make his rounds. By this ingenious method, as will be at once seen, he forestalled the possibility of any frugal parishioner getting away with his salvation and holy water and things without paying for them. Besides, the act was so business-like as to have a decided moral effect on backsliders and weak proselytes, while it tempted converts to stand and deliver what change they had about their clothes without parleying or stopping to count it over. A Mr. JOSEPH MCCARTHY, with that fine instinct of self-preservation which characterizes the Italian nature, undertook to escape, whether Father MENDEL willed it or no, and so sneaked down the aisle to the vestibule, and tried to force his way out. The sharp-eyed minister of the gospel detected Mr. MCCARTHY in the act, however, and, following him to the door, engaged him in a rough-and-tumble expostulation, and wound up by gouging his eye out after the most approved Southern style. For this shallow offence Father MENDEL was arrested, but happily discharged again after a slight reprimand, and now is ready to sell the patent rights of his invention to any divine who may wish to try it.

\* \* \*

“ I MAY have been mistaken, but it seemed to me very recently that I heard something drop.”—*Randall.*

\* \* \*

THE Khedive says that England is Egypt's best friend. This shows how desperate Egypt's condition really is.

\* \* \*

AT the regular meeting of the Thompson Street Poker Club, Saturday evening, owing to the fact that both his eyes had that morning accidentally collided with the knuckles of the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH, after a slight financial misunderstanding, and that for two hours he had lost every jackpot he had opened, Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS presented somewhat the aspect of gloom. Mr. GUS JOHNSON was one dollar and forty-nine cents ahead, having had an unusually steady two-pair streak ; Mr. RUBE JACKSON had

sixty-nine cents worth of velvet before him ; Professor BRICK was a few coppers and a postage stamp on the right side, and Mr. WILLIAMS, who was banking, was the only loser. It being his deal, three kings wandered into his hand, and might have proved effectual but for the sad fact that everybody noticed the expression of his eye and fled. A jack pot was then in order, and after it had climbed to aces, the players braced up and knew that the event of the evening had come. At that moment the door opened and the Rev. Mr. SMITH, accompanied by a slight odor of hiccoughs, entered, took his seat behind Mr. JACKSON's chair, and glared a renewal of the morning's hostilities at Mr. WILLIAMS. That gentleman haughtily refused to notice it, however, but opened the pot with a burst of chips which scared Mr. JOHNSON half to death. Professor BRICK came in.

“ Rise dat,” said the Rev. Mr. SMITH to Mr. JACKSON. Then he whispered audibly : “ Dem tree nines 'll win dat pot, sho.”

Mr. JACKSON elevated the bet as directed. Mr. WILLIAMS was delighted, for he had three jacks. He returned the raise.

“ Rise him agin,” commanded the Rev. Mr. SMITH, and then whispered as before : “ Doan leggo dem nines.”

Back came Mr. WILLIAMS, and then the Rev. Mr. SMITH counseled Mr. JACKSON to “ jess call,” and “ see what dem nines 'll ketch in the draw.”

Mr. JACKSON wanted two cards, and caught a pair of trays. Mr. WILLIAMS held up a king and drew one card, which, after elaborately combing his hand, he discovered to be another king. The battle was then resumed.

“ I 'll back dem nines for all I'se wuff,” said Mr. SMITH, slipping his wallet into Mr. JACKSON's hand. And so they went at each other until even Mr. WILLIAMS' new collar button was up, and he was forced to call :

“ What yo' got, niggah ?”

“ Whad yo' got yo'se'f ?” retorted Mr. JACKSON.

“ I'se got er jack-full—*dat's* what I got,” said Mr. WILLIAMS.

“ Shome down,” said Mr. SMITH, imperturbably.

Mr. WILLIAMS proudly skinned out three jacks and a pair of kings, and inquired rather superciliously, was “ dat good ?”

“ We'se loaded fer bar over yar,” retorted Mr. SMITH, evasively.

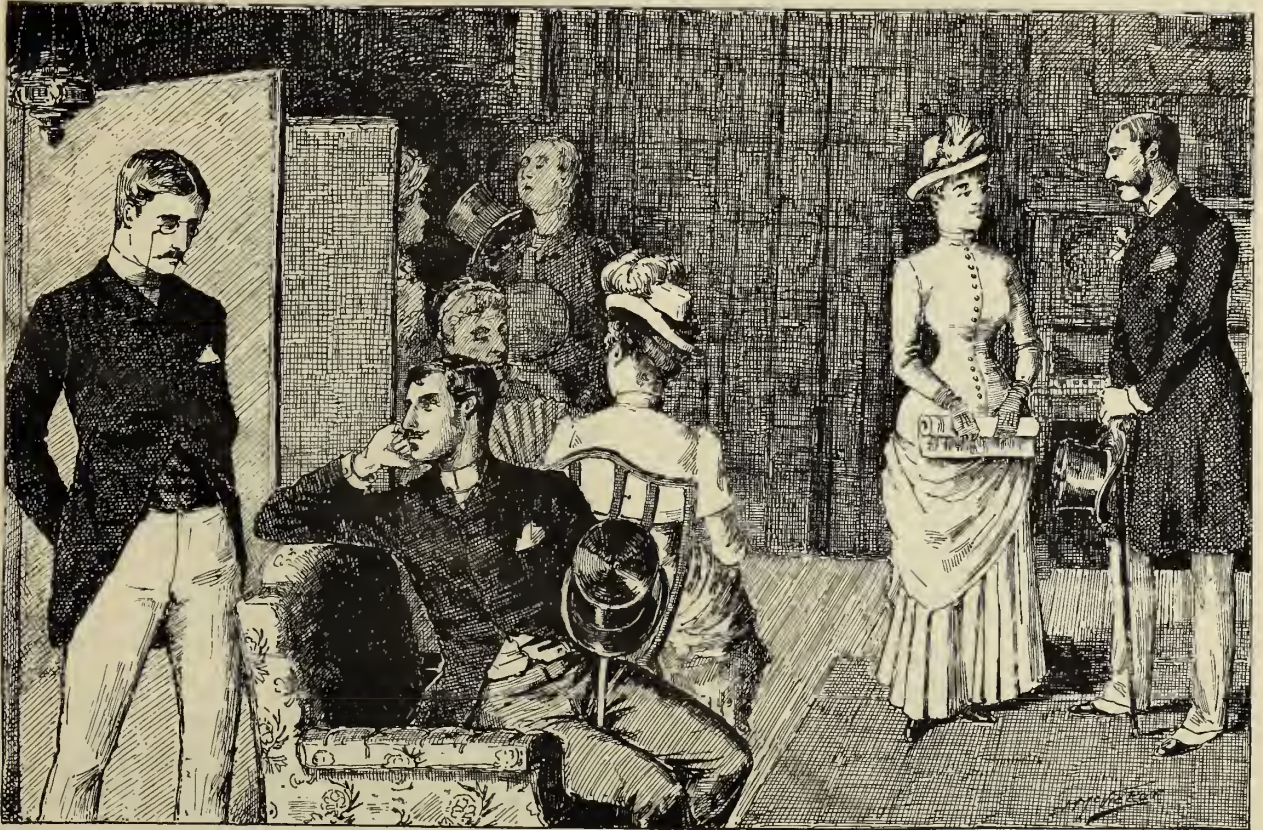
“ Whad ?” asked Mr. WILLIAMS, astonished ; for as dealer, he was certain he had not given Mr. WILLIAMS a fourth nine.

“ We'se jess—jess loaded fer bar.”

“ Whad 's dat ?” reiterated Mr. WILLIAMS, turning as pale as he could. “ Shope dem nines !”

Mr. SMITH's only reply was to spread Mr. JACKSON's hand out. It consisted mainly of queens, with a flavor of trays to give it strength. He then gathered in the pot, and with Mr. JACKSON, quitted the room. Mr. WILLIAMS sat in deep thought. After a little he said : “ I like de game for fun—jess, jess to pass away de time. But *dat*”—here Mr. WILLIAMS waved his hand towards the débris of the recent encounter, with the air of one inculcating a lofty moral—“ dat 's gamblin' !”





MERITED REBUKE.

1st Amateur (after a Soprano tornado): "THANK GODNESS! *That's* OVER! REGULAR SCREECH OWL IS N'T SHE?"

2nd Amateur: "YOU IDIOT! THAT'S JUST ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT IT. WHY HER FATHER'S WORTH TRILLIONS!"

"ONLY A COUSIN."

(MT. DESERT STYLE.)

YES—it's charming—not alarming—  
 To be out with him, by moonlight, on the splendid silver bay.  
 Nor can I see that it's harming, to be one with him in swarming  
 To the early morning service of Mt. Desert's Sabbath day—  
 That there follows this some "Rocking" does n't seem so *very*  
 shocking,  
 When it's stamped by custom's fiat as the true Bar Harbor  
 way.  
 Nor when pic-nic-wards we're flocking, need one talk—*à la* blue  
 stocking,  
 All the time in cold abstractions, if *there's something else* to say.  
 Even Tennis has no menace,  
 With its tiresome crowd, before whom one must make believe  
 to play.  
 For the net is there between you, fix'd to part, and not to screen  
 you,

And the silly herd of watchers never, never go away.  
 Is there anything for ruieing, in a summer's day's canoeing,  
 Or in reading from a poet, on an island, in the bay?  
 And what is there, just in walking, or a little harmless larking  
 Through the gorge, or over Newport, quite *à deux*, as one may  
 say?  
 Well, at least it's not misleading, for *us only* to be feeding  
 With the flies, alone at Rodick's, when the rest have gone  
 away.  
 And it's clear there's naught in Duck-brook, which should seem  
 to make the luck look  
 As if only our one couple *could* succeed to go astray.  
 But, however all these things be, there's no after-thought that  
 stings me,  
 When I feel how very trivial they must needs be in amount.  
 For though reckoned by the dozen, if it's "only with a  
 cousin,"  
 Why—it's well known that a cousin—well, a cousin *does n't*  
*count*!!



## SUNDRY SYNONYMOUS SENTENCES.

HIGH and dry.—A thirsty giraffe.

A FALSE (s)tart.—A boarding-house turn-over.

A COUNTER fit.—A ready-made suit.

TIME to be lea(f)ving.—Spring time.

A WELCOME addition.—One that gives the right answer.

## AU BAL.

AH! sweet are the words that none can hear  
But the two whose lips have framed them;  
A whispered "my love," or a soft "my dear,"  
And a roguish *glance* has claimed them.

But better the prudence which makes her say—  
As her "chaperone" edges near us—  
"Now—my darling—do n't be so foolish—pray!  
Or some one will certainly hear us."

ARISTOPHANES.



## TRIPLICATE PHILOSOPHY.

IT WAS Christmas Day; the air was crisp and sparkling. All men's hearts were opened wide by a genial glow. All hearts, but that of England's greatest Philosopher, who sat a melancholy man in his library; his table was heaped with unreceipted bills. "The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker," representative tradesmen, clamored for pay; his son at Oxford, destined for holy orders, sent a penitent letter and a list of debts, while his son John, Cowpuncher in Montana, demoralized by local color, had drawn on his governor at sight. Philosophy had been a drug upon the market that year and the Philosopher's bank account was at its lowest ebb. What should he do? An apostle of sweetness and light could not consistently go through the Bankruptcy Court. Remembering a droll legend of plantation life, a cold smile played over his lips as he murmured, "I must catch that coon; there is no meat in the house."



"A MELANCHOLY MAN IN HIS LIBRARY."

Presently the cold smile developed into a grin, and the Poet and Philosopher sat down at his desk and wrote the following advertisement, which appeared in the morrow's *Times*:

"WANTED.  
Three sad-eyed, high-browed, intellectual men, of lean habit; for foreign travel. Light work, large pay."

## II.

It is needless to say, that the Philosopher's house next day was over-run with sad-eyed and intellectual men of lean habit. In fact, every kind of a man, out of employment in London, whether bullet-headed or high-browed, of gross or of lean habit, besieged the door of the Philosopher. He had never before appreciated the efficacy of advertising, excepting upon one occasion, when his best dog ran home of his own accord before the newspaper had printed the offer of a reward for his finding.

Ranging the applicants in a row, the Philosopher winnowed from the mass three men who bore a startling likeness to himself. The disappointed applicants departed, some with umbrellas and others with overcoats of the Philosopher. Left alone with the chosen three, he bade them sit down and having sworn them to secrecy, spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen—for since you strikingly resemble me, I may safely call you gentlemen—I have received flattering offers to lecture in the United States, Australia and India, during the coming season. Research has taught me that I cannot be in three places at once, and worldly wisdom dictates that I should make hay while the sun shines. For a greater Philosopher than I may arise. I have prepared three lectures, which I wrote when I was an undergraduate; the first being upon a subject of which I know very little and the world knows nothing; the second on a subject of which the world knows very little and I know nothing; and the third is upon a subject of which neither I, nor the world know anything whatever. I myself, shall stay at home and get needed exercise by dodging my creditors. I wish one of you to go the United States and impersonate me; another to Australia and the third to India. Salary, £4 a week and travelling expenses. Do you all agree?"

They all agreed and the next day departed for their respective three quarters of the globe.



III.

[Extract from the "Sydney Boomerang," April 14th, 1883.]

"England's greatest Philosopher read his lecture upon 'Lubricity' last night to a cultivated audience. His evening dress was made striking by his wearing, a red cravat and a diamond pin. He delivered his



'LUBRICITY.'

lecture in a quick, nervous manner, from printed notes. We are requested not to publish the lecture; and cheerfully refrain from doing so. After the lecture, the poet went with some other gentlemen to a cock-fight, and in the evening expressed his intention of 'painting the town red.'

[*"Calcutta Times," April 14th, 1883.*]

"The great Philosopher arrived yesterday. He is a thin man, with side whiskers, and a complexion burned by his vogue. His lecture, last night, was largely attended. The lecture, though full of brilliant ideas, seemed so obscure, that we cannot but think that the leaves had not been numbered and that the lecture had been shuffled wrong. We are told at the hotel, that the Philosopher invariably goes to bed with his boots on, and lunches upon a glass of whiskey and a cigar."

[*"Boston Herald," April 14th, 1883.*]

"Another chance has been offered the citizens of the Modern Athens, to listen to a distinguished son of England. The great Poet, last evening, lectured at the Music Hall, to a cultivated and refined audience. At eight o'clock a light figure, clad in pink tights and a single eye-glass, bounded upon the stage, and spoke a few words in the dialect peculiar to the educated English.

"My blooming friends, since I landed in your blasted country, I 'ave 'ad the misfortune to lose the notes of my bloody old lecture. I 'ave n't 'ad time to write another, and accordingly 'ave decided to give you an Exhibition of Sleight of Hand or Spiritualism Unmasked! The Philosopher then proceeded, to the great surprise of the audience, to give an inferior ex-

hibition of magic and cabinet work. It was indeed painful to see England's greatest Philosopher eating glass and swallowing swords."



"THE PHILOSOPHER AT WORK."

IV.

It is Christmas again. The air is crisp and sparkling. The Philosopher's heart is opened wide by a genial glow, as he surveys the gold of three continents heaped upon his library table.

THE knot is tied,  
The groom and bride,  
Without an earthly care,  
Sail up the lake  
Where they can take  
A little sun and air.

A year goes by,  
Again July  
Comes with its heat and glare ;  
They seek the lake,  
But now they take  
A little son and heir.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

ENGLAND'S ill success in her foreign policy in Egypt only serves to prove the wisdom of the proverb, "*Ex Nilo nil fit.*"

MAMMA (*soothingly*): "Well, my dear, I would n't feel so badly about it, I'm sure!"

DAUGHTER: "O but to think of all the trouble we had sending to that milliner in Paris, and having a fight with Papa over the bill, and then to have that horrid girl come out with one twice as stylish! O it's enough to make one go into a convent!"

A FORTHCOMING event—one that succeeds three others.



DE 'SPRISE-PARTY 'SPRISED.

Brer Hopeful: "Fo sho, folks, less'n dat orn'ry dog 'll choke on dat chicken, er shet up his 'monstrance 'gin brudder Watson, dar'l be no 'spriase pahty at *dat* house ternaht."



AN INTERVIEW WITH SANTA CLAUS.

(Special to LIFE.)

SANTA CRUZ, Dec. 23d, 1883.

YOUR correspondent, while walking through the town a few days since, noticed a marble staircase on the left-hand side of the avenue, and being of a curious turn of mind he ascended to the topmost point, and found seated there the favorite god of all the children, surrounded on all sides by toys of every description. His long white beard covered his lap, and he was industriously working with mortar and pestle on a little white mixture.

"Is this Mr Claus?" I asked.

"Santa, at your service," he replied.

"May I ask the name of that broad marble staircase I have just ascended?"

"We call that the 'Flight of Fancy,'" he answered, as he shook a handful of snow into the air, which, being taken by the breezes, was wafted northward and clothed the green fields with a dress of white.

"I desire to interview you as to your intentions in regard to presents for the world's men of prominence."

"Well, wait one moment until I finish this present I am making for Cesnola; you see I'm somewhat of a druggist. This is a species of wash and paste, three grains of whitewash and four ounces of gum!"

"What are its purposes?"

"Well, Cesnola wrote me that he was way up in restorations of all kinds but one. That was, he could n't restore a blasted reputation, and for his Christmas he would n't mind something for that. I got my idea of the whitewash from Congressional Investigating Committees, and the gum I use on the suggestion of the saying, 'Take a thief to catch a thief,' by employing gum to cover up gum games."

"Do you propose to give Benny anything this year?"

"Benny? Oh, you mean the Massachusetts pet with the bow-legged eyes? Yes, I've a little seal-skin muffler for him. You see he caught a bad cold last November. Regularly frozen out! This 'll thaw the old man's heart. I did think of giving him a beauty restorer, but I guess I'll send that to Cleveland."

"Have you anything for Edson?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I had n't thought much of him. Everything given to him is scooped up by Kelly. What do you think of a copy of the Declaration of Independence for the boy? Might give him a gentle hint, you know."

"How about Keifer?"

"Keifer?" said Santa. "I've purchased a few acres up on the banks of Salt River for him and Robeson. I think I'll give Hayes a farm up there too. I wanted to buy Rutherford another Presidential term like his last, but he is n't the kind of a man I like. I hate to give a man anything and have him turn around and give it to some one else. I gave him the Presidency some years ago, and what does *he* do? He gives it to Mrs. Hayes. It's all nice enough to talk about politeness, and as long as it's a seat in a horse-car that's given up, I do n't mind; but for a man to be so tarnal polite as to give the Presidential chair to a lady—then I throw up my hand. Hayes wrote me he was doing well. He is a selectman out in Fremont. He says Mrs. Hayes wants him to star in 'Ten Nights in a Bar-Room,' but he always was afraid of snakes!"

"Is it your intention to give President Arthur anything?"

"Yes; Chet would like to board at the White House for another term and I think I can work it for him. You probably have noticed how all the Democrats are cutting each other's throats. That's my work. If the Democrats want to elect a man they must nominate him within two weeks of election. I never saw one yet who did n't make a—er—well, a Democrat out of himself after two weeks of public life. Their man has got to be deaf, dumb, blind and paralyzed, so that he can't talk about 'local issues' or 'tariff.' Until that man comes Chet's chances are good."

Mr. Claus was then called away and the interview ended.

J. K. B.

WHY is a boy who has successfully crawled under the circus tent like a celebrated character of the "Arabian Nights?" Because he is A-lad-in.

THE intoxicated man on his way home at night may not have much curiosity, but he likes to be well posted.

A BAS BLEU.

SHE owned she'd read the classics through,  
And doted on Swinburne and Shelly,  
Was fond of Lamb, and Bacon, too,  
And quoted Keats while making jelly;  
Her buns caught sugared sweets from Pope,  
Her pudding-sauce was spiced with Bailey;  
In dusty crypts her mind would grope,  
From musty Gower to prim old Paley.

If Thackeray piqued her with his wit,  
Then "Pickwick" soothed her, and the "Wellers";  
She always had a laughing fit  
At Chaucer and those horrid spellers;  
The "Over-Soul" by heart she knew,  
And dreamed all day of Shakespeare's sonnets;  
From Ruskin's critiques caught her cue  
When painting tiles and trimming bonnets.

De Musset, with his pensive strain,  
And Heine made her heart grow mellow;  
Sad Petrarch only gave her pain,  
She wept each day o'er "Consuelo";  
"But, oh! the sweetest thing in prose,"  
She cried (ye humble critic heed her),  
In rapture, as she twirled a rose,  
"Is 'Pascarel,' by dear old 'Ouida'!"

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

PLEASANT WORK FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

ROLLER SKATES.

THESE can be easily constructed by any bright boy or girl, and will make an appropriate and welcome gift to his grandpa. In the first place, buy at the nearest shop, 8 sheets of silvered paper, a pot of glue, 3 picture nails, a stick of sealing-wax, 10 pieces of perforated card-board, 7 ounces of split zephyr, and some suitable wood, tools, straps and things. A bottle of red ink and an electric hairbrush are also useful, but can be dispensed with. Now, select a large table, in order that you may have room to work comfortably. If the dining-table is not big enough, spread out your material on the top of the piano; you will find it a capital work-bench.

Having chopped out the pieces for the body of your skates, fasten on the straps and rollers, and then ornament with patterns cut out of silvered paper to suit the taste. Be sure to have "Grandpa" worked in worsted somewhere on top. If the old gentleman can guess what they are when he gets them, give him a chromo and a pound of tea. This furnishes pleasant amuse-



ment for one or two evenings, and the skates when finished will not have cost you over \$26. Next, we will consider

#### A "TIDY" FOR PAPA.

There is no gift which will be so soul-satisfying or so acceptable to papa as a "tidy." In order to make one, procure a roll or two of handsome ribbon, some embroidery silk, four papers of pins, a bunch of lead pencils, half an ounce of beeswax and several yards of Swiss muslin, Canton flannel, or Farmer's satin. You won't need half of this, but a yard or two will probably be ruined in experimenting. Next, cut out your "tidy," overlap the edges and work them with a neat herringbone or cat-stitch, bind it neatly with ribbon, and add a flounce of any antique point lace that you may happen to have in the house. Embroider a Kate Greenaway girl or other design near the centre, and—if the "tidy" is intended for his office—"No bills paid on Saturday" might be appropriately worked in as a motto. These materials will not cost over \$18. Here we have

#### A PRETTY PAPER-WEIGHT.

Take a good-sized lump of Mexican onyx, malachite, cold muffin, or a copy of the *Nation* and have it cut into the shape desired. If the paper-weight is intended for mama, paint her initials neatly on it, and decorate it with decalcomanies or painted forget-me-nots. A sunflower makes a quaint and rather unusual design; or if she is fond of the sea a crab would be very effective. It can be made for almost nothing, and is fully worth it when completed. Many girls would like to know what is a

#### NICE PRESENT FOR A SMOKER,

so here is a suggestion for one. Cut out a round piece of black satin. Embroider on this a water-lily or a bunch of violets. Next, make a band of black velvet, and sew it firmly to the first piece. Then run in a shirring string, button-hole it all around the edge, and line it with pale blue silk. Finally, sew a tassel to the middle of the top. You will now have an article which

is a cross between a tobacco-pouch and a work-basket, and which he can use as a sponge-bag if it is too small for a smoking-cap. This is the kind of present that makes Christmas merry and contributes to the happiness of the home. If a man on one and the same Christmas should get one of these things, a pair of worsted slippers and an embroidered Bible text, although he might not in *every* case be driven to drink, he would certainly be made to believe that women ought to vote and go to college, wear trousers, or do anything else that would divert them from making fancy-work.

This merely describes a *few* of the hundred and one things that can be easily and expensively made at home. The giver will gain much pleasure and some experience in their manufacture and the receiver will \* \* \* throw them out.

H. L. S.

#### IN CURLING SMOKE.

RONDEAU.

IN curling smoke of cigarette  
My fancy weaves its fondest net—  
A fairy vision greets mine eyes;  
No net e'er held so dainty prize,  
Though drawn with pearl-gulf's waters wet.

Two laughing eyes my dream abet  
Of color sapphire-blue—not jet,  
As other bards may see arise  
In curling smoke.

Great eyes with truthful depths—and yet  
The world says, she's a sad coquette;  
"Though this be true," my heart replies,  
"Why waste away in fruitless sighs?  
Let Fancy fairer dreams beget  
In curling smoke!"

CECIL HARCOURT.

MRS. CRÆSUS (*thoughtfully*): "Let's see,—what's the name of that fellow that wrote Tannhäuser and Lohengrin?"

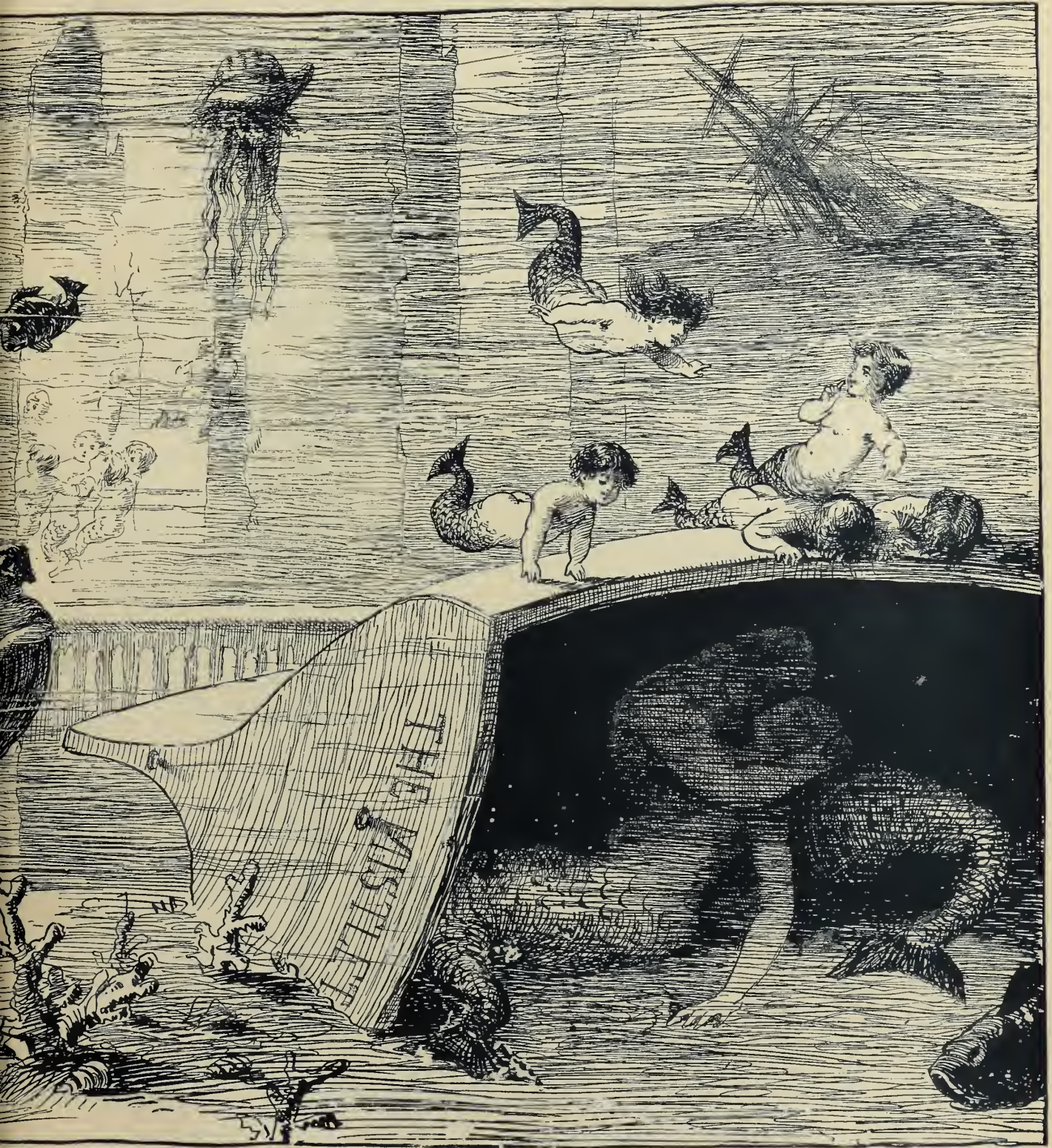
MR. O'SHODDY (*thinking he's on safe ground*): "Lemme see; Shakespeare, was n't it?"





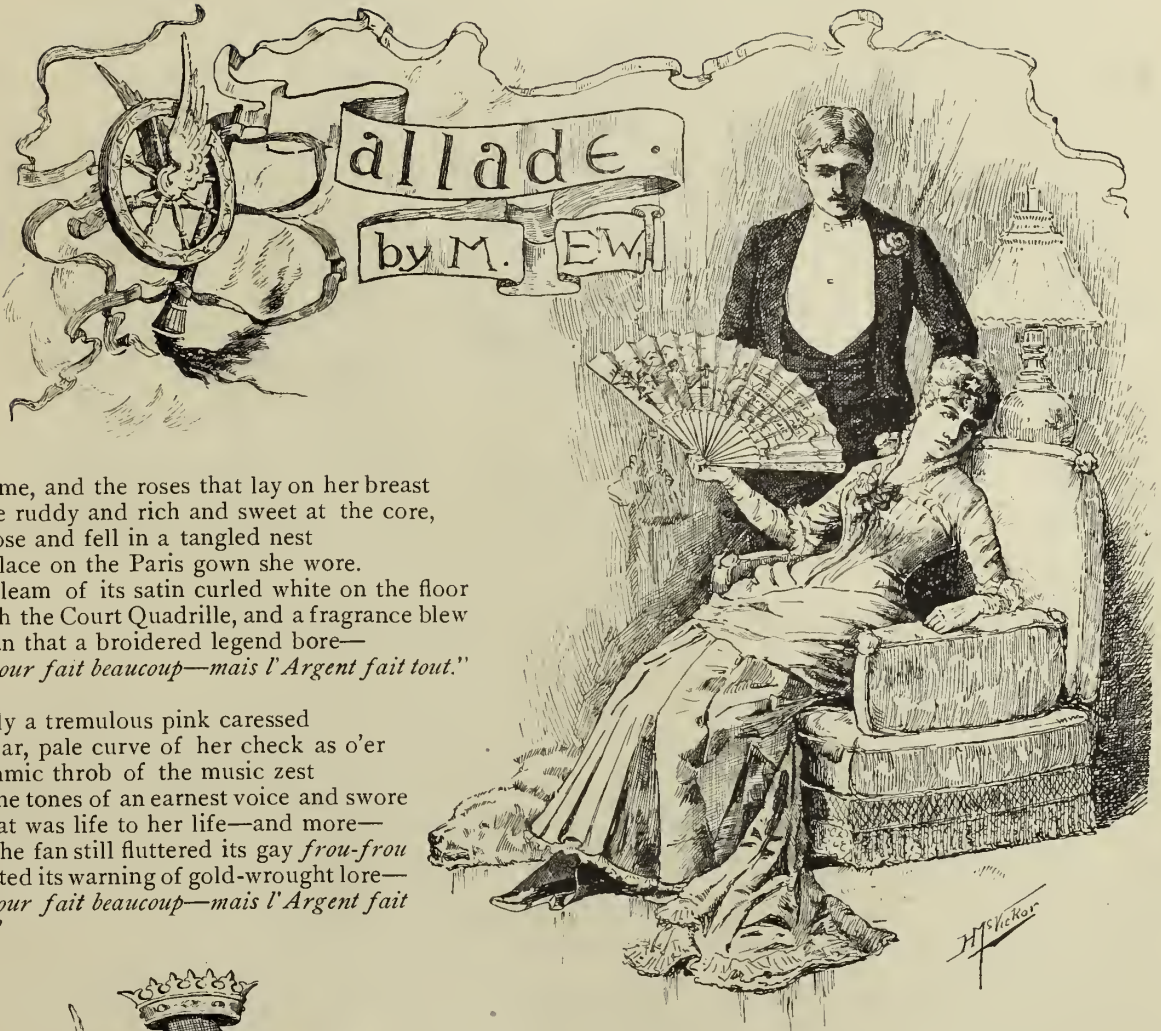












SHE came, and the roses that lay on her breast  
 Were ruddy and rich and sweet at the core,  
 As they rose and fell in a tangled nest  
 Of the lace on the Paris gown she wore.  
 And the gleam of its satin curled white on the floor  
 Through the Court Quadrille, and a fragrance blew  
 From a fan that a broidered legend bore—  
 “*L'Amour fait beaucoup—mais l'Argent fait tout.*”

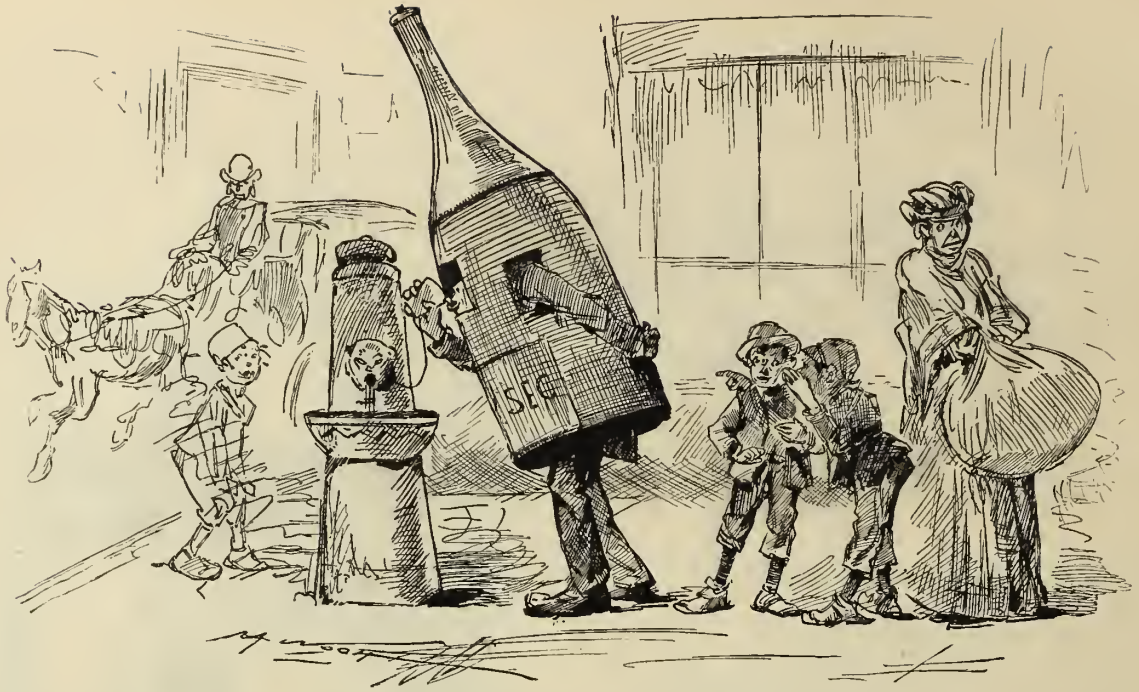
And lightly a tremulous pink caressed  
 The clear, pale curve of her check as o'er  
 The rhythmic throb of the music zest  
 Crept the tones of an earnest voice and swore  
 A love that was life to her life—and more—  
 While the fan still fluttered its gay frou-frou  
 And flaunted its warning of gold-wrought lore—  
 “*L'Amour fait beaucoup—mais l'Argent fait tout.*”



Ah! then was Miladi called to her test!  
 And she who had broken hearts by the score,  
 Drooped lower the dusk of her lashes, lest  
 Her eyes should betray the passion that tore  
 Through her turbulent thoughts—yet, as before,  
 She laughed, till love was despair, as she flew  
 Her fan, with its cynical creed of yore—  
 “*L'Amour fait beaucoup—mais l'Argent fait tout.*”

ENVOI.

What, though Miladi may sometimes deplore  
 Her *mauvais quart d'heure* with a pretty moue?  
 Is she not the Duchess of Saint-Dinore?  
 “*L'Amour fait beaucoup—mais l'Argent fait tout.*”



TOUT CE QU'IL Y A DE PLUS SEC.

#### AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

No. XIII.

"Give him a little earth for charity."  
—Henry VIII., IV.

THE upheaval of joy among the LOWER CLASSES at this season of the year is a great bore to us. One would think, indeed, that there is actually some happiness to be found outside of our CIRCLE—so deceitful are appearances at this season.

Christmas, to the best of our recollection, grew out of a circumstance which occurred a number of years ago in Greece, Rome or some other horrid heathen country. It is sufficient for us to know that it did *not* occur in ENGLAND. In olden times, it used to be a season for laying in a winter supply of plum-pudding and dyspepsia, and for noblemen to vie with each other in getting gently but firmly drunk, and staying uproarious for a week. Nowadays we riot in plum-pudding and revel in dyspepsia all the year round, irrespective of red-letter days, and indulge in the other amusement at our clubs whenever we feel disposed.

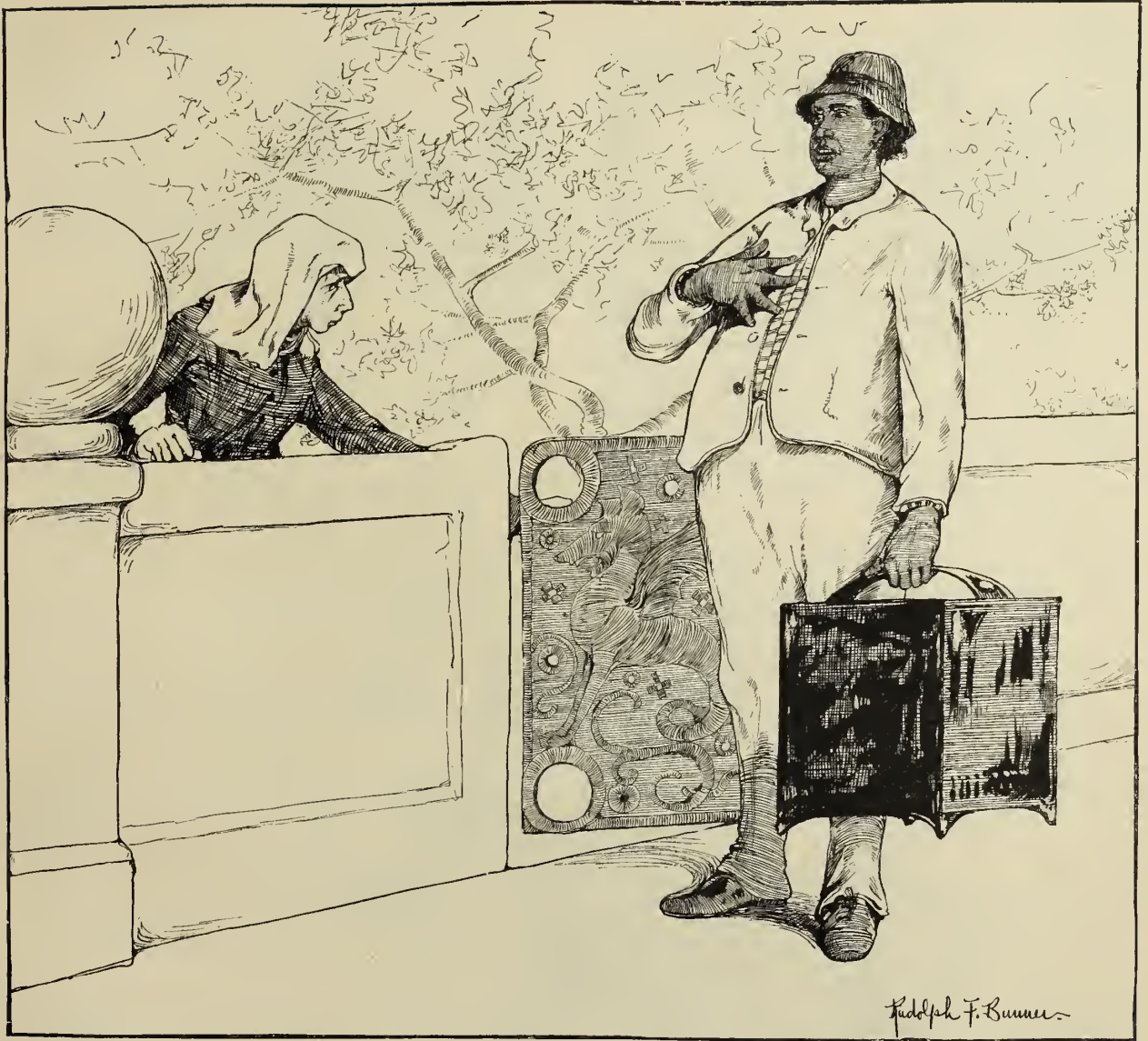
Among the other ancient customs of the day was that of giving liberal alms to the sick, the blind, the halt, the aged and the poor. This eleemosynary outburst was said to commemorate an offering made by certain wise men. Wisdom in those days must have been based on very singular principles, for what man who is truly wise in this age ever gives anything away? ENGLAND, however, having taken up and perpetuated this custom, it becomes imperative for us to do likewise, with the slight modification that instead of giving to the poor and broken up, we give to each

other. This is a very ingenious device, and the automatic attachment by which we get in return sometimes twice as much as we give, makes this exercise of piety very frugal and gratifying.

Most of us are bothered to know what to give. Family presents are of course easily selected—frillery for the boys, gewgaws for the girls, something solid for papa, who of course has to pay for it eventually, and something cheap but sentimental for mama, who appreciates anything,—that is soon done. Then the country relatives have to be remembered, with an eye to next summer, but as anything, from a china egg to a sewing machine, does for country relatives, *that* is quickly disposed of. But the rich relatives and the influential friends—they try our souls indeed. "Nothing comes of nothing," says *Lear*, and we have to remember richly if we wish to be richly remembered. A Christmas gift to which we can pin New Year hopes is invariably a costly affair. Furthermore, it must please the taste of the recipient in a most extraordinary way. Hence the difficulty.

Newly married persons have usually the advantage of a large stock of undesirable bric-à-brac to draw upon, to say nothing of the numerous duplicate pickle castors, berry spoons, cuckoo clocks, and nut picks, with which every young couple is thoughtfully and plentifully provided. But the first Christmas after the wedding usually depletes the assortment, and then they too have to be prodigal as the rest of us. Besides painful mistakes have happened to brides in the hurry, of Christmas week, as last year, when careless little Mrs. JULIAN DESBRO sent as a holiday gift to her rich but peculiar old uncle the very self-same skimpy Japanese bronze he had bestowed upon her six months before at her wedding. He had purchased the bronze in Yeddo himself, and knew it to be unique, hence poor Mrs. DESBRO's subsequent efforts to lie out of





CANNIBALISM.

*Servant, to delivery man from Catering establishment:* BEEN WAITIN' MORE 'N AN HOUR FOR YOU—AIN'T YOU MR. WELLS' BREAKFAST?

*Stalwart delivery man, indignantly:* ME? NAW! I AIN'T NO MR. WELLS' BREAKFAS'—I'M DE LUNCH FO' DE INVALID LADY AT 36!

it were ineffectual, and he hasn't spoken to her since. But with exercise of the average amount of care, wedding-gifts may be made as useful a medium of circulation as our last year's hoard of Easter cards, and may bring forth fruit more copiously. For exceptional cases, however, such as a dropsical but opulent aunt with chronic tendency to vacillation in the matter of her will, or a gouty grandfather possessed of the absurd idea that his relatives love him with an interested love, a great deal of tact must be

employed. Usually, however, we gauge our vict—I mean our rich relatives—rightly, and the result is, of course, very happy.

But to return to the LOWER CLASSES. Somehow, Christmas seems to be a day specially made for their happiness. What to us, who have turkey the year round, is that fat, brown and streaming symbol of good cheer, when brought upon our table, but a mere additional infliction of daily monotony? Can we enter into the joy that fills that LOWER CLASS household, when their starved

feast is graced with that phthisical, tough, grimy fossil, redolent with onions and savory with bad lard, to which only the plighted word of a perjured butcher can attach the name of turkey? Oh, no. Why, that venerable glomerate of gristle and bone has been the expectancy of those eager-eyed children for three months at least, and the saving and scrimping and over-work of both parents that it might be procured, goes even back of that. Turkey!—there 's magic in the word among the poor—it is an anticipation from September to Christmas, and a delicious memory thence until May.

Can our children, cloyed with sweets and weary of splendor, enjoy with their rich presents that sense of awe, that thrill of intensest delight, that burst of unspeakable satisfaction, with which the brats of the butcher, the baker and candlestickmaker gaze upon their fifty cent Christmas tree, garnished with the glow of a dozen penny candles, and burdened with at least a dollar's worth of jumping-jacks and whistles and taffy? Ah, no—nor will they give us half the gratitude, as they toss their jewelled belongings with careless hands into the casket with others, nor will their sleep that night be one whit the happier, nor will we feel that with our plenteous purse and little care, we have added much to their sum of happiness.

It is strange, all this. Stranger too the fact that with all our inability to add much to the Christmas of those of our own circle, we have the power to royally enlarge its enjoyment by these self-same LOWER CLASSES. How strange that whilst we

are even oppressed with luxury and superabundance, there are within a pistol shot of us men and women, shivering, breadless, and almost naked, and children dying by scores of actual privation, or by diseases bred by defects in those tenement hells on whose revenues we thrive and fatten. Queer, is it not, that the price of that one twinkling piece of foppery, for which our daughter will requite us with a conventional kiss and a placid murmur of thanks, would lift a hundred families on this day from starvation and despair, and perhaps death, and give us ourselves a thrill of joy to see how eagerly they clutched at the help, how sadly it was needed, and how much real good came of a gift whose price we could never miss.

M. E. R.

A FRENCHMAN ON THE METROPOLITAN ELEVATED ROAD.

M. E. R. veille! Zis people is superbe!  
Vat great sings zey arrive to do!  
Zey build un grand chemin de fer,  
Wiz naught but air to run him troo.

M. E. R. it de plus! It go so fast  
Dat it is "Rabbit Transit" call;  
Because, like Papin in ze chasse,  
It run away and leave zelm all.

M. E. R. ci, mon Dieu! À terrc at last!  
No more I 'll rashly tempt ze Fates,  
But leave zis elevated road  
To people of zese drôle de States.

M. H. G.

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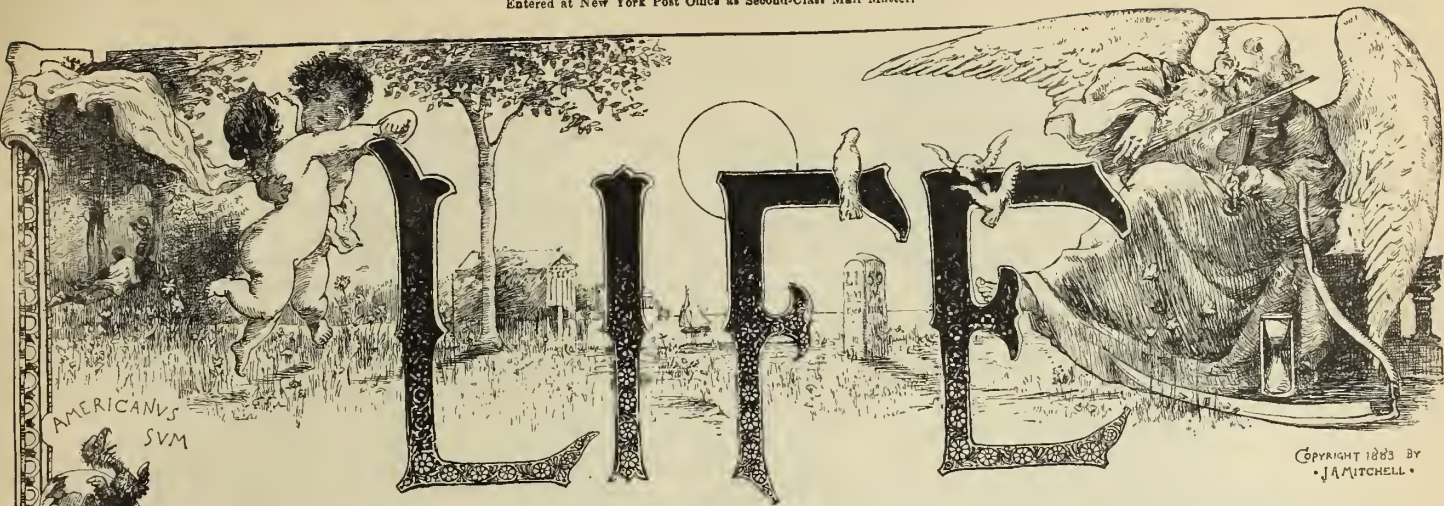
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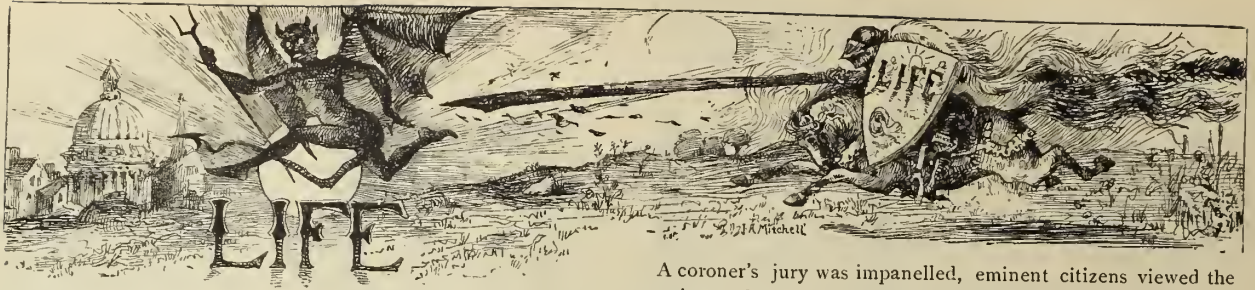
1155  
Broadway  
NEW YORK



JANUARY FIRST.

"WAS EVER WOMAN IN THIS HUMOR WOODED?"





VOL. II. DECEMBER 27TH, 1883. NO. 52.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions in future.

THE Sioux chieftain, TWO SKUNKS, has been converted to the Catholic Church, and it is hoped he will die in the odor of sanctity.

\* \* \*

“THE varnish on my new coat of arms will take a long time to dry, and I am real glad it is not fly time.”—*Tennyson*.

\* \* \*

A SPECIAL dispatch from Washington to our esteemed contemporary the *Evening Post*, says :

“Mr. CURTIS, who has been through the Western States examining into the health of hogs for the Commission, is preparing his report.”

This is another glaring evidence that the sewage question of the New York City Hall is being neglected for the interests of a purely Western Campaign.

\* \* \*

LAST week M. DE LESSEPS received and embraced a female poet who read to him a 400 line poem of which he is the hero. This is a practical refutation of the recently circulated slander that M. DE LESSEPS' health is failing.

\* \* \*

DR. THOMAS MCHENRY, an esteemed citizen of Peoria, Ill., recently settled down in Red Gulch, Arizona, to practice that variety of medicine known as hydropathy. A Mr. BROWN JIM, who thrived by a steady devotion to the science of draw poker, placed himself in the doctor's hands for treatment. Mr. JIM's malady was not a painful one, but for four years his skin had been gradually becoming darker in hue, until his wife, friends and relatives, who were non-believers in the fifteenth amendment, became alarmed. Dr. MCHENRY made a careful diagnosis and prescribed a lotion of hot water with friction, soap, sand, and other detergent appliances known to the craft. In two hours Mr. JIM emerged and went home, cured. Next morning Red Gulch rang with the news that Mrs. JIM had been surprised in the early evening by the impudent intrusion of a pallid stranger, whom she had promptly and praiseworthy shot dead.

A coroner's jury was impanelled, eminent citizens viewed the remains, and every effort at identification was made, but in vain, and the stranger was buried with that simplicity and absence of formality which makes Arizona funerals so remarkable. Meantime it was ascertained that Mr. Jim had mysteriously disappeared. This threw suspicion on the doctor, whose house he had been last seen to enter. A posse of citizens waited upon him, and, with that enthusiasm peculiar to border committees, hanged him to the nearest tree without asking an explanation. Red Gulch now feels that justice has been done, although the whereabouts of Mr. Brown Jim are still a mystery.

\* \* \*

“I MAY be somewhat fragile, but I am a terror when I am looking for an author.”—*Sarah Bernhardt*.

\* \* \*

LORD COLERIDGE declares himself incapable of writing a book about America. Says he was not here long enough. Considering the number of essays and books on America written by Englishmen who were never here at all, this modesty of Lord Coleridge is surprising.

\* \* \*

“I MUST confess that I find 'vindication' a very hard word to spell.”—*Keifer*.

\* \* \*

IT seems rather superfluous, in view of the accepted creed of the country, that a large crematory should be built in Washington.

\* \* \*

“I FEEL that I have considerably added to my reputation by my spirituelle appearance and actions on the night of Mr. Arnold's lecture. I know how to do these little things when a great occasion arises.”—*Chandler*.

\* \* \*

MR. TENNYSON has written a \$750 poem on blackbirds, and blackbirds are only quoted at 7 cents apiece. This shows how much raw material it takes to make a poem.

\* \* \*

“EIGHTEEN EIGHTY-FOUR is close at hand, and I believe I will brace up.”—*Holman*.

\* \* \*

THE most brilliant book of the season in London is the “Directory of American Heiresses,” just published. It purports to give a complete list of all American girls worth individually from \$50,000 up. Simultaneously comes the announcement that five new and swift steamships are to be added to the Transatlantic lines.

\* \* \*

“WHY is a floating theatre to be built in this city?” asks an excited contemporary. Be calm, man. Remember our large floating population.

\* \* \*

“NOW that Mr. Comstock has broken out in a new place, I suppose I shall have to go on a bust.”—*Venus de Milo*.





EXERCISE IN EMPHASIS.

*Mr. Montgomery Mountjoy Abrahams:* I say, BILLY, DO YOU KNOW THAT VAN RETICULE GIRL WELL ENOUGH TO KNOCK ME DOWN TO HER?

*Mr. William Stanley Harcourt:* YES, I KNOW *her* WELL ENOUGH.

TO FLEURETTE.

(VILLANELLE.)

WITH Queen Marie Antoinette  
Were you not a shepherdess  
In the olden days, Fleurette?

Like a Sevres statuette  
In a flowered "Watteau" dress  
With Queen Marie Antoinette?

Moving through the minuet  
With a lively gracefulness,  
In the olden days, Fleurette?

Just a little arch coquette  
Waiting ere you answered "Yes,"  
With Queen Marie Antoinette,

Just to see your lover fret,  
Thinking that you loved him less  
In the olden days, Fleurette?

There are things you cannot forget,  
They were learned so well—confess,  
With Queen Marie Antoinette  
In the olden days, Fleurette.

SYDNEY HERBERT.

MAUD ST. CLAIR.—Your question as to how fame is obtained received. Any advertising agent will give you wholesale rates.

Two heads are better than one—in a drum.

BOOKSELLERS now speak of the "Lives of Ben Butler" as "Fall goods."

THE best muzzle for a savage bulldog is the muzzle of your six-foot Remington rifle.



## TRANSLATIONS.

*(By a Bachelor.)*

VIR: Man (becoming obsolete).  
 DUDE, his successor (becoming absolute).  
 VIRTUE: (obsolete word).  
 VIROGO: a virgin. VIRAGO: a pickled virgin,  
 VENI: I came. VIDI: I saw.  
 VICI: she was a vixen.  
 MARRIAGE: an institution for paupers and the insane.  
 BACHELOR: a candidate for the institution of marriage.  
 OLD MAID: nobody's candy, to date.  
 HUSBAND: a possession of the d—l.  
 WIFE: (another man's) an angel.  
 DITTO: (your own) an "angel unawares."  
 PRETTY WOMAN: every man's natural affinity.  
 UGLY WOMAN: pure being, worthy every man's respect.  
 HANDSOME HUSBAND: natural affinity of every woman (but his wife).  
 HANDSOME ACTOR: schoolgirls' universal affinity.  
 HANDSOME WIFE, natural affinity of unhandsome husband.  
 MARRIED PEOPLE: fools.  
 UNMARRIED PEOPLE: bigger fools.  
 MATRIMONY: the fool's paradise.  
 PATRIMONY: the fool's inheritance.  
 HARMLESS FOOL: the comic writer.  
 MALICIOUS, INTRACTABLE FOOL: the general reader.

## TRANSLATIONS.

*(By a Spinster.)*

VIR: man. VERMIN: men.  
 HADES: the matrimonial paradise.  
 STYX: suitors (means of reaching above).  
 (H)ALTAR: another means.  
 (The three following were all Greek to her.—Ed.)  
 LOVE: *mist.* Courtship: Mister. Marriage: mystery.  
 WIFE: wretched being, possessed by a d—l.  
 HUSBAND: a longing after the unattainable.  
 SPINSTER: the unattainable (after a longing).  
 WRINKLES: "hard lines."  
 MAHOGANY: hard wood.  
 MONOGAMY: marriage (unhappy result of being hard wooed).  
 BIGAMY: abused marriage.  
 POLYGAMY: diffused marriage.  
 ELOPEMENT: confused marriage.  
 DIVORCE: Excused marriage.  
 SINGLE, }  
 OR } refused marriage.  
 SINGULAR: }  
 DIVORCED MAN: misused hero that "was *such* a nice man before *that* woman—but she drove him to . . .", etc., etc.  
 DIVORCED WOMAN: outcast(e) not to be mentioned in polite society, and whose husband "must have been a *perfect* angel, I'm sure, to have tolerated *her* so long," etc., etc.

A WHITE ROSE.—Getting up in your *robe de nuit*.

A T ROSE.—Rosette.

A TUBE-ROSE.—A stand-pipe.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.—Turning out of bed on the 31st of August.

## A LIE.

WE put no faith in the rumor that Gen. di Cesnola has invented a wash by which the teeth of an old horse may be made to resemble those of a three-year-old colt. In the first place, the invention would be in violent opposition to the spotless reputation of this great and good man. His frank, open character, and well known abhorrence of anything like deceit, make it difficult to understand how such a rumor could have started. A wash, however, has been invented for his own reputation, which, it is claimed, can be applied in such a manner that no juror can see through it.

## GOOD-NIGHT, A LA MODE. HE AND SHE.

RONDEAU.

*To him:*

GOOD-NIGHT!—  
*(Aside)* And yet he does not go:  
 What can it be that keeps him so?  
 Even the owls have gone to bed.  
 (That is the tenth good-night he's said!)  
 He's very nice—and very slow;  
 He talks as if he did n't know  
 How dreadful tired a girl can grow.  
 I cannot hint; it's too ill-bred.—  
*(To him:)* Good-night!

*Aside:*

Who cares if people think this beau  
 Is held here by my charms, although  
 To see him move if brother Fred  
 Should at the window show his head,  
 Might change their minds—

*(To him:)* What! Going? Oh,  
 Good-night!

KARL M. SHERMAN.

PROF.—"What do you understand by the term land in reference to its extent, Mr. M.?"

MR. M.—"It extends up and down."

PROF.—"Well, sir, how far down?"

MR. M.—"Why to the bottom, sir."

"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR."

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

THERE were two of them.

One of them was an idiot.

The other one was n't.

This, by the way, is not by Victor Hugo.

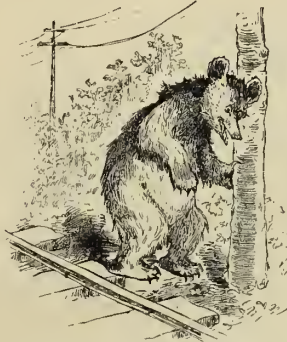
To return. They both met her for the first time at a musical party where she sang divinely that tender ballad, "Nevermore, on the Jersey Shore," and then a charming French *chanson* about a Mr. Riley that kept an hotel. By the time she had finished, it was all over with both of them, and they sat and stared and worshipped in silence with their mouths wide open and did not know what ailed them. They soon found out, however, as one of them broke out with poetry and showed one of his songs to the other one; it ran thus:

"Slowly, softly, sadly,  
 Far in the heavens above,  
 The wind is always singing,—  
 Singing of my love!"

It was called the "Song of the Wind," and the fellow who didn't write it suggested that the simple word "Wind," without any prefix would make a more appropriate title, and then they clinched.

Now Job's Turkey was in affluent circumstances compared to these two youths, and it struck one of them (*the idiot*) that it was hardly right or manly for him to press his suit on the aforesaid young lady when he had nothing to offer her but himself and the shadow of the poorhouse. He therefore gave up his easy life and went out West where he worked like a mule at mining

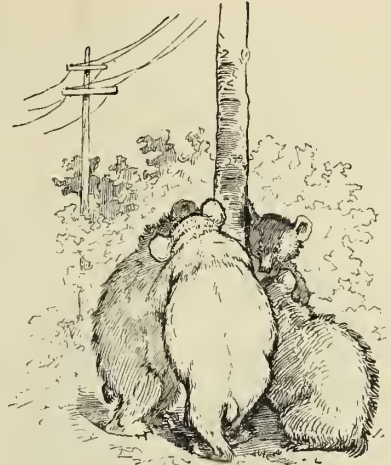




HE THINKS HE HEARS A HUMMING SOUND.



HE CALLS HIS FRIENDS.



"IT'S BEES!"



"THE NEST IS AT THE TOP."



"HA! HA! WE'LL GET IT YET."



THEY GET IT.

and "cattle-punching," and at the end of two years, had, at the expense of his health, amassed a modest fortune, so returned home in search of the love of his youth. This is what he found.

The young man who had staid at home had made himself as comfortable as possible; had been accepted by the before-mentioned young lady, and with as many airs as though his Mother took in washing for Queen Victoria, went to her father (the young lady's—not Queen Victoria's) and told him that he was going to marry his daughter and expected him to come down with something very handsome in the way of a *dot*, as he himself had nothing whatever.

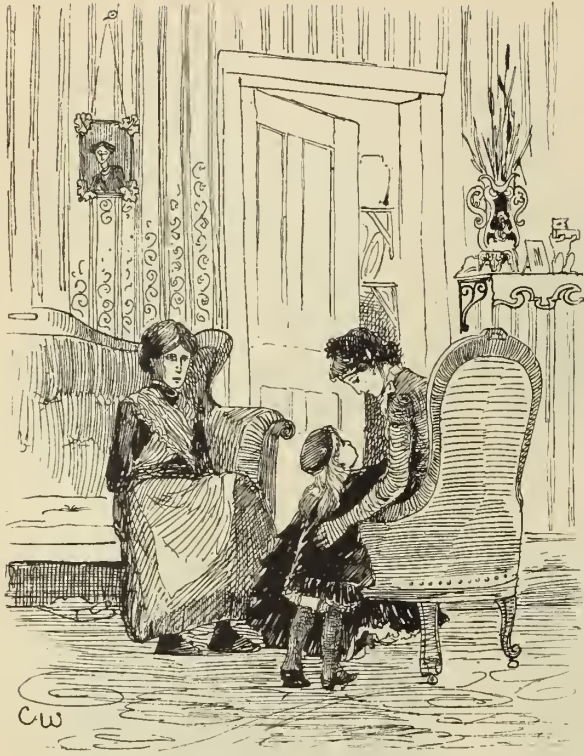
This made the old man so furious that he burst a bloodvessel and died, leaving his vast fortune to his daughter, so she and the young man were able to be married and lived very happily ever afterward.

The idiot who had been out West, settled down into a sour old bachelor and devoted himself to the cultivation of profanity as a fine art. This is all. *Sic transit gloria Thursday.*

HERE entombed lies a church, choir, chancel, and steeple.  
Congregation and pastor here wait for the dawn.  
Ah! sad was the fate of these miserable people,  
Engulfed in a worshiper's cavernous yawn.

Before any soul in the church could emerge, he  
Had swallowed them all—English, Irish, and German.  
He could swallow the church, congregation, and clergy,  
But, alas! he was choked by the minister's sermon.

H. E.



## SEVERE.

Johnnie (who has been taken to call at a typical unaired boarding house): "O, MA! WHERE'S E' EL'PHANT?"

Mamma: "HUSH, DEAR, THERE ISN'T ANY ELEPHANT."

Johnnie: "O YES, THERE IS—I 'MELL HIM!"

## FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

## LECTURE VI.—Minor Injuries.

1.—*BROKEN ARM*.—Apply a bandage between the humerus and funny-bone. This is no laughing matter.

2.—*Blind Stagers*.—If a blind man staggers, take him home and put him to bed. He will sleep it off.

3.—*Black-eye*.—Call "Time," and offer to shake hands. This is precautionary rather than curative.

4.—*Malaria*.—Give the patient complete rest, change of scene, and, if possible, foreign travel, until the arrival of competent medical aid.

5.—*Poisons*.—Place the sufferer in an easy position—the position of Register is about as easy a one as you can find—then send for a lawyer for the purpose of drawing up his will.

6.—*Mumps*.—Inform the sick man that he is too cheeky. This puts him in that cheerful frame of mind that is always indispensable to recovery.

7.—*Bite of a Mad Dog*.—Shoot him (the dog). The smaller the dog and the bigger the gun, the more radical the cure.

## THE CLASSIC LIBEL SUIT.

*The Plaintiff's Case Closed.—Susan B. Anthony on the Stand.—Was that Sixth Toe a Toe?*

From the *N. Y. Herald* of 2021.

[Price Two for Nothing!]

AFTER 138 years of most interesting testimony, the case of M. Feuardent, the plaintiff in the historical libel suit, was brought to a close yesterday. The plaintiff's counsel on entering the court-room, stated that all his remaining witnesses had unfortunately perished, and he would therefore submit his case as it then stood. This statement caused quite a stir in the court-room, as it had been expected that the plaintiff would bring forward some very startling testimony in regard to the sixth toe on Venus. A prominent sculptor stated last night that if called upon he could testify that the toe was a thumb. This would have changed the entire face of the case and would have given the plaintiff a stronger stand than is conceded him at present.

Young M. di Cesnola, who died since our last notice of the case, left the suit to his nephew, Patrick Cesnola O'Hoolihan, but owing to the improper wording of the will it was contested by another nephew, S. Cesnola Clemençeau. The trial of course had to be adjourned until the controversy over the will was settled. Mr. O'Hoolihan contended that his uncle intended to leave it to M. Clemençeau, while the latter said that his uncle had told him that the suit was intended as a "dot for his nephew," O'Hoolihan. The Courts decided that O'Hoolihan would make the best fighter, and that for the benefit of the estate he should take the suit.

The first witness for the defence was Miss Susan B. Anthony, lately defeated for the Presidency on the Woman's Rights Ticket, with Rutherford B. Hayes running as Vice-President. Miss Anthony was asked her age and stated that according to the latest restoration she was "sweet sixteen." As to her unrestored age, the court ruled the testimony out as immaterial. Witness could not remember exact appearance of statues when originally produced in Golgoi. Was too young at the time to notice. Was of the opinion that the little Hercules was modelled after a warrior known as Kelly, or some such Italian name. Was certain that the elbow was crooked. Considered that additional proof that statue was modelled after the said warrior. Witness denied that she was the original of the bearded Venus, but was not certain but that she might have been the original of Hope. Had heard of Anna Dickinson. Impossible that the latter could have been original of bearded Venus or any other Venus.

On cross-examination the witness admitted, that her experience taught her that Time was not as great a restorer as he is cracked up to be.

The hour for adjournment having arrived the jury was excused until to morrow at 17 minutes past 23 o'clock. A prominent witness for the prosecution thinks the plaintiff has a miraculously good case. The gentleman states that when he was called as a witness he was deaf and could only hear through the medium of a packing-box or a tin pan with a pipe attached. No sooner was he called as a witness than, much to his surprise, he was given a hearing.

The defense expect to close in the early part of the millenium.  
DURANGO.

A SCHOOLGIRL on bangs—"With all they're false I love them still."

WHY is Signal Service Hazen like a poor driver? Because he is a marked failure in handling the rains.

STATE in which the whipping post will never be abandoned—the state of matrimony.

THE City Haul.—The contents of raided gambling houses.

A CHANGE for the better.—An injury to the favorite horse.



# BOOKISHNESS

Mr. F. MARION CRAWFORD AGAIN.

MR. TROLLOPE tells in his delightful autobiography of a publisher who satirically remarked to him one day that a certain fertile writer of fiction had "spawned upon them (the publishers) three novels a year." Mr. F. Marion Crawford has more than earned a place among the literary fishes. His fourth novel, within the space of a twelve-month, is now before the public, if the *Atlantic* serial be included.

The nautical title, "To Leeward," is the outcome of a metaphor in which one of the characters, Mr. Julius Batiscombe, is likened to a ship without anchor which has struggled into a fair harbor only to be washed out by the gentle but cruel tide, into the rushing currents where "she must fain beat to windward again or perish on the grim lee shore." Mr. Julius Batiscombe failed to beat to windward successfully. The gentle and cruel tide was the Anglo-Russian wife of an Italian Marchese, whose chief characteristics are red hair, too much vitality, too much Hegel and Herbert Spencer, and not enough husband. The rest of the novel is devoted to landing Mr. Batiscombe on the "grim lee shore." The result is, to draw it mildly, rather disagreeable reading. There is a quadrilateral of characters—an adulterer and adulteress, one maniac and one impossible woman whose principal element is asserted to be "the stuff that makes heroes, saints or martyrs." Notwithstanding the high price and scarcity of this article, the Duchesse de Charleroi narrowly escapes being a fit character for a Sunday-school drama at the Madison Square Theatre.

The three other characters compensate for the superabundant arctic qualities of the frigid duchesse. The incidents in which they take part are a seduction, an elopement, a maniac-murder, not to mention several fainting spells, the murder of two terriers and one white kitten, and a railway ride during which the impossible duchesse watches the development of insanity in her brother, the Marchese, who is thirsting for the blood of Mr. Batiscombe, who is then fast drifting leeward with the red-haired wife of the aforesaid Marchese.

However, after carefully stopping up his moral olfactory, one cannot fail to notice that this tale is well told; the characters are well defined; there is a natural sequence of events which do not lag by the way; the catastrophe is dramatic; the dialogue is clever. The chances are ten to one that the last two hundred pages of the book will be read at one sitting, with the pulse beating faster and faster as the end is neared. This is a quality much needed in these days of passionless character studies.

The readers of "Mr. Isaacs" will be delighted to know that the inevitable cigarette again appears, and Mr. Batiscombe smokes it—which reminds us of the

"grim lee shore" on which our author leaves him, after the wife of the Marchese has been killed by the bullet intended for Batiscombe. "He is writing novels again and smoking cigarettes between the phrases, to help his ideas and stimulate his imagination." Horrible punishment. DROCH.

## BRAVE MEN AND FAIR WOMEN.

HOW THEY BEHAVED AT THE HOTEL FIRE.

There was the wildest uproar among the servants and employeés, but the guests were collected and cool during the entire time.—*N. Y. Tribune.*



THESE ARE THE GUESTS.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* says: "The truly good people in Northern cities keep their public libraries, museums, and picture-galleries tightly closed on Sunday nights, precisely as if they furnished capital for running gin mills and worse places, and did not wish to injure the business of sin."

Our esteemed contemporary might have added that these "truly good people" are the very ones who get a little more work out of their servants on Sunday, and feel it an affront to themselves that a person in their employ should be allowed to enjoy himself. That libraries, museums and picture-galleries are traps laid by the devil is one of the brilliant ideas bequeathed us by those genial spirits who landed upon the New England coast in 1620.











## THE DIFFERENCE.

I SAW him first at the opera there  
 (It was *Carmen* they played that night),  
 With his crisp, blond curls and his smile most rare,  
 And the flush on his face so *debonair*  
 As he stood 'neath the box's light ;  
 And the Parma violets down he threw  
 To the gipsy, whose cymbals clashed anew  
 When he cried "*Vive la reine d'amour!*"

I came to know him. His hand could touch  
 All the chords of each master's mood ;  
 Nay, the songs he wrote himself were such  
 As are born of a spirit feeling much,  
 And in tongues he well understood ;  
 But the song that he gave the *Carmen* girl  
 Was something about a woman's curl,  
 And he called it "*Le gage d'amour!*"

I hardly knew how it came around,—  
 But for all that siren's grace  
 The song in her throat was nothing but sound ;  
 While sung in his sentient soul profound  
 It lighted her soulless face !  
 I painted a picture when he died—  
 "Died he of love?"—Nay, jests aside,  
 But I called it "*Le prix d'amour!*"

JOHN MORAN.

A CAUTIOUS debtor is like breeches torn in the rear—wants a re-seat.

WHEN a man has a sound tooth extracted he 's missed-achin'.

WHY should people consider electricity dangerous when those who have investigated this force make light of it?

THE intelligent compositor who set it up "*Anti-Monopoly Plague,*" instead of "*League,*" hit harder than he knew.

## LOGICAL.

"Wit 's a feather."  
 "Brevity is the soul of wit."  
 Therefore brevity is the soul of a feather.

## AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

## NO. XIV.

"My lord, my lord,  
 I am a simple woman, much too weak  
 To oppose your cunning. You are meek and humble-mouthed ;  
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming  
 With meekness and humility ; but your heart  
 Is crammed with arrogance, spleen, and pride.  
 You have, by fortune, and his highness' favors,  
 Gone slightly o'er low steps ; and now are mounted  
 Where powers are your retainers ; and your words,  
 Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please  
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
 You tender more your person's honor, than  
 Your high profession spiritual."

—K. Henry VIII., Act. II., 4.

WE are all of us very much grieved over the abuse which has been heaped by some low native doxologians upon that good, great and apostolic man, Monsignor BUNTHORNE CATESBY-CAPON. When we consider that we are only Americans, while he is BRITISH—and a CAPON at that—his goodness in com-

ing over to convert us from the sinful freedom of our ways and turn us into the fold of ROME is beyond the reach of common gratitude. Our only hope is that when the *Gallia*, the *Servia*, the *City of Rome*, or some other swell steamship shall take him back again—which we devoutly hope will not be soon—he shall have garnered a harvest to repay him.

Monsignor CATESBY-CAPON is one of us. The CATESBYS trace their haughty descent from RICHARD, EARL WHITTINGTON, once Lord Mayor of LONDON, and it is a matter of history that at his last royal banquet King ARTHUR regarded the CAPON present with utmost favor, and shortly afterwards intimately attached him to his Royal Person. The arms of the CATESBY-CAPONS are thus portrayed in the General Armory :

"CATESBY-CAPON. Or, a Protestant widow, passant regardant, gules, between two fires, verte, and a tonsure gules. Crest : out of the small end of a horn, argent, a capon rampant, gorged, or. Motto : *Ego et Deus.*"

When we say that Monsignor CATESBY-CAPON is one of us, we intend no offense. We mean simply he is an Aristocrat, without at all intending to rank ourselves as his peers. We convey our appreciation of his sublimity, without raising our faces from the dust of adoration.

Two-fold is our cause for self-gratulation and gratitude to Monsignor CATESBY-CAPON. In the first place, we owe him largely for his efforts to obtain social position for the dear old Mother Church of ROME, which, somehow, never has been quite *the* thing on this side of the water. We ostracized ROME largely on account of her unaristocratic selection of saints. Most of them were Italian, Spanish or French. In the main, too, they were members of the LOWER CLASSES. They had no grandfathers, nor style, and were altogether quite a low set of persons. Not only was there not an ENGLISHMAN in the entire Litany, but not even a VAN VRIES, or a Signer or a Salem fossil or a chip of Plymouth Rock. We felt sorry for these saints, as we feel sorry for others of the LOWER CLASSES, but we never could think of introducing them to our swell friends in the other world, or of recognizing them in any social way whatsoever. Monsignor CATESBY-CAPON's efforts to obtain for these long-banished and no doubt humble persons a status in our FIRST CIRCLE is therefore to be appreciated. In the second place, his condescending to honor us with his presence and theology is a something we cannot too highly esteem.

The Monsignor knows that we are a people given to the weakness of scientific reasoning. We Americans have a vulgar way of keeping our eyes open, and are often flagrantly addicted to thinking for ourselves. These savage practices being an insurmountable barrier to our Roman enfoldment, he generously consents to try and coax us out of them.

It is well known that the ordinary American society woman is profoundly versed in the theories of Darwin, Haeckel, Stuart Mill, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Newton, Herschell and other visionary persons devoted to the wild and imbecile search for truth by the aid of fact and science. This being the truth, it is to American society women that Monsignor CATESBY-CAPON devotes his logic and revelations, and be it said to his credit that, up to the present time, no American society woman has yet, with all her depth of scientific knowledge, been able to refute him. Women in general, and American society women in particular, not being at all swayed by feeling in matters of creed, but guided solely by scientific knowledge, it is clear that this practical triumph of the Monsignor must confound for all time to come all those who say that his logic is fol-de-rol, and not a few of those who say





NEW YEAR'S DAY IN MOKEVILLE.

*Brer Abe:* "DAR'S GETTIN' TO BE TOO MUCH 'RISTOCRATIC AIRS 'MONG DE GALS OB DIS YER TOWN. DAT'S 'BOUT DE FOUF BASKET WE 'SE FOUND HANGIN' ON DE DO'."

it is fiddle-de-dee. Let us take, for instance, his sublime effort on Revelation. "Science," says the Monsignor, in a burst of erudition, "will take you to nebulae. But there it stops. It carries you back to protoplasm. But there it stops. It brings you to a knowledge of the action of the forces of nature. But there it STOPS. It measures the distance of a planet from the sun. But there it STOPS. Why"—here he warms up—"why not cast away such a feeble, incompetent system of thought, and accept that higher science which has no bounds?" True. None of us ever thought of that before. Why not raze our public schools, burn our libraries, hang our professors, draw and quarter every inventor, melt down our presses for church bells, turn our editors into monks, and go back to the dear, delightful middle ages when nobody knew how to spell, but everybody was scientific with that grand, illimitable science of ROME, the science of which Monsignor CATESBY-CAPON is so great an expounder?

When the Monsignor settles these large questions with our women by one blow, how vain it would be for our ineffectual male scientists to grapple with him. Already it has been discovered that Agazzis, Miller, Faraday and Darwin recanted on their death-beds and died in the Faith, and it is well known that TYNDALL, HUXLEY and HOFFMANN have aban-

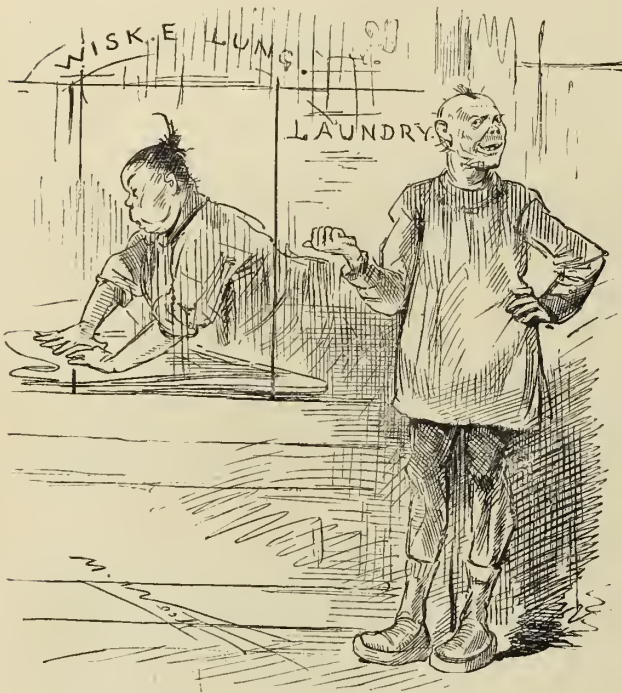
doned their shameful researches, and are boning up on the catechism with a view to becoming Jesuits. This can readily be believed when we know that even some American society women, who have devoted years to the study of protoplasm, box-pleating, nebulae, Easter bonnets, evolution, snubbing and other abstruse sciences, have been profoundly impressed with the Monsignor's scientific discourses.

It is not as a scientist, however, that Monsignor CATESBY-CAPON comes among us, but as the aristocrat. He is no low-flung follower of the Christ of the LOWER CLASSES, but the sleek, well-fed, abundant apostle of FIRST CIRCLE Evangelism. He wastes no time trying to convert the common herd, but aims solely at us, who have wealth or grandfathers, or both. We are to have a real swell little heaven of our own, not quite so nice as NEWPORT, perhaps, but one that will do better than the dreadfully mixed place into which our own native divines so hopelessly try to coax us. There we will set up our crests and establish our cliques, and draw the line at the piscatorial disciples, snub the martyrs and forget to invite the confessors to our dinners, and have utterly nothing to do with the cringing sets of Seraphim on the other side of Jordan.

Meantime, Monsignor CATESBY-CAPON would have us do just

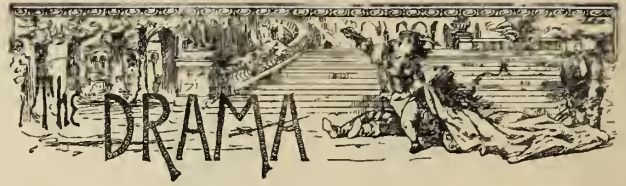
two little favors for Rome. First, vigorously to impress upon our sons and daughters the virtues and advantages of the *marriage de convenance*. Second, to deliver our public schools into the grip of Catholicism. Can we refuse? The French system of marriage is one just suited to our principles, and as for the public schools, why, Rome can step into control of them without the asking.

If a corpulent priest, blown with self-importance and gifted mainly with that power said to be conferred by the stone of Blarney, were to come among us and undertake to preach doctrines which belong to the middle ages, we should probably not take much notice of him. We would guard our wives and daughters from a man who made converts by the theology of his "magnetism" and the arguments of a winning personal "presence." We might examine into a "science" which consisted mainly of quotations from Ecumenical Councils—and wind. We would specially avoid, perhaps, a divine whose palpable aim was to "work" the ladies of society. We should revere him but little as we beheld him, after a generous dinner, playing the *raconteur* to twenty or more love-sick maidens. But of course, with Monsignor BUNTHORNE CATESBY-CAPON this is different.



### UP WITH THE TIME.

IT'S A COWLD DAY, WHIN I GIT LIFT AN' DON'T YER REMEMBER IT. WHIN BISNISS GOT BAD WID US, I DRESSED THE OWLD 'OMAN UP LIKE A HAYTHEN AN' PUT HER IN THE WINDOW THERE, AN' BARRIN' THE GIBBERISH, THINGS HAS GONE WELL WID US IVER SINCE!



### A PLAY AND A BURLESQUE.

MR. JUSTICE BARRETT is described on the housebills used in Mr. Wallack's Theatre as "a gentleman of this city." With proper modesty, Judge Barrett has not sought, at least in the beginning of his career, to blazon his name as the author of a drama. The stately and sagacious persons who sit upon the bench and expound law for us are not usually concoctors of plays. Yet even judges have their hobbies, and Judge Barrett's hobby has been for many years the drama. He is a well-informed reader and critic of plays. He has, it is said, dived deep into the paroxysmal mysteries of the French stage. Finally, he intends to expound his private opinions upon this vital subject—the drama, that is to say—at the next meeting of our local erudite corporation, the Nineteenth Century Club. Judge Barrett, then, is, as it were, "in the swim." He is not a fresh youngster aching to write a play. He has, I dare say, written many plays in his time. But it is not our business to inquire into his lock-and-key secrets. The only play by Mr. Justice Barrett that this public has knowledge of is "An American Wife," which was produced at Wallack's Theatre last week. Why, a friend of mine wants to know, did not Mr. Justice Barrett call his play "A French Marriage?" The wife, it is true, is an American; but she is married to a Frenchman. She is, in a strict sense, a French wife, a woman espoused under the French law to M. le Comte de Beaumar. There is a confusion of ideas here.

Mme. de Beaumar has fled from her husband, who turns up in the first act of "An American Wife" and commands her to go back with him to France. She loves Col. Lindsay, who is her lawyer and her devoted admirer. Lindsay is anxious to have her for himself; but he is a very good young man, he tries to put all thought of her out of his head, and he considers her case with the judicial coolness of an advocate. He desires to obtain a divorce for her. He cannot show, however, that Beaumar had been a faithless husband. In the end, nevertheless, he finds proof that Beaumar had been faithless and had even been a bigamist on a small scale. The play comes to a quiescent and domestic conclusion. Now, there is a great deal that can be written against Mr. Justice Barrett's drama. This is in places—especially throughout the second act—a rather dull and discursive work. Several characters and scenes might be dropped out of it altogether, and would not be noticed. Its humor is perfunctory. The situation at the climax of the third act, a strong and fine act in many respects, is wholly futile and insignificant. The last act is compact and rapid, though here again the climax is dragged out forcibly.

This play, therefore, is not skilfully made; its faults are conspicuous and unpleasant. After so much has been said, it remains true that "An American Wife" commands interest and praise. It is a clear, cogent, and fairly dramatic presentment of the divorce problem in its bearing on marriages between Frenchmen and American women. It has tenderness, truth, force and thought. It is hardly lively enough for the populace which roars over Gunter and weeps over Campbell, but it is stimulating to observers who seek in the theatre something above shallow convention, rubbish, and fustian.

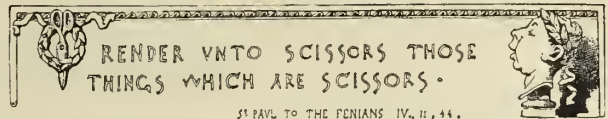
I should like to write a few words, by way of contrast, about the new English comedy, "The Glass of Fashion," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, about "The Pavements of Paris," at Niblo's, about Mr. Sheridan's "Louis XI.," and about other things which entertain our community. But at Christmas-time space is limited. To round off this weekly screech, however, permit me to suggest that this journal has a serious and imposing competitor at present in Mr. Max Freeman. You do not know



Mr. Freeman? He is the author of "Orpheus and Eurydice," which is now visible at the Bijou Opera House. To be more exact, he is the adapter of a vivacious and witty libretto which, many years ago, Offenbach set to spirited music. Mr. Freeman's humor is profound and irresistible. In his libretto Jupiter intimates that "he should smile," Cupid suggests that various persons are "given away," and Pluto declares that Eurydice is as "dead as a door nail." What refined and touching language! Mr. Freeman's humor, like his work, belongs in the clouds. This piece is what profane persons call a "leg drama" or "leg burlesque." It is filled with the dazzling female form divine. It deals with the extremities of womanhood. In fact, "Orpheus and Eurydice" has more than one leg to stand on. If plays could be made by a wholesale exhibition of legs, then "Orpheus and Eurydice" might be regarded with almost thrilling emotion.

Mr. Edwin Booth followed Robson and Crane at the Star Theatre recently. As a matter of fact, in the public judgment, he followed Mr. Irving. Robson and Crane supplied a lively interregnum. Mr. Booth will stay in New York about six weeks, and, during that time, he will be seen in many characters. He has performed already as Richelieu, Lear, and Hamlet. These three characters illustrate about the scope of his fine and subtle talent—though he goes higher as Richard III. and Bertuccio. The poetic melancholy of his Hamlet is felt with a not too oppressive sympathy. His Lear is an interesting performance, though not at all a great performance. His Richelieu is a keen, clear, interesting personality, marked alternately by mournful dignity, sagacious cunning, and grim humor. Mr. Booth is acting now in a very subdued manner. He avoids theatrical effect painstakingly. He acts, it is visible, always within the limits of his talent. Those limits are sharply drawn. When true inspiration or passion or pathos begins, Mr. Booth stops short. Nevertheless, within his limits, Mr. Booth is a splendid builder, a strong and picturesque player, and a Shakespearian. His method is lucid, sane, and free from trickery.

G. E. M.



ST PAUL TO THE PENIANS IV, II, 44.

"My dear Miss Ada Pose," said Alfonso McVulcan, "I have long worshiped you at a distance, and now, being unable to conceal my affections, I have come to offer you my hand. Will you marry me?"

"O, Alphonso," replied Ada, "this is so sudden—so unexpected—so flustering. But I'm afraid I cannot."

"Cannot, Miss Ada? Have I a rival? His blood shall stain the oilcloth. Give me his post-office address."

"No, Alphonso," replied Ada, blushing. "You have no rival in my young affections."

"No rival! Then what is the impediment? Have I not property? Do I not hold a ticket in the great Gerrymander Lottery? Why cannot you make me happy?"

"O, Alphonso, I'm afraid."

"Afraid, dearest. And what can you be afraid of?"

"Why, have you not heard how Mr. Moses, the husband of the deceased fat girl, sold his wife's body for a hundred dollars? You know, Alphonso, I'm somewhat fleshy, myself, but I should hate dreadfully to think I might be turned into some such kind of horrible collateral. Promise me that it will not be done. Alphonso, and I am yours for keeps."—*Texas Sittings.*

CARLYLE wrote: "To-day is not yesterday." Probably the great philosopher conceived this gorgeously beautiful original thought while sitting on the bed in the morning, yawning as though trying to swallow the room, and feeling his head to see if it was small enough to fit his hat.—*Puck.*

WHEN a Maine man has tried various kinds of business in order to make money, and has failed in all, he does not sit down in despair and tear his hair. No; he says to his wife, with a beaming smile, "There is one chance still left; I can dig for Captain Kidd's buried treasure."—*Somerville Journal.*

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FINANCIAL CIRCLES—\$(1,000,000.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"OVERCOME by gas" is the head line on a daily paper. We knew those tremendous gas bills would kill somebody sooner or later.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

WHEN asked what she had for dinner, she replied "cold tongue." And he judged, by her manner, that there would be some of it left for supper.—*Chicago Sun.*

ENGLAND is spending lots of money to see Mary Anderson, and this country is doing the same to see Henry Irving. Question: Which country is getting the worst of it?—*Philadelphia Call.*

"WELL," said the man who had tried to lecture and had made a total failure of it, "I do n't think I did very badly. They say Matthew Arnold cannot be heard more than four rows off.—*Milton News.*

THE newspaper foreman got a marriage notice among a lot of items headed "Horrors of 1883," and when the editor learned that the groom's income was only seven dollars a week, he said it had better remain under that head.—*Norristown Herald.*

Two city girls drove an old family horse out to a farmer's one day lately, and this is the story they told of the old nag on their return: "We would have had a real nice drive if she had n't stopped to eat grass; and then when we tried to get him to go ahead—oh, how vicious it acted!"—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

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